

1935

November

THE DECLINE OF OUR PROLETARIAT

by *L. M. HUSSEY*

The American
Mercury

HELL TO BE SMART

by *H. L. DAVIS*

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, BOOK-BOOSTER

PROSTITUTION IN JAPAN

THE MASTER

EUROPE'S NUMBER-TWO MEN

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DETROIT THE DYNAMIC

THE STARVATION BLOCKADE

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TRIAL BY JURY IS OBSOLETE

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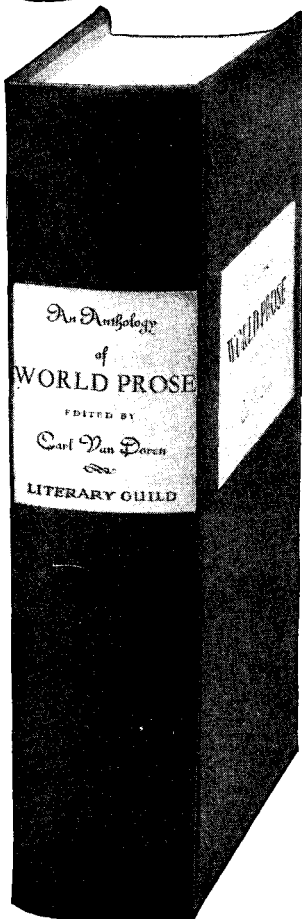
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CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

ULYSSES S. GRANT: POLITICIAN.

By William B. Hesseltine.

\$4 6½ x 9½; 480 pp. New York

Dodd, Mead

New York

This is a highly critical examination of Grant's career following his return to Washington from Appomattox in 1865. Mr. Hesseltine, who believes that naïve hero-worship is a suitable occupation for the feeble-minded, attacks his subject from every side, and emphasizes that Grant, at best, was a partisan political boss, never a statesman or even a competent executive. The pig-headedness that had made him a great general made him unfitted for the White House. He was ignorant of the Constitution, and inept in handling men. He filled his state papers with platitudes rather than thoughts, and fostered internal warfare in his own party, his jealous temper causing him to regard every rival Republican as an enemy. And yet Grant, the man, was honest and sincere to the end. The courageous struggle with disease and poverty, which the dying soldier waged over the pages of his *Memoirs*, is not overlooked by this acrid biographer. At Grant's death, "the mistakes of the politician were forgotten in the glories of the soldier and the heroism of the man". There are illustrations and an index.



JOHN JAY: DEFENDER OF LIBERTY.

By Frank Monaghan.

\$4 6½ x 9½; 436 pp. Indianapolis

Bobbs-Merrill

Indianapolis

Jay, one of the major but more or less neglected figures of eighteenth-century America, has been chosen by Professor Monaghan for the subject of a competent, definitive biography, which will be welcomed by students and historians as well as lawyers. The author had access to the private papers of the Jay and Iselin families, affording him a splendid insight into the lives of the Republic's founders, and collected further material from European sources, the result being a favorably critical study of one of the great champions of personal liberty, the man who, among other things, was author of the

Constitution, president of the Continental Congress, governor of New York, co-author of *The Federalist*, negotiator of the peace of 1783 and the Jay treaty of 1794, envoy to Spain and England, and first Chief Justice of the United States. Mr. Monaghan's biography is a broad work, covering not only Jay's life but the customs, traditions, and morals of his time. There are bibliographical notes, and an index.



AND GLADLY TEACH.

By Bliss Perry.

\$3 5½ x 8½; 315 pp. Boston

Houghton Mifflin

Boston

At the age of seventy-five, Professor Perry looks back wistfully over a long and distinguished career as teacher, author, and editor. "In these chapters," he writes apologetically, "I am aware that I have not portrayed a whole life, but only such aspects of a teacher's career as may conceivably prove interesting." And so he describes, with characteristic urbanity and grace of style, his academic days, first at Williams, later at Princeton, and finally at Harvard. William James, Woodrow Wilson, President Eliot, Mark Hopkins, and others who were his devoted friends, are sympathetically but faithfully portrayed. Unfortunately the "fascination for the past"—which Professor Perry considers so essential in autobiography—has blinded the author, at times, to the achievements of the present. As a result, his comments on the inferiority of modern literature, for example, reveal a narrowness of vision which is unfortunate. The same may be said for the author's indifference to present-day science. *And Gladly Teach*, in short, belongs safely to the period preceding the World War—before such men as Lawrence and Hemingway (whose popularity Professor Perry so sadly regrets) had established their greatness, and before it was considered old-fashioned to traffic, spiritually, with the ghost of nineteenth-century culture. There are illustrations and an index.

(Continued on page vii)

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TRAVEL

SAHARA: THE GREAT DESERT.

By E. F. Gautier. Columbia University
\$3.75 6¼ x 9½; 264 pp. New York

This book, by the distinguished French scholar Gautier, is generally recognized as the definitive work on the Sahara Desert. The present revised edition contains much new material, furnished by the author, which has never before been published, and also contains a foreword by Douglas Johnson, Professor of Physiography at Columbia University. The book describes the fauna and flora of the Sahara, the dangers of desert travel, climatic conditions at all seasons of the year, and the history of the great yellow wasteland as far back as human records carry. The Sahara, according to M. Gautier, will remain always the Sahara unless man can discover the secret of making rain. He believes, however, that there are forces now at work which will lend it additional prestige in the future. It lies between two regions having a need and attraction for each other—civilized Western Europe and the unexplored agricultural wealth of the African tropics. Inasmuch as science is rapidly annihilating space, the Sahara may well be starting a new chapter in its age-old history of waste and abandonment. There are illustrations, maps, a glossary, and an index.



BURNERS OF MEN.

By Marcel Griaule. J. B. Lippincott Company
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¼; 308 pp. Philadelphia

In this book, M. Griaule once again illustrates the old theory that a travel book is no better or worse than the style in which it is written. Told in the conventional journalistic manner, this story of a French scientist's experiences in Abyssinia would have been just another colorful narrative of adventure. Under the spell of M. Griaule's prose, however, it has assumed the form of a highly distinctive piece of literature—good enough to receive the 1935 French *Prix Gringoire*. Its graphic realism, heightened at every turn by subtle understatement and objectivity, brings the reader face to face with the people and customs of a part of the world rarely

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THE DECLINE OF OUR PROLETARIAT

BY L. M. HUSSEY

BACK in the days of the glorious Harding Administration, the Messrs. Harry M. Daugherty and William J. Burns were wont to entertain lovers of official lawlessness with furious Red raids, spectacular suppressions, and wholesale deportations; but shortly thereafter Americans forgot about Russia—or, if they mentioned the land at all, merely opined that the Russians were still starving, and that they would doubtless slit the throats of the brutal commissars at any moment. Even during the first years of the depression, this popular apathy to Moscow continued. With the coming of the New Deal, however, there was a sudden transition to widespread interest. The Brain Trust had scarcely disbursed a preliminary billion dollars when talk of the proletariat—a word hitherto almost meaningless to Americans—was heard everywhere. Since then this interest in the communistic philosophy has spread more widely than any other mystic panacea as yet sprouted by the depression.

But only to a minor degree can its persistence be credited to the Communist Party. At a recent convocation of the Third International in Moscow, the num-

ber of American comrades actually in the fold was officially placed at 30,000. About half these were admittedly foreign-born. The voice, then, of this small nucleus of Marxians, however shrill, is too frail to account for all the communistic chatter now heard throughout the land. It is evident that a widespread sympathy exists outside the party ranks.

Mr. Evelyn John St. Loe Strachey arrives in America, and, before the State Department can threaten deportation, manages to entertain clubwomen from coast to coast with lectures on the coming triumph of the proletariat. College boys and young intellectuals adopt the militant phrase, acquire faith in its implications, and join picket lines of strikers. The college professors themselves are accused of corrupting their charges with communist poison, and frightened capitalists yell for their scalps. Even the evangelical churches are constrained to purge their seminaries of Red propaganda. Further, we find interest in the new faith whooped up by magazines and publishing houses. Books that praise the Soviet Union, books sympathetic to communism (or at least to some

form of radicalism), and to Marxian interpretations of the American economy, have lately shown a great increase. And such volumes are no longer issued under obscure imprints, but often bear the names of established firms. As for journalistic radicalism, it is now provided by many of the magazines which, in the past, were not even pink, except in their decorous blushes. Indeed, old-fashioned conservatism is suspect; most of the weekly and monthly periodicals have caught up with *The New Republic* and *The Nation*, and equal, if they do not surpass, in their criticism of the American economic order, the fidgety frenzy of those cantankerous crusaders.

What explains this sudden audience eager to digest news of Karl Marx and the conquering proletariat? Any attempt at a reply is certain to be a trifle complex, for no simple, single influence brought the entire crowd en masse under the big tent. A number of those present undoubtedly find in communism a fashionable new thrill: in this spirit half-educated clubwomen have just listened to Mr. Strachey as they listened, some few years ago, to Annie Besant's reincarnated Messiah from India. Certain college youths and adolescent intellectuals are always on the side of the latest unorthodoxy: two generations ago they were liberals; one generation back they were socialists; today they embrace the newest fashion—communism. Others seated in the audience represent the crusading spirit so characteristic of American life, it having been noted many times that communism is as much religion as political theory. The doctrine asks for faith and sacrifice; it is dogmatic, intolerant, and fervid; it promises a new world and the regeneration of humanity through a simple, easily understood mass movement. In a time of wide-

spread unemployment and political uncertainty, there is little wonder that the sort of reformer who once wedged Prohibition into the Constitution should now discover a new religion in the proletariat.

But to say that communism has become fashionable—as a new intellectual thrill, or as a new crusade—only partially explains the present American sentiment. We want to know at once *why* it has become fashionable. The answer to this question is largely found in the Great Reform movement now floundering about in Washington, D. C.

For the New Deal, by its very name, and through its propaganda and acts, has crystallized one conviction in the American mind: something is wrong with the old order, hence capitalism is about to die. But as a substitute for capitalism, the New Deal itself has obvious shortcomings. Its propaganda has been successful in persuading Americans to a radical viewpoint, but its own noble experiments have been so diverse, so contradictory, and so bewildering that they have split both partisans and opposition into many factions. Amid such confusion, the subtle appeal of communism attracts many minds already weighing further radical adventures. For the contradictions of the New Deal, communism substitutes a simple theory: capitalism is dying because each year it produces a larger class of dispossessed workers—the proletariat. In the end this proletariat will be strong enough to rise, overthrow the capitalist masters, and seize the means of production for its own benefit. Not only does the simplicity of this dogma attract believers who vision themselves ready to hail a proletarian dictatorship, but it half-hypnotizes many others though they see no virtue in the scheme, and their fears inspire them to denunciation. All over the land there is a

conjuring with this new religion. Yet such a phenomenon is downright curious because the American proletariat is actually on the decline.

II

In the city of London in the year 1847, Friedrich Engels and Karl Marx put forth the *Communist Manifesto*. In it they predicted an ever-increasing proletariat. Said they:

The lower strata of the Middle Class—the small tradespeople, shopkeepers and retired tradesmen generally, the handicraftsmen and peasants—all these sink gradually into the proletariat, partly because their diminished capital does not suffice for the scale on which modern industry is carried on, and is swamped in competition with the large capitalists, partly because their specialized skill is rendered worthless by new methods of production. Thus the proletariat is recruited from all classes of the population.

And farther on:

... with the development of industry the proletariat not only increases in number, it becomes concentrated in greater masses, its strength grows, and it feels that strength more.

These pronunciamientos were uttered eighty-eight years ago. The orthodox communist has accepted them whole-heartedly ever since: they are the backbone of his tactics; his faith in them makes him a revolutionary by violence rather than a revolutionary by any other means. But it is not the communist alone who unquestioningly believes in the growth of the proletariat; this belief has been spread abroad so widely that it is now echoed and at least half-credited by nearly every one to whom the word proletariat has any meaning at all. Communists hold to this faith and propose to act through it; so-

cialists cling to it as well and hope to compromise with it; liberals see it as a truth and romanticize about it; while even the extreme conservatives show partial credence by their willingness to be frightened by it.

Years before its current American popularity, the myth of the proletariat had been believed for so long that it became the subject for fantastic and pseudoprophetic fiction. In H. G. Wells's remarkable *Time Machine*, we discover the future proletarians living underground among their machines, while their former masters are permitted to survive in the sunlight, among the ruins of stolen splendors, merely to serve as beef and mutton for the bellies of the Titans. In the final chapter of Anatole France's *L'Île des Pingouins*, the proletarians are again earth-dwellers—muscular, numerous, mighty, and brainless, while a few overlords, with shrunken bodies and great heads, exploit them.

Recently such fictional characters have become contemporary and have taken on less incredible semblances. They are now the heroes of the Proletarian Novel—often enough stuffed shirts, but providing the background, in action and philosophy, for an increasing number of tear-jerking stories. Nowadays almost any novel with a proletarian hero and an awareness of the class struggle receives serious consideration from the critics, especially the younger newspaper hacks. It is assumed that, whether we like it or not, the proletarian will soon be running the show; his stature increases in accordance with the old Marxian prophecy; and the truly contemporary writer of fiction must give him leading roles.

This idea of a constantly expanding proletariat has never met with serious challenge. During the last century it has

become a sort of folk-faith. Meanwhile, especially in the last quarter of that century, certain developments of technology have pointed to entirely new conclusions. Seen from this viewpoint, the predictions of the *Communist Manifesto* become quaintly out of date. Nowhere is this more true than in America. Employment statistics present the facts in bold relief.

To get at these facts in mathematical form, it will be necessary to study some predetermined industrial period, recent enough to give the results of the study contemporary significance, and lengthy enough to demonstrate what influence capitalism may be having on the growth of the down-trodden. Our most accurate source is the census.

Between 1910 and 1930 we had twenty years in which the influence of the machine upon the American workman was probably greater than in any other equal span in our history. During these years, the machine emerged from crudity to refined precision. Mass production came to light, and the use of the machine was extended to huge new industries, such as those of the automobile, the aeroplane, the cinema, and the radio. In no other period was the machine exploited so extensively, or the amount of capital involved so great. If industrialism inevitably submerges more and more of the population into the proletariat, hardly a likelier period could be chosen to demonstrate the thesis.

According to the census of 1910, there were then over 38,000,000 Americans engaged in gainful employment, and their occupations were catalogued as follows, in figures of percentage:

Farmers	16.1
Wholesale and retail proprietors and managers	6.2
Members of professions.....	4.3
Clerks and salesmen.....	10.0

Foremen and skilled workmen.....	11.7
Semi-skilled workmen	14.4
Unskilled workmen	37.3

In 1930, with nearly 49,000,000 gainfully employed, the proportions had become:

Farmers	12.3
Wholesale and retail proprietors and managers	7.5
Members of professions.....	6.0
Clerks and salesmen.....	16.3
Foremen and skilled workmen.....	12.9
Semi-skilled workmen	16.3
Unskilled workmen	28.7

In these classifications,¹ what groups could constitute the proletariat? Which might be called a submerged unit, "recruited from all classes", deprived of the use of any specialized skill, its members lacking the pride of trained workmen? Obviously, in the true Marxian sense, in the sense of being significant in a possible class struggle, the proletariat is here represented by the unskilled laborers. Yet in these twenty years of intense industrial expansion, the proportion of unskilled workers dropped from 37.3 per cent to 28.7. Instead of being inevitably and automatically augmented, the proletariat has been definitely on the wane.

Countless pages have been written about the imagined effects of machines on modern life. To a number of these imaginings, especially to the idea that the machine is the master of an ever-increasing body of slaves, the figures we have just looked at provide an illuminating corrective.

In addition to a decrease of unskilled workers, what else do the figures show? They reveal two broad and related tendencies. First, in the groups of Americans

¹Most of the employment statistics given in this article are based on United States census figures as presented in two papers, the one by Alba M. Edwards, the other by J. K. Whelpton, both printed in the *Journal of the American Statistical Association*.

who are closest to the productive side of industry, they disclose not only a decline in the proportion of those without skill, but a movement in the ranks of the unskilled to the skilled. Over the twenty-year period, semi-skilled labor rose from 14.4 per cent to 16.3 per cent, while the skilled group increased from 11.7 to 12.9. Second, the figures divulge a still more significant tendency—a movement of American workers from groups directly concerned with output into groups concerned with controlling and distributing the products.

In 1910, 63.4 per cent of gainfully employed Americans fell into the classifications of skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled workers. But by 1930, the total of these groups had declined to 57.9 per cent. Meanwhile, over the same period, an ever-rising proportion of Americans were occupied with handling rather than making the products of industry. In 1910, 16.2 per cent of employed Americans were listed as proprietors, clerks, and salesmen. By 1930, these classifications had risen to the high figure of 23.8 per cent; while at the same time the number of professional men had been on the increase, rising from 4.3 per cent in 1910 to 6 in 1930.

From this examination, a certain broad statement is now possible. Modern capitalistic industry is resulting in something quite contrary to the expectation of Marx—it is creating a larger middle class at the direct expense of the proletariat.

III

But Marx held that the increasing use of machines would swell the numbers of the proletariat through two principal causes, already summarized in an excerpt from the *Manifesto*. Shopkeepers and small tradesmen would find themselves

unable to muster the capital for machine production, or to compete with the scale of quantity distribution. Handicraftsmen, farmers, and men with specialized skill would find the machine replacing the cunning of their hands. All these would “sink gradually into the proletariat . . . recruited from all classes of the population”.

This mass of humanity, as Marx imagined it, was to be a submerged class, bound in virtual serfdom to the machine. The number of these helpless, unskilled workers was to increase steadily. Exploited by a few capitalistic masters, and uncompensated by any vanity in a labor which was intelligent only as metallic rods and cams made it so, the pride of the proletarian was to become at last not an individual but a mass pride, a pride in the power of numbers, in a feeling of mass strength.

When Marx prophesied this ever-growing class, the machine age had already become a reality in certain countries, especially in England and America. The march of workers from farm to factory had begun. In the America of 1820, seventy-two per cent of the employed population was still on the land. By 1850, this percentage had dropped to sixty-five, with corresponding increases in the percentages of those engaged in manufacturing and trade. With each decennial census, the decline in the proportion of farmers continued, with a proportional increase of workers in trade and manufacturing. By 1880, after the passage of another thirty-year period, only forty-nine per cent of gainfully employed Americans were at work on farms. By 1910 they had fallen to thirty-two per cent.

Such a shift of employment from farm to city, however, does not signify that a population is being drawn into the prole-

tariat; the need of earning one's living in town does not make a proletarian, nor, of course, did Marx claim that it did. He defined the proletarian: in all respects a man dispossessed, one who had "sunk" into the class. Coupled with economic loss was loss of pride in his work, which had become too slavish; all that remained for him was pride in his mass strength. This is both the classic and the sentimental definition and it remains accurate today.

Yet, through the miscarriage of Marxian prophecy, which we have noted, present-day communists have been forced to depart from orthodoxy. They have been obliged to sacrifice one dogma for the sake of another; their new world is still to be established through mass revolution by the proletariat. Therefore they must have a proletariat, or there can be no class war.

But in some fashion, which this essential dogma does not permit the communists to investigate, the rise of capitalism and the triumph of the machine have not produced an overwhelmingly powerful body of classical, dispossessed workers. What really occurred is clear from the census figures just quoted. But even if there were no accurate statistical proof at hand, we could surmise that something has gone amiss with the prophecies of Marx when we observe the efforts of communists to *create* a proletariat. The dispossessed worker simply does not exist in a mass powerful enough for the class struggle.

In the proletarian novel, the laborer has his power and his being; he remains the inevitable product of capitalism and the machine. In practice, however, both in Russia and in America, communists have been obliged to take inevitability into their own hands. In Russia, inevitability

has become the State—you dispossess a peasant of his land, you place him on a collective farm, and you have a new proletarian. In America, inevitability has become a matter of affixing labels—the practical definition of a proletarian becoming broadened almost to the point where anyone who does any sort of work beyond clipping coupons is now, in essence, a member of the class. This new eligibility is illustrated by eager communist interference in disputes between employers and employees, where the latter could not possibly, by any stretching of the definition, be termed proletarians.

When it thus becomes so easy for the worker to be wooed as a proletarian, when practically any wage-earner (and, of course, any dole-taker) is eligible to the class, the name itself quickly becomes meaningless. The classical concept of the proletarian was sharply drawn. But when this brawny figure of the dispossessed worker, his fists lifted in revolutionary gesture, becomes that ineffectual and composite creature whom cartoonists label The Public, all import goes out of the class struggle. Revolution by the submerged masses fades, and what remains of the revolt against capitalism is a disorganized scramble to grab—a dole, a bonus, a share-in-the-wealth, a social credit, a technocratic assignment of so many ergs a year, a pension of \$200 a month after the age of 60, or even some crisp printing-press money.

How is this confusion of the original Marxian doctrine possible?

IV

When Karl Marx went to England to spend the years of study that resulted in *Das Kapital*, the first stages of the industrial revolution were already in full swing.

He came from an agricultural Germany to an England extensively committed to factories. It was probably not a pretty contrast. Much of that early industrialism was brutally unpleasant. In general, the factory was ugly, the machines were crude, the hours of work were still similar to those of the farm — an impossible basis for the monotonous, confining, and more exacting new labor. Wages were far too low, and the living conditions of the workers were squalid.

Marx was shrewd enough to realize that machines had come to stay, and that they would utterly change the order of human life. He also realized that step by step with their growing use, capitalism would expand. The exploitation of the machine would demand vast investments. A new world was in the making — but what sort of world?

Marx promptly predicted an enslaved one. He believed that expanding capitalism implied essentially expanding greed. Through the machine he foresaw the creation of a new class of serfs, a proletariat which was to be drawn from all existing classes of the people. On the other hand, he was aware, and his later followers were still more so, that the machine age could be an era of plenty. It was obvious that in every division of material human endeavor, machines could produce more than hands. For Marx and his disciples, this period of abundance was quite possible, but could only follow the inevitable class revolution.

These two contrary conceptions of what the machine means to the human race have, for practically a century, been a dominating theme of modern thought. Although at odds, they are usually combined. The strain runs like this: while the machine has been largely a curse, it could be a blessing. But this is an attempt to in-

terpret a civilization based on machines in terms so simple that when referred to reality, the interpretation has virtually no meaning. Throughout the years of its development, the machine has brought about none of the simple, direct, forthright consequences predicted for it. For example, at the same time that it produced a greater plenty, it stimulated the growth of populations. Thus, Germany, before the war of 1870, was still predominantly agricultural, and for some years its population growth had been, as is that of France today, at an equilibrium. After the war of 1870, Germany became industrialized, and a rapid increase of population followed. Just so have the benefits of abundance always been partially nullified by the greater number of mouths to feed.

In a growing civilization, the effect of the machine was extraordinarily more complex than anything contained in a simple effort to define that civilization as good or bad. For, from the beginning, machines were evolving; as if alive, they took on a certain behavior and acquired certain laws of being. Among these laws, a particular one soon became evident. It was this: the machine was in opposition to slavery. It would not give its utmost if the man who tended it remained too long by its side. And so little by little, it was necessary to revise a conception of working hours previously based upon farming life.

It was also discovered that the machine would yield benefits in exact proportion to its power. Consequently, throughout the modern industrial age, the *real* wages of workers — wages in terms of what the money will buy rather than in terms of dollars or any other unit of currency — have been rising on an upward curve that follows precisely the ascend-

ancy of mechanical power. It can be put this way: the wage per worker is a function of the horsepower per worker made available by machines.

As soon as mechanical power had reached the point where these effects became clear, it became obvious as well that the conception of a degraded and dispossessed proletariat was quite contrary to the facts. Each year now the machine becomes increasingly automatic, doing away with more men who formerly were needed to tend it. Indeed, this new influence has been one of the innumerable reasons put forward to explain unemployment and the depression. But such an explanation is false, for while machines use fewer men, they turn out more goods. This increased production has required larger technical staffs, more office workers, more managers, more salesmen, and over the twenty-year period previously studied, the proportion of these wage-earners increased by nine per cent. It is quite probable that within a few years, we shall observe a startling acceleration in this trend which the depression has, for the time being, contrived to halt.

The American workman who may approximate a true Marxian proletarian will rapidly become more rare, for the electric eye will take over his simple, monotonous routine. The delicate, intelligent, flexible mechanisms of a future close at hand will require almost no human brawn — the men who serve them will be men of skill. And the number of employables concerned with distributing industrial products will increase.

Huge new industries are in the offing — the impulse to their swift development is restrained for the moment only by the antics of the New Dealers. But there are obvious signs that the New Deal is on the wane, and as it passes so will pass the enor-

mous class of current dole-takers which, if it were to remain fixed in our economy, might in the end constitute a sort of special proletariat. But the coming expansion of industry will absorb these unemployed. There are visible portents: for example, the modern auxiliaries of housing — air-conditioning and the like — will soon have widespread realization; the face of the countryside and the form of cities will take new shapes; and in these vast enterprises, millions will find skilled work and usefulness. Melancholy predictions of tens of millions permanently on the dole will go into the limbo of many other extravagances bred by the depression.

One of these extravagances is the notion that current unemployment immensely overshadows that of any former American depression. It does — in numbers. But when these numbers are placed in ratio to the population, we discover that there have been other depressions with the proportion of jobless men nearly as great. For instance, in his *Real Wages in the United States*, Paul H. Douglas presents statistics for a period of twenty-nine years, beginning with 1897. In that year, the unemployed constituted eighteen per cent of the workers chosen by Douglas for his study. In 1921 it increased to 23.1 per cent. What is it today? We do not know exactly — the estimates range from the modest figure of 10,000,000 to the probably extravagant figure of 20,000,000. A mean of 15,000,000 is 30.6 per cent of the 49,000,000 gainfully employed in 1929 — no very large increase over the proportion of jobless workers in 1921.

As these unemployed return to work, their new tasks will remove greater numbers from the ranks of the unskilled. The proletariat has already declined; and that decline, at a swifter and swifter pace, will continue.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, BOOK-BOOSTER

BY JOHN BAKELESS

IT is only too true that the Lampson Professor of English Literature, Emeritus, in Yale University, is one of the few really powerful literary despots in North America. A word, a nod, a wreathed smile from Professor William Lyon Phelps, a twinkle of the Phelpsian eye, a twirl of the Phelpsian pen, and the meanest author's reputation may be made overnight. Recipients of the Phelpsian accolade have been for years the modern Byrons: they know what it is to go to bed hacks and wake up, still hacks, but famous. The Professor is a one-man Book-of-the-Day Club, the Oracle of the Printing Press, God's gift to the bookstore clerk, the publicity man's pride and joy, one of the greatest endorsers ever to spill adjectives on a flaming dust-jacket. The erring New York editor who accidentally referred to him as the "Samson Professor" was not far wrong. Professor Phelps's power is quite as great as the ancient temple-tipper's, even if his attitude toward the Philistines is much more friendly.

The only serious competition the good Professor meets in the endorsing field comes from Alexander Woollcott, who has of late risen to share the power and the glory of the New Hazlitt of New Haven. The rich and meaty Woollcott chuckle, endorsing a book on the radio, will bring a flood of telegraphed orders from as far west as the Pacific, and except for the faithful ladies who still throng to the Phelpsian lectures, Mr. Woollcott has more or less

displaced the Professor as the literary dictator of New York. But the women's clubs and lecture audiences of that vast area stretching 3000 miles west of Hoboken are still loyal to Yale. After all, the Old Master has been in the book-endorsing business for a whole generation; and Woollcott, while he has demonstrated his ability to turn a new book into a best-seller, has yet to raise the forgotten volumes of yesteryear from the dust under the counter, and make them sell like new. Worse still, Woollcott usually endorses good books. Professor Phelps can endorse almost *any* book and make it sell.

Examples of the incredible power of the facile Phelpsian fountain pen are plentiful. Some twenty years after the publication of Louis Tracy's *Wings of the Morning*, Professor Phelps chanced to mention it. A single New York bookstore sold 3000 copies on the strength of that recommendation alone. Six years after Warwick Deeping's *House of Adventure* had quietly ended a mild sale, Professor Phelps gave it a single sentence of comment — and two entirely new printings had to be rushed to press immediately. His discovery that A. S. M. Hutchinson was "a spiritual force", and his *If Winter Comes* "an important work of art", turned that now forgotten novel into a best-seller at once. When he discovered that Thornton Wilder had "something akin" to genius and was "a star of the first magnitude", the faithful descended on the bookstores in

such numbers that for several weeks practically nothing was printed in the United States but *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and United States currency wherewith to buy it. A few years ago, E. P. Dutton and Company were surprised to find the sales of *The House that Whispered*, by Samuel Emery, suddenly leaping ahead several thousand above normal: Professor Phelps had endorsed it. Last season his endorsement produced the same instant effect on Alfred Dashiell's *Editor's Choice*, and Violet Clifton's *Talbot*. This August, Professor Phelps endorsed twenty-nine books in a lecture at Pointe aux Barques, Michigan. The Associated Press considered the list worth telegraphing across the continent, and the New York *Times* thought it rated three-quarters of a column. And they were right—the publishers' sales-rooms were feeling the results within three days. When Billy the Booster speaks, best-sellers are born.

Such occult power as this explains why an American publisher would no more think of failing to send a review copy to Professor Phelps than he would think of neglecting the Register of Copyrights in Washington, D. C. Indeed, the Register of Copyrights, poor fellow, has to have an act of Congress to get his two copies, but sending books to Professor Phelps is a law of nature. No one but a demented publisher of French picture postcards would ever fail to send his first review copy, virginal and ready for the inspiring endorsement, to the colonial mansion at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven. Novels, textbooks, plays, biographies, religious tracts, histories, and books of poetry arrive there by the ton. If the Professor likes a book (and he has a magnificent capacity for liking), he smiles upon it in the public prints and — presto! — the royalties start rolling in. If the Professor does

not like a book, no harm is done, for happily the Professor never frowns.

The term "critic" is probably too select to be accurately applied to Billy Phelps. He is an endorser, a persistent, impenitent, indefatigable, enthusiastic, and perpetual endorser — such an endorser, indeed, that when he drew up his most recent list of the Hundred Best Books he could not resist making it one hundred and twenty. It was he who, after half a century's study of English literature, endorsed the swing of Edgar A. Guest's verse as "perfect". He endorsed, in one of his New York lectures, a book which, under cross-examination by his audience, he admitted he had not read through. He endorsed the work of H. L. Mencken on the jacket of a volume of *Prejudices*, within the covers of which was a stinging excoriation of himself and all his works. Ardent defender of Morality with a capital M that he is, the Professor nevertheless endorsed the issue of Choate School's literary magazine which, unfortunately, was later found to contain a poem so risqué that the Headmaster had to censor it on serious moral grounds. He also endorsed Claude Farrere's *Thomas the Lambkin* — shortly before the Vice Society took it up. He once endorsed an Atlantic Monthly Press book in a telegram that left the publisher gasping, for it said, simply: "Quote me to the limit."

Even the recommendation adopted several years ago at Yale urging that "care and restraint" must be used by officers of the university in writing "endorsements of articles of merchandise", did not daunt the Professor, though one would be hard put to think of an apter description of the books he recommends than "articles of merchandise". Indeed, his boundless goodwill has recently been perfectly illustrated by an episode gleefully recounted

among the infidels last winter. It was after a successful New York lecture when the usual sheaf of written questions was handed up to the platform. One of the ladies had become slightly muddled under the spell of the prevailing eloquence, and the slip of paper that confronted the Yale Oracle read:

2 lbs. Potatoes
1 box salt
Whole-wheat bread
2 doz. oranges
3 lbs. spinach

"I recommend all of it!" cried Professor William Lyon Phelps.

II

It is a little difficult to determine just what critical standards guide Professor Billy in his literary judgments. At times, much like a schoolgirl choosing a movie, he seems to rely mainly on thrills, as when he condemns the late poet laureate of England because "I am not thrilled by the poetry of Robert Bridges," and applauds Hervey Allen's *The Blindman* because "I defy any one to read this poem without thrills." On the other hand, purity, sweetness, and light — by John S. Sumner out of the Epworth League — often appear to be his final criteria, as when he belabors "our modern atheistic novelists," and solemnly warns that "American literature is sadly in need of improvement, but we shall not improve it by imitating the only thing in Continental literature which it takes no talent to copy". The "only thing", needless to say, being the monster sex. True to these principles, the Professor stalked virtuously out of the theater during a performance of that libidinous production, *The Children's Hour*; one glimpse of his chastely indignant and retreating back, and the righteous Knew the

Worst. It was likewise the Professor who, from the platform of the Town Hall, assured a shuddering assemblage of suburban ladies that *Strictly Dishonorable* was an immoral play. But it is harder to explain his denunciation of Walt Whitman's poetry as "nothing but a Sears-Roebuck catalogue with calliope accompaniment"; and his disdainful ridicule of that great achievement of Gothic architecture, the south tower of Chartres Cathedral, as "just a church steeple, matched a hundred times in Ohio and Indiana." In addition, for various reasons best known to himself, Professor Phelps has publicly condemned sex, the tipping system on transatlantic liners, war, Parisian theaters, leprosy, and bullfighting in Newark, N. J. Strangest of all, he once condemned modern literature, which he described as the filthiest in history — an extraordinary statement from the pen of a gentleman who has endorsed at least half the books written since 1910. . . .

A part, at least, of the highly moral attitude which frequently crops up in the good Professor's writings is due to his religious background: for there are three centuries of pious Connecticut Yankee ancestors materializing grimly behind him. Professor Billy is the son of a Baptist minister, and is himself honorary pastor of a Baptist church in New Haven. His preaching is so popular at his summer home in Michigan that a country church, which originally seated but a hundred people, has had to be enlarged twice in order to accommodate the thousand ardent worshippers who come regularly to hear him on Sunday afternoons — after which, on suitable occasions, no less a *littérateur* than Edgar Albert Guest, the sweet singer of Detroit, passes the collection plate.

Some of the Professor's wilder judgments are also due, no doubt, to the haste

with which he works. If he reads all the books he recommends he must average close to 5000 pages a month, or well over 150 pages a day. That is required reading, with a vengeance. And for a long time the good Professor was also doing full-time university teaching, lecturing all over the United States, preparing two regular monthly columns, grinding out additional magazine articles, syndicating newspaper stuff, and writing books—besides preaching the True Word on Sunday afternoons.

Just as his boundless enthusiasms make Phelps popular among publishers, so do his prolific writings win him an equal popularity with the reading public: from coast to coast there is an eager audience of the faintly literary who hang breathless upon his lightest word. But his critical effusions are not, to put it mildly, so good: the stuff is obviously cheap, obviously superficial, obviously factitious in its ready-made enthusiasm. It has, however, other qualities which appeal to a public that in any case is not repelled either by cheapness or by superficiality, and that likes things ready-made. The Phelpsian outpourings are light, bright, chatty, always readable, and at least mildly amusing. Furthermore, they spout from a pundit of a famous university, and are therefore fondly believed to be the final dictum of infallible literary taste in circulating libraries and women's clubs from Eastport, Keokuk, and Dubuque, to San Pedro and Walla Walla.

Yale University itself regards the Lampson Professor with somewhat mingled emotions. He is godfather, counselor, and friend to at least three-quarters of the undergraduates and alumni, not to mention their wives, their mothers, and their progeny. The remaining quarter, it must be regretfully chronicled, join in the scoffs and jeers that arise from those crude peo-

ple not fortunate enough to be numbered among the elect. But all agree that, though perhaps not a profound scholar, Professor Phelps is a likable soul, swift in good-natured repartee, who has done something for God, a good deal to his Country, and a lot for Yale. His famous course on Tennyson and Browning was so popular that, one year shortly before his retirement, while 320 students were admitted, 130 others had to be turned away.

When you hear the Professor lecture, you understand this popularity easily enough. He is not the usual poseur of the usual lecture platform. On the contrary, he is a personage of distinguished appearance, sun-tanned and athletic, long, lean, and rangy, looking pleasingly like a Harold Bell Wright hero, and talking very much like one, too. His beautifully resonant voice reaches every corner of the largest hall without the least effort. After half a century of public speaking, he knows an audience's every mood: he applauds virtue, denounces vice, and is very amusing and rather charming as he does it. If you don't know anything about the subject, his remarks seem brilliant; and no matter how much you know about it, his personality has an effect all its own, even on the most critical. When you read the good Professor, you know he is writing twaddle; but when you hear him, he is so delightfully human that you don't care.

III

No hint of the wide-reaching influence of his later years attended the early career of this future literary soothsayer. Billy was born in New Haven, January 2, 1865, a descendant of that William Phelps who settled at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1638.

He was named for his great-grandfather, Colonel William Lyon, a Revolutionary soldier. Little did the good citizens of New Haven dream that the babe who lay in their midst (undoubtedly endorsing *Mother Goose* from the cradle), was to become the adored sage of every woman's club in the country, the biggest man in the book-endorsing business, and an irrepressible writer who would be able to turn out enthusiastic reviews, columns, magazine articles, books, sermons, and lectures at twice the speed of a three-shift Ford factory on a busy day.

Billy began life simply as does the usual bookish lad, trying to write, dabbling in verse, failing at chess, his youth "poisoned", he says, by mathematics. He attended private school at the age of three, and public school at five. At that early age he had already read the Bible through. He graduated from Hartford High a class orator, with a speech that foreshadowed the optimism of his later years; it began resoundingly: "The country is now in a state of unexampled prosperity." At Yale he took honors in English and philosophy, made the *Lit*, and developed a taste for damply melancholy Slavic fiction which contrasts oddly with the automatic *joie de vivre* of his later years. He went from Yale to teach at Westminster School for boys, and after a year there, to Harvard, where he was assistant to Barrett Wendell, reading seven hundred themes a week, and achieving in the same year the neat trick of an M.A. from Harvard and a Ph.D. from Yale. At the Harvard memorial service to James Russell Lowell, Billy walked in the procession side by side with Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Except for those two years at Harvard and Westminster, the Professor has passed his entire career on the Yale campus, or at least those intermittent moments of it

when he has not been lecturing elsewhere. Returning to New Haven from Cambridge, he rose through all the usual academic grades on the Yale faculty, until in 1901, in his middle thirties, he was made Lampson Professor, remaining in that post until he retired in 1933 amid a blaze of glory and honorary degrees.

Strange as it may seem today, the future star of the popular lecture platform started out as a rather promising young scholar. At Harvard, Barrett Wendell had encouraged his interest in the English romantic movement; at Yale, H. A. Beers, an acknowledged authority on that subject, also aided; the result was, in 1893, Billy's first book, a thin little volume on *The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, which, if by no means brilliant, is at least good, sound, scholarly stuff, and still valuable today. In 1895 he edited *Plays of George Chapman* for the famous Mermaid Series. Thereafter he practically abandoned work of a scholarly sort, except for his edition of Christopher Marlowe, published in 1912.

After the Chapman, there was a long pause in the Phelpsian literary output. Then, in 1907, came a sudden burst of books, not so bad at the start, but growing hastier and more careless with the succeeding years — essays on the Pure Gold of nineteenth-century literature, on Russian novelists, on teaching, on books in general, on the advance of the English novel, on the ditto of English poetry, on the Bible, and then finally a series of annoying little volumes of heart-throb philosophy on such themes as *Memory, Happiness, Love, Appreciation, and Music*, which read very much like the warmed-over sermons they probably were.

The Professor's most notorious literary exploit in all those fifty years at Yale was getting Gene Tunney, *Pugilationis Doctor*,

to lecture on Shakespeare before an enthusiastic audience of undergraduates. Dr. Tunney was pleased to reveal to his fascinated listeners that "Shakespeare has been the greatest playwright the world has ever known. Shakespeare has written these plays with great poetry. . . . Shakespeare was a sport." Gentleman Gene even admitted handsomely, "I am not an authority on William Shakespeare," but nevertheless, "I worship at his shrine."

Said Professor Phelps: "I know that Mr. Tunney likes literature and the fine arts for their own sake."

Said one enthusiastic son of Eli: "I'm going to tell my grandchildren about this."

Said an unscholarly character known as Jack Dempsey: "If that helps his racket, it's okay."

IV

Professor Phelps's early magazine work consisted mainly of critical articles on the great figures of English literature — "New Light on Carlyle," "The Author of Lorna Doone," "Prayers of Stevenson," "Elizabethan Football." In the beginning he wrote mostly for the old-style literary magazines — the *Independent*, *Forum*, *North American Review*, and *Bookman*. But the amazing adoration of the illiterate that was eventually to make him the dictator of American publishing did not grow out of these articles. His real hold on the public was a long, slow, steady development from his career as a popular lecturer. This began in 1895, just after he had joined the Yale faculty, when the young savant gave some disquisitions on Elizabethan literature before the ladies of Hartford where he had been a schoolboy only a few years before.

The home town boy made good. He

made so very good, in fact, that other ladies heard about it, the news of this youthful talent spreading so rapidly that by 1908 Billy was busily shuttling to and fro across the continent, bearing to thousands of restless literary yearners his soothing views on pure letters. Here was a man who could tell at a glance which books were good and which were bad; one whose reports on the new volumes were so adequately copious that his delighted hearers were even spared the trouble of reading them. By the time the post-war era dawned, in the Consulship of Harding, the Phelps pronunciamentos on the best books were being received throughout the country with an enthusiasm comparable to the ardor of Early Christians receiving a new gospel. A few years later only Calvin, of blessed memory, could vie with the extraordinary hold on the American moronocracy possessed by Billy Phelps.

No small part in this avatar was played by Edward W. Bok, then editor of that celebrated literary review, *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Few shrewder editors of mass magazines have ever lived, for no one ever understood the American small-town mind more completely. The Great Idea dawned as the editor listened to the Professor discoursing before the Philadelphia Academy. Bok noted the wrapt attention of the lecture addicts; he observed the delighted flutter among the ladies; he remarked the unimpeachable propriety of every view expressed. Here was, indeed, he must have told himself, a real *Ladies' Home Journal* intellect — a perfect thirty-six.

The great men met and talked. The result was a series of articles running over three years, dealing with "Original Sin", "Christian Adventure", "Human Nature in the Bible", and "The Makers of American Literature".

And now directors of the editorial destinies of the other big mass magazines also began to sit up and take notice. As a result, the Professor was shortly describing methods of "Cashing in on the Classics" in the *American Magazine*, contributing a monthly page to the *Woman's Home Companion*, and writing for the *Delineator* an explanation of how "Gene Tunney Shows the Way". To the same magazine, once edited by Theodore Dreiser, he also contributed dissertations on "Character", "Thanksgiving", "Books Every Woman Should Know", and "The Ideal Wife".

Meantime, the editor of *Scribner's* let loose upon a waiting world a monthly encyclical by the infallible pontiff of New Haven. It was called "As I Like It", under which title the good Professor has since discoursed twelve times a year on books, on his personal tastes and idiosyncrasies, and on nearly everything else under the sun. The encyclical is republished in a series of volumes eagerly acclaimed by all good Phelpsites, and is being supplemented this fall by the *William Lyon Phelps Year-book*, which preserves for posterity the garnered wisdom of his syndicated newspaper articles.

The Professor has turned out to be, as a matter of fact, a perfectly good column conductor, almost as successful in that difficult art as the old masters, Eugene Field, Bert Leston Taylor, Don Marquis, and F. P. A. He is never dull. He maintains the same tone from month to month, so that his readers know exactly what they are going to get, and get it. He has even mastered the columnist's cleverest trick — the art of persuading readers to help with the work. Hence, there is the Fano Club for literary pilgrims who follow Robert Browning's footsteps to that Italian village and send back a postal card. There is the Samuel Richardson Club for hardy

souls who have read *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Sir Charles Grandison* straight through. And the *Faerie Queene* Club for those who have emerged alive from that wilderness of verse. There is also a club for everybody who thinks that "Am't I?" is English grammar — and perhaps it is just as well to have such people segregated.

Readers of "As I Like It" are invited to nominate for the "Ignoble Prize" the works of art which they cannot stand. When one humorist nominated the Professor's own work, the columnist, with wholly characteristic sportsmanship, promptly rushed the suggestion into print. Other proposals have included the works of Walt Whitman and Virgil, *Jane Eyre*, *Peer Gynt*, *Silas Marner*, *The Three Musketeers*, the front of Westminster Abbey, the Elgin Marbles, and the Sistine Madonna.

V

"It is," as Edward Bok once wrote in a short sketch of his prize contributor, "impossible for this man to be dry or uninteresting." Unfortunately, it is also impossible for him to be critical. A large part of a genuine critic's real business is the resounding denunciation of cheapjacks. In these days of sensational biographies cooked up in a few weeks in the depths of the Public Library, or of slipshod volumes written by illiterate celebrities and foisted upon a defenseless public, denunciation becomes an especially important part of a critic's duty. Professor Phelps, however, quite unblushingly sets himself down as neglecting it entirely. "I am frequently accused," he wrote a few years ago, "of saluting every new book with indiscriminate praise." And why? His excuse is simply that he has "no wish to advertise rubbish by attacking it."

That is a comfortable attitude: it enables

the Professor to be enthusiastic all over the landscape and correspondingly popular. But it also makes possible the spawning of thoroughly bad books, slovenly writing, and rank misinformation in prodigious editions. There is a definite need for condemning rubbish when the public is being hornswoggled into mistaking it for the real thing. That need, after fifty years in a great university and with a following that makes his lightest word of consequence, Professor Phelps has never tried to meet.

His "criticism" represents that cheap and easy enthusiasm about everything which is the curse of America's false quantity-philosophy. Of the real criticism that a true quality-philosophy would demand — cool and keen, applying exacting and well-defined standards before it praises or condemns, but quite ready to do either as literary justice demands — his work shows

scarcely a trace. His personal charm, his gifts as a speaker, his skill as a writer, have given him an influence that ought to have raised the standard of American taste considerably. Instead, he has chosen to be the cheer leader of cheap taste, the patron of trash, our leading merchant of literary mediocrity.

Nor is he likely to change at this late date. Professor Phelps is now so firmly ensconced in the hearts of his countrymen, and especially his country-clubwomen, that nothing will ever dislodge him. This unhappy land faces countless years of burbling enthusiasm and indiscriminate endorsement. Professor Billy will undoubtedly keep right on until the Day of Judgment when he can be definitely relied upon for one last sweeping endorsement of Gabriel's performance on the trumpet of doom.



FARTHER SIGHT

BY HOWARD Mc K. CORNING

THAT peak that hangs on the farther sight
 Would appear, you'd think, about the same
 To any one gazing, left or right;
 Familiar on earth and certain in name.

Yet some one far on the other side
 Is gazing now at the selfsame peak;
 But whether as one well-satisfied —
 I ask, but I cannot hear him speak.

Nor he this musing aloud of mine. . . .
 In a later day from a same-side view —
 If we chance to meet and our words incline —
 That mountain may be an only clue
 To our different selves and our unlike tongue,
 And tell us the truth, unsaid, unsung.

THE SUPREME COURT GROWS UP

BY J. H. OPPENHEIM

ON A Monday noon in February, 1790, young John Jay, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, walked from the Federal Hall in Wall Street to a commercial structure situated at the foot of Broad. There, in a small upstairs chamber of the Royal Exchange, the lordly leader of Washington's cabinet—acting in his alter-capacity of Chief Justice—opened for business the Supreme Court of the United States. On a Monday noon last month, in the city of Washington, one hundred and forty-five years later, Charles Evans Hughes, forty-third Secretary of State after Jay, and eleventh Chief Justice, entered the portals of a great new Corinthian temple, a nobly proportioned holy of holies constructed of white marble, and there presided while, for the first time, the Supreme Court transacted business in a building of its own. Thus a strange history was ended; the history of a century and a half of shabby treatment at the hands of Congress; a long epoch of abuse in which the Court was shunted from one miserable courtroom to another, discomfited by circuit riding, plagued by a mass of petty litigation, and attacked for its arrogations of power.

For the Supreme Court has not always received the reverence and honor accorded it today. The sharp contrast between the makeshift courtrooms occupied since 1790, and the resplendent Ark of the Constitution recently dedicated, correctly reflects

the vast changes in the Court's political and social history. Compared with the veneration given the present members, the amount of prestige accorded the early justices was microscopic; and the existing code of punctilio makes the old judicial folkways appear almost crude.

John Marshall himself, who "found the Constitution paper and left it power", would be overawed by the formidable facade of the 1935 tribunal. It was often his pleasure, after packing Mrs. Marshall off to relatives for the night, to entertain the justices and their cronies with wine and song until the small hours. Nor was he ever a bit dismayed at the familiar manners of a Clay, who would help himself nonchalantly, during the course of a profound argument before the Court, to a pinch of snuff from the tin which Justice Bushrod Washington kept at his elbow on the bench. Such defections are unthinkable today. And so too are many other activities of those early justices who often meddled in affairs of state, took the stump for presidential candidates, and even angled for higher political office. They wrote letters of advice to Congress and the Chief Executive; hobnobbed with legal bigwigs; divulged decisions days before they were officially handed down; waged political warfare in the newspapers; pursued fame off the bench by delivering lectures, eulogies, and literary addresses; and indulged in a multitude of foibles that would lead to the impeach-

ment of any justice rash enough to follow their example today.

These portions of the tribunal's past record are not generally known to those who—as Van Buren said—cherish “a sentiment of idolatry for the Supreme Court which claims for its members an entire exemption from the fallibilities of our nature”. They make a colorful and interesting background for the complete story of the Court.

II

The Supreme Court's career opened with a fiasco, as appears from the very first entry in the official record:

At the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States, begun and held at New York, being the Seat of the national Government, on the first Monday of February, and on the first day of said month, Anno Domini 1790.

Present:

The Honb^{le} John Jay, Esq^r, Chief Justice,
The Honb^{le} William Cushing, and
The Honb^{le} James Willson, Esq^{es}, Associate Justices

This being the day assigned by Law, for commencing the first sessions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a sufficient Number of the Justices not being convened, the Court is adjourned, by the Justices now present, until to Morrow, at one of the Clock in the afternoon.

Ordained to have six members, with four necessary for a quorum, the Court could not be organized. A final touch of irony was given to this initial meeting by the ignorance of the Clerk; in addition to misspelling the erudite Justice Wilson's name, he blundered by following the style of Massachusetts' high tribunal, achieving

the curious misnomer, “the Supreme *Judicial* Court of the United States”.

But next day there was a brave showing. Justice Blair rode in from Virginia in time to attire himself in the flowing garment of black and red which had been adopted by his fellows. The aristocratic John Jay powdered his hair and donned the silk robe with salmon-colored facings on the front and sleeves which symbolized his attainment of an LL.D. at the University of Dublin. And William Cushing, the scholarly *ex-Chief Justice* of Massachusetts, made his appearance crowned with an inverted woollack headdress in the English style, so astounding the simple burghers of Manhattan that they followed him about the streets incredulously. But this first term expired at the end of ten days as ingloriously as it had begun, without a case being docketed or a writ issued. For consolation, the justices repaired to Fraunce's Tavern and drank *in banc* to “the Constitution of our Country—may it prove the solid fabrick of liberty, prosperity, and glory!”

The docket was still barren of cases at the August term, 1790; it is hardly surprising, therefore, that when the seat of government was moved to Philadelphia the Court was denied space in the State House. Relegated to a room in the City Hall, no more dignified than those allotted to the city courts, the justices examined their calendar and found again that there was no business to be taken up. This condition was repeated at the August term, 1791—the single case called for hearing then being dismissed for want of jurisdiction. And at the following term, February, 1792, a three-year record of inaction was completed.

Even rules of practice were yet unpromulgated. When business finally developed in August, 1792, Attorney General

Randolph had to move for information "whereby members of the bar could guide themselves"; and the Chief Justice's response was: "The Court considers the practice of King's Bench and Chancery in England as affording outlines for practice in this Court". But it was at this term that there was docketed the first case of consequence, *Chisholm vs. Georgia*. To the sovereign State of Georgia, summoned as defendant in this suit brought by two citizens of South Carolina, the notion of submitting its honor to a presumptuous federal tribunal was highly offensive. Georgia refused to appear. The Court, taking courage, assumed jurisdiction. The right to arraign one of the states at the supreme bar was sustained. For its pains, the Court was made the target of popular fury. Congress the next day adopted a resolution which was promptly enacted into the Eleventh Amendment, annulling the effect of "one of the most clear, profound, and elegant arguments perhaps ever given in a Court of Judicature"—as Jay's opinion was eulogized by his admiring clerk.

This was too much for Jay. He held on to his thankless job for only a year, and then sailed off to England where he negotiated his notorious treaty. Returning in 1795, he transferred his political allegiance to the State of New York, becoming governor with the explanation that "the office of a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States was in a high degree intolerable . . . and therefore any other office of suitable rank and emolument was preferable". Jay meanwhile, had witnessed a mob in front of his house burn him in effigy. (His dummy was labelled COME UP TO MY PRICE AND I WILL SELL YOU MY COUNTRY, and the fire was set with a copy of the obnoxious treaty). Upon the resignation of Ells-

worth, his successor, Jay again was offered the chief justiceship, but speedily declined, declaring that the Court lacked "the energy, weight, and dignity which is essential to its affording due support to the national government".

In the whole period from 1790 to 1801, not more than a half-dozen cases involving questions of constitutional law were decided, and the Court's entire record, consisting chiefly of cases arising in admiralty, did not bulk to more than two hundred pages; while, with four justices resigning, as well as two chief justices, its personnel had almost completely changed. The Court, moreover, had done little to foster the tender regard of Congress; on the contrary, it had intruded itself officiously into the latter's affairs. In one conspicuous instance, an associate justice considered it his prerogative to admonish the legislators to revise an act which did not meet with the tribunal's approval. In the same matter, though no constitutional case was before them, Justice Iredell and his companion on circuit "determined at all events to make our sentiments known as early as possible". The fact that "we have some doubts as to the propriety of giving an opinion in a case which has not yet come judicially before us", did not deter them from giving an opinion. And another justice had the temerity to declare in so many words that the act was unconstitutional. This high-handed conduct brought widespread demands for impeachment. Congress, however, amended the act and so averted a crisis.

Undoubtedly, the precedent set by these unsolicited communiqués was instrumental, a year later, in leading President Washington to seek the Court's guidance in connection with the Citizen Genêt incident. Twenty-nine involved questions of international law were propounded to

the justices. Finding them overly troublesome, the Court declined to answer; and that was the end of advisory opinions.

With this dubious ten-year record at Philadelphia, the Supreme Court, in 1801, removed to the new capital city of Washington. Theoretically constituted on an equal plane with Congress and the Executive, it had, in the general estimation, proved itself definitely inferior, in both power and authority. It was a stepchild of the Constitution.

III

No wonder then that when Pierre Charles L'Enfant planned the Federal City on the Potomac, his vision was defective in one detail, and that General Washington fell into the same error: both failed to gauge the future place of the Supreme Court in the American scheme of government. If they had guessed accurately, there would have been erected as the central and dominating structure in the District of Columbia a towering courthouse. But lamentably, Jenkin Heights, which stood as "a pedestal waiting for a monument", was short-sightedly encumbered with the Capitol, while the Court went begging for even a rude shelter. Indeed so contemptuous of the Court was Congress that no provision whatever was made for housing it. Lavish sums were appropriated for the legislative chambers; the Executive was presented with a residence "combining the sumptuousness of a palace with the convenience of a country home"; one hundred brick and nearly three hundred frame houses were erected by private capital to care for federal employees and members of Congress; even the Father of his Country borrowed \$15,000 to invest in two brick houses, which he expected to rent profitably. But with all this ac-

tivity, the physical accommodation of the third branch of government was entirely slighted. Congress could not be interested in a courthouse, even to the niggardly extent of a proposed \$100,000.

For the sessions at New York and Philadelphia, makeshift courtrooms had sufficed; and now, less than a fortnight before the Court was to hold its first term at the new Capitol and Chief Justice John Marshall was destined to be sworn in, the Senate condescended to take the august tribunal under its wing, in a small room which had been designated as the Senate Clerk's Office. Thus, when the leaders of the bar, somewhat battered after a four-day trek from Philadelphia, arrived at the new theater of government, they were considerably astonished. It was twelve years since the adoption of the Constitution; eleven amendments had been added; but the Supreme Court, still an unknown quantity in the national political equation, had been hidden away in a cell twenty-four feet wide, thirty feet long, and twenty-one feet high. Stranger still, the new Chief Justice failed to put in his appearance on the first day of the term. The fiasco of the 1790 opening was repeated; not till February 4 did Marshall take the oath of office. Thus commenced the Great Reign.

In this mean chamber so grudgingly assigned it, the Supreme Court had its rebirth under a man who, though lacking formal education and with only two years of private instruction by Scotch clergymen, had risen to the highest rank in the Virginia bar. Veteran of Valley Forge, Iron Hill, Brandywine, and Monmouth, John Marshall was an ardent Federalist: yet he came to the bench not greatly esteemed; his appointment by Adams ran counter to the stubborn opposition of party chieftains. But Marshall erased their

fears in short order. Within two years, in the case of *Marbury vs. Madison*, the new Chief Justice uttered his celebrated manifesto against Congress:

A law repugnant to the Constitution is void, and the courts as well as the other departments are bound by that instrument.

The crude setting in which this opinion was rendered has long been forgotten in the perennial debates over Marshall's dictum; for that it was little more than dictum is generally admitted. The opinion involved as one of its chief propositions the idea that the oath of the judges to support the Constitution required them to disregard any conflicting act of Congress. This proposition, as one commentator has said, "failed to take into account that the officers of all three departments take the same oath, and that by similar reasoning, the members of Congress, and the Executive, could refuse to accept a decision of the Supreme Court with which they disagreed". And though, as another critic remarks, "Nothing remains of *Marbury vs. Madison* except its influence", none the less, Marshall's pronouncement at that time—extolled on the one hand as "a coup as bold in design and daring in execution as that by which the Constitution had been framed", and denounced on the other as a political pamphlet which "incorporates the tenets of Hamiltonian Federalism"—at one stroke lifted the Court to a place of power.

Although *Marbury vs. Madison* thus immeasurably enlarged the prestige of the judiciary, it only provoked further indignities at the hands of Congress. The justices, not long after, were unceremoniously evicted from their squalid courtroom to make way for workmen repairing the Capitol. Worse still, no new quarters were provided. So that the august tribunal necessarily "sat for a time in a

tavern". From this undignified plight the learned judges were quickly rescued, however, for the records of the 1809 term indicate that a room in the Capitol was furnished with "rough seats, benches, and enclosures" for temporary occupancy. But even this brief sanctuary was terminated when the Senate, deprived of its own chambers during the course of the Capitol's alterations, requisitioned the room for a special session. When at last the Capitol repairs were completed, the Court was assigned space in the basement. "The judges are raised on seats of grave mahogany," a contemporaneous description runs, "and below them is the bar; and behind that an arcade, still higher, so contrived to afford auditors double rows of terrace seats thrown in segments round the transverse arch under which the judges sit." Some rather curious scenes were to be witnessed here:

When I went into the Court of Justice yesterday [a Philadelphia lawyer wrote] one side of the forensic colonnade was occupied by a party of ladies, who, after loitering some time in the gallery of Representatives, had sauntered into the hall, and were, with their attendants, sacrificing some impatient moments to the inscrutable mysteries of pleading. On the opposite side was a group of Indians, who are here on a visit to the President (papa of the savages) in their native costume, their straight black hair hanging down their tawny shoulders, with mockassins on their feet, rings in their ears and noses, and large plates of silver on their arms and breasts.

In this chamber, in 1810, Marshall handed down the first Supreme Court decision interpreting the contract clause of the Constitution, and the first holding a state law unconstitutional. The case was *Fletcher vs. Peck*, and the state involved again was Georgia, defendant in the Chisholm case. Marshall's decision made him "the best hated man in the country".

Four years after *Fletcher vs. Peck*, with the Court seemingly well entrenched in its underground cell, fresh troubles came. The British troops, in August, 1814, descended upon the courtroom, lugging in broken furniture and heaps of legal tomes from the library, and kindled a holy blaze. Deserting the ruins, the long-suffering justices had no alternative but to take shelter in the home of their own Clerk—a dwelling on Pennsylvania Avenue later enshrined as a tavern by a Virginia gambler. Here were the official headquarters until the 1817 term, when a room was found in the wreck of the Capitol—a mean apartment “little better than a dungeon”. It was not until 1819 that the Court was permitted to move back into its renovated basement lair. The mighty Marshall, during the last fifteen years of his life, had to thread his way through the labyrinthine passages of the congressional cellar to reach this beggarly courtroom.

A stranger [wrote a visitor from New York] might traverse the dark avenues of the Capitol for a week, without finding the remote corner in which Justice is administered to the American Republic. It is not in a style which comports with the dignity of that body, or which wears a comparison with the other Halls of the Capitol. . . . The appurtenances of the court are in no wise superior to the apartment itself. Two brown stone pitchers with a few glasses to furnish speakers with water are the only movables in the room; and the fixtures are not very remarkable for convenience or elegance.

In this Cave of Trophonius, as John Randolph scornfully called it, John Marshall abrogated one state law after another with the lofty pronouncements that established the Court’s authority for generations after him. On the occasion of the first meeting in the remodeled chamber—a room

hardly capacious enough for a ward justice”—he read his opinion in the famous Dartmouth College case, holding that New Hampshire could not impair the college’s charter. Three weeks later came the even more celebrated decision in *McCulloch vs. Maryland*; the Chief Justice, “affirming and extending the national power with one hand and striking down the authority of the State with the other”, held that Maryland could not impose taxes on the United States Bank—“the power to tax involves the power to destroy”. In *Cohens vs. Virginia*, two years later, he struck at his native state with the declaration that its laws, when the Constitution of the whole nation was involved, were subject to review before the supreme tribunal. And in 1824, in the steamboat monopoly case, *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, Marshall held a New York statute invalid, and thereby laid the foundation for the great struggles of the future over questions of interstate commerce.

Humiliated as they were by mean courtrooms, the justices had a worse grievance against Congress: it was the terror of circuit riding that chiefly injured their high dignity. The whole system of federal courts was built around circuit duty, and so twenty-seven circuits had to be visited each year, from New Hampshire to Georgia. As one Justice remarked, it was “the life of a post-boy.” The justices would ride forth, first in pairs and later alone, in gigs and sulkies, through the colonial wilderness, putting up at poor inns, and so generally exhausting themselves that they were hardly fit to cope with the pesky problems of local jurisprudence. Accidents were frequent. Marshall’s stagecoach once upset so violently that the Chief Justice fractured a collarbone and was unable to attend court for weeks; few members of the august tribunal es-

caped injury on the road. Endless delays and adjournments resulted.

Little sympathy was forthcoming, however, from the citizenry. When Justices Iredell and Wilson once failed to attend circuit in Delaware, an irate taxpayer delivered himself of the following unkind remarks in the *National Gazette*:

Most people know that these gentlemen get very handsome salaries and they know also from the sweat of whose brows it comes; they know more than this; they know whose right it is to call them to account for their malpractices. The Government will be found expensive enough under the most economical administration. But to lavish the time and property of the citizens unnecessarily is what they can not or will not submit to.

The "very handsome salaries" amounted to \$3500 per annum, and covered services rendered at the two sessions in Washington (one in the dead of winter and the other in midsummer), in addition to circuit labors.

Congress, meanwhile, evinced little concern. Though this "itinerant dispensation of justice" (as Randolph dubbed it) was a sore point, constantly agitated, the majority of legislators were satisfied that circuit riding was essential to a judge's education. A few, it is true, dissented from this cold view of the matter; and they were acid in their comments. "I am not convinced," said Gouverneur Morris, "that riding rapidly from one end of the country to another is the best way to study law."

IV

Beneath the silk robes of these horse-and-buggy justices were concealed, from the beginning, a host of political transgressions. Jay left a strange record. For six months after taking the gown he held the

job of Secretary of Foreign Affairs; and even later continued to draft important state documents. Nor did he trouble to sever his connection with the Court before launching his New York gubernatorial campaign. Defeated, he soon went off to England as Special Ambassador, leaving his robe to accumulate dust for a year; and only when the governorship was assured him on his return did he surrender his judicial toga.

Nor was Chief Justice Jay the only one to "bivouack in a justiceship on the march from one political position to another." Oliver Ellsworth, on whom Jay's mantle fell, traveled as Minister Plenipotentiary to France, and spent a year and a half away from his judicial duties. Cushing aspired to be Governor of Massachusetts, and McLean to be President of the United States; and both worked openly for these positions while on the bench. Even John Marshall played party politics when he retained the portfolio of Secretary of State for a month after being inducted into the chief justiceship; on the same day he would "issue reports in the one capacity, and listen to arguments in the other".

But these were mild infringements of the proprieties, hardly to be censured. The sin chiefly abhorred in the Court's early days was that for which Samuel Chase was impeached. Chase, an indefatigable politician who had once left the Court without a quorum by going off on a campaign jaunt for the Federalists, succeeded in making himself thoroughly obnoxious to his political foes; when the Federalists lost control of the national government in 1800, he continued on circuit to inculcate grand juries with Federalist doctrines. For this and other "high crimes and misdemeanors", Chase was impeached. After a protracted trial, however,

he was acquitted; but not without having had to call upon the Chief Justice to testify for him. Marshall, feeling that, because of his own strong Federalist opinions, he himself was next in line for impeachment, took the stand on behalf of Chase and scandalously exhibited "much caution, fear and cunning".

Marshall's questionable strategies were again evidenced when he felt impelled to defend in the newspapers his opinion in *McCulloch vs. Maryland*. With the assistance of Bushrod Washington, the Chief Justice obtained publication of his unofficial brief under the signature, "A Friend of the Union". Moreover, it was during Marshall's reign that the Supreme Court engaged in backstairs traffic with President Monroe. Wanting advance information on how the Court would deal with certain novel problems of national control over interstate commerce, Monroe communicated with the justices secretly. The latter were "so deeply sensible of the mark of confidence bestowed upon them" that they proceeded forthwith to reveal their opinions *in toto*.

Sub rosa tactics even more astounding were still being executed a quarter of a century later. During the deliberations in the Dred Scott Case (when Taney was Chief Justice), the Court carried on secret parleys with President-elect Buchanan. Letters passed back and forth between him and the justices until the latter revealed "in candor and confidence" what they had decided. With this information, Buchanan, in his inaugural address, was able cheerfully to promise to abide by the forthcoming ruling, "whatever this may be". Two days later he graciously accepted the decision which cast the die for the Civil War.

These Supreme Court negotiations with other departments were not isolated in-

cidents. At the time the letter transmitting the Court's views to Buchanan was written, "it was not an infrequent occurrence," Charles Warren points out, "for Judges to impart, in confidence, to an intimate friend or relative the outcome of a pending case. Judge Curtis had so written to his uncle as to this very case during the previous year; Judge Story frequently indulged in the habit; and it seems to have been regarded as a proper practice, provided the seal of secrecy was imposed".

Despite "the seal of secrecy", Lincoln and Seward suspected that all was not as it should be with the sacred tribunal. Seward cried out in the Senate that Buchanan "approached or was approached by the Supreme Court of the United States"; and Lincoln, in his debates with Douglas, openly charged the Court with conspiracy. When Douglas deplored these blasphemies, Lincoln replied, "The sacredness that Judge Douglas throws around this decision is a degree of sacredness that has never before been thrown around any other decision. I never heard of such a thing".

V

But the picture is not all black. The human traits of the horse-and-buggy justices had brighter manifestations. Female visitors, for example, invariably received gallant attention. Justice Story noted in 1812 that "scarcely a day passes in Court, in which parties of ladies do not come in to hear, for the while, the arguments of learned counsel." Often these gaping females straggled in at injudicious hours; but they were never too late to be offered the finest entertainment available by an obliging bench and bar. The entrance of a train of fair lionizers, even when the Court was ready to adjourn, was always a

signal for counsel to begin again, "using fewer arguments, but scattering more flowers".

It is not remarkable that the ladies so frequently attended. In those days of fiery eloquence, the courtroom was no less fascinating than the halls of Congress. Florid perorations were expected of counsel — there was no premium on restraint. Nor were the justices immune to this flashy grandiloquence. In the Dartmouth College Case, Marshall was reduced to tears, while Webster, "in broken words of tenderness", pictured mournfully the consequences of permitting New Hampshire to make changes in the charter which had been granted the College by King George. "It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college. Yet there are those who love it." Webster wept, and the ladies wept with him. In 1824, when *Gibbons vs. Ogden* was argued, the audience, male and female, "was filled with the fine transport and prophetic fury of the orator, and all united in applauding the peroration . . . the finest effort of human genius ever exhibited in a courtroom" — so wrote the correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*.

But there was a more significant reason for judicial obeisance to the other sex. "The social season at Washington began with the opening of the Supreme Court term," Warren says of this period, and quotes the dispatch of a newspaper correspondent in 1818:

The city begins to be gay, but the season of greatest festivity is after the Supreme Court commences its session. The arrival of the Judges, counsellors, parties, etc., connected with the High Court creates a great stir in the Metropolis. There are now tea and dining parties daily.

More conservative observers who had an eye to the conventions of the time, however, were less enthusiastic:

I fancy the pillars of Westminster Hall would marvel much [Charles J. Ingersoll set down in his diary] if they could see the Supreme Court of the United States begin a day's session, aye, after robing and taking their places, by receiving from the Marshal their cards of invitation and taking up their pens to answer them before the list of cases is called for hearing.

Occasionally, an unseemlier note crept into the proceedings. In an era of hard-drinkers, Luther Martin, one of the most brilliant advocates of his generation, and the hardest drinker of them all, frequently made his way from the bar of the tavern directly to the bar of the Court. Usually he held up masterfully, but in the historic *Fletcher vs. Peck* he was so noticeably tipsy that the Court adjourned mercifully till he sobered up. The formalities, however, were not entirely abandoned. When a Kentucky congressman killed a Maine congressman in a duel, in 1838, and the Court was invited to attend the funeral, the justices resolved formally that they could not "consistently with the duties they owe to the public, attend in their official character the funeral of one who has fallen in a duel". But this high point in judicial formality was not reached until after Marshall's death; and it required another century to bring the Supreme Court to the immaculately aloof position it occupies today.

The enormous difference between the judicial folkways of 1835 and those of 1935 is picturesquely illustrated in Marshall's career. His entire life, political and social, was in decided contrast to the monastic existence of twentieth-century justices. For a portrait of judicial austerity, we turn to the Beveridge biography:

When in Richmond, Marshall often did his own marketing and carried home the purchases he made. The tall, ungainly, negligently-clad Chief Justice, ambling along the

street, his arms laden with purchases, was a familiar sight. He would never hurry, and habitually lingered at the market-place, chatting with everybody, learning the gossip of the town, listening to political talk that in Richmond never ceased, and no doubt thus catching at first hand the drift of public sentiment.

In short, Marshall was a vital part of his generation. He preserved no rigid boundary line between himself, as the highest representative of the judicial power, and those who represented the other two departments. He spent a good deal of time in the company of senators, congressmen, and cabinet officers. His non-judicial hours were strikingly human, as he prided himself on the wines served at his table, and was always known to have a good supply of hard liquor handy. Nor did the Chief Justice disdain riding out of Richmond on horseback, carrying a jug of whisky for his farmhands. The gig in which he made his judicial rounds was battered and disreputable, his clothes mud-caked and shabby; he would take his seat on the bench, as often as not, indecorously adorned with burrs—a reprehensible habit “animadverted upon by the devotees of aristocratic elegance”. At the Barbecue Club, a favorite haunt, Marshall pitched quoits in his shirtsleeves and, even after he had passed three score years and ten, consumed as many mint juleps as his younger cronies. His manners were as free and easy as the oratory which echoed in his makeshift courtroom.

For a quarter of a century after Marshall's death the Supreme Court continued, under Taney, to “do justice in a corner”, its last celebrated decision in that underground cell which it had occupied since 1819 being in the Dred Scott Case. Shortly afterward, a lawyer who had come to Washington for the first time to inspect the courtroom, exclaimed: “I don't won-

der at that decision in the Dred Scott Case. Why, what a potato-hole of a place, this! The old men ought to be got up above ground where they can breathe the fresh air and see real daylight once in a while!”

On January 4, 1859, during Taney's last days, the Senate for the second time abandoned its chambers to the Court. So, from the December term, 1860, through the October term of 1934, these made-over quarters remained the abode of the justices under the successive leaderships of Salmon Portland Chase, Morrison R. White, Melville W. Fuller, Edward Douglas Waite, William Howard Taft, and Charles Evans Hughes.

VI

The notion that the Supreme Court rules by divine right is of comparatively recent origin—certainly it was not prevalent prior to the Centennial Celebration of 1890. In the first hundred years of the Court's career, the justices became increasingly cognizant of the fact that the judicial department was not an “equal and co-ordinate” branch of government. They learned that the Constitution—school-book legends to the contrary—sets up a decidedly imperfect scheme for an independent judiciary. The first disillusionment came with the stubborn refusal of the legislative department to eliminate the tribulations of circuit duty. The second episode emphasizing the real situation occurred when Justice Samuel Chase was made the subject of an inquiry by the House of Representatives on January 6, 1804, as to whether he “hath so acted in his judicial capacity as to require the interposition of the constitutional power of the House”. Trumpeters of the Marshall legend rarely advert to the unheroic role played by the Chief Justice at this crisis;

yet the evidence is that Marshall, profoundly fearing that he, too, would be arraigned for his Federalist doctrines, proposed in a letter to Chase a plan whereby — unbelievably enough — unpopular decisions of the Supreme Court might be appealed to a higher tribunal to be composed of members of Congress — “the most radical method for correcting judicial decisions ever advanced”. And this in the wake of *Marbury vs. Madison*! Ten years later came the third incident which illustrated painfully that Congress is master. When Justice Story submitted a memorandum to the legislative department in 1815, pointing out that “the necessities and comforts of life, the manner of living and the habits of ordinary expense, in the same rank of society, have increased from one hundred to two hundred per cent”, he did not succeed in obtaining the salary raise that the justices badly wanted. And they continued to scrape along on \$3500 a year.

Meanwhile, another distressing phase of the “division of powers” theory was becoming apparent. The basic political charter did not fix the number of justices. It was Congress that created justiceships, and it was Congress that abolished them. When President Washington approved the Judiciary Act of 1789, only six were provided for. In 1807 a seventh was added, and in 1837 two additional ones. In 1866 the membership of the Court was reduced, upon the death of two incumbents, to a chief justice and six associates. And shortly after, the number again was increased to nine.

Thus it grew clear that the Supreme Court is dependent in all these respects upon congressional edict. Moreover, it is dependent — as the justices soon discovered — in other important details. Congress, for example, controls the Court’s

appellate jurisdiction: at any time it may enact a law destroying the right of review — even in a case already pending. Again, after the Civil War, the amount of litigation brought to the Supreme Court multiplied at such an overwhelming pace that by 1890 the docket fell more than fifteen hundred cases in arrears. On the morning of February 4, 1890, as the justices marched regally down the aisle of the Metropolitan Opera House to the strains of Meyerbeer’s *Coronation March*, the audience assembled for the Centennial Celebration hardly expected to hear from the platform the pitiful plea of Justice Field:

And now, with its history in the century past, what is needed that the Supreme Court of the United States should sustain its character and be useful in the century to come? I answer, as a matter of first consideration, that it should not be overborne with work, and by that I mean it should have some relief from the immense burden of work now cast upon it. This can only be done with legislative action. . . .

Remarkably enough, this plaint of Justice Field brought results. A few months later there was passed the emancipatory act virtually abolishing circuit duty and radically reducing the labors of the justices by saddling a large part of their former work upon the new Circuit Courts of Appeals.

Since the Centennial Celebration, with its happy legislative sequel, the justices have been able to concentrate upon constitutional issues — a situation which gradually engendered the high degree of veneration now lavished upon them. But thirty-nine years were to pass before the Supreme Court was voted a structure commensurate, in the architectural scheme of the Capital, with its place in the political firmament. The new Courthouse was authorized by the Seventy-first Congress; it is doubtful whether Mr. Roosevelt’s Congress would have been as generous. . . .

Yet even now that the justices have escaped the profane corridors of the Capitol, their ironic fate still pursues them; their elation must be tempered with anxious speculation about the future. For it begins to appear as if the Constitution and the Court will be central issues in the presidential campaign of 1936, thus threatening the very existence of the tribunal as a force in national affairs. If the powers

of the justices should be severely circumscribed by constitutional amendment, the Court's marble halls may be transformed by some future Congress into a museum for the preservation of such national curiosities as that long line of historic decisions from *Marbury vs. Madison* to *Schechter vs. the United States*. The history of the Supreme Court demonstrates that Congress giveth and that Congress taketh away.



SNOWFLAKE AND LEAF

BY KENNETH W. PORTER

BETWEEN the snowflake and the leaf
There is a time, obscure and brief,

When earth and trees attain, alone,
To barren beauty of their own.

Then are the twigs of any tree
A screen of iron filigree

Surveying which, the accurate eye
Can see, beyond, the sun and sky.

Before the grass has come to birth,
Earth is the black essential earth;

We see the grain, we know the feel
Between our fingers, under heel.

There is no vain obtrusive color,
No lush confusing curves, to dull or

Blur away the hard clear line
Of any sharply cut design

When snow and grass and leaf are not,
And Earth's a geometric thought.

DETROIT THE DYNAMIC

BY JAMES STEVENS

IS THE murder of Jerry Buckley yet unsolved? Who has succeeded Joe Mendi, the chimpanzee, as Father Coughlin's rival attraction in the neighborhood of Royal Oak? Since Mayor Murphy's departure, whose voice throbs now from the amplifiers, with ravishing political poetry, to promise "the dawn and dew of a new day"? How goes Eddie Guest's latest droll story? Where are the brave French boatmen who ferried the beer from Canada before Repeal? Does Iffy the Dopester hold his own? And the UNWED TRIPLETS MOTHER of the tabloid headlines — is her betrayer found and chastened?

As I vegetate in the rural deeps of Indiana, such questions often rise in a nostalgic murmur from my heart. I am familiar with most American cities that authors cherish and celebrate, including the Canadian. I have visited Paris, Buenos Aires, Rio, and Bucyrus, Ohio. Yet Detroit remains my golden town.

This is a difficult confession for a writing man to make, as Detroit is the conventional image of scorn with American literati, even as San Francisco is enshrined. During my nineteen months in Detroit the few visiting novelists of note all took off, at the completion of their lecture contracts, as though a robot devil were heeling them. No journalist, after stopping over to write up Henry Ford, remained to pray. Only a few authors in overalls, men like myself, have ventured to defy the craft conventions by settling

in Detroit and brazenly enjoying the abundant life there. This life, to be known and appreciated, must be experienced as Detroit commoners live it, and witnessed with their vision. Then it appears as the best that America has to offer. I present and describe it as prime material for optimist novelists who are repelled and disheartened by the current literary spectacle of malarial share-croppers, tick-infested Oregon homesteaders, yearning proletarians, gangster punks, slum slaves, and the sleazy cohorts of Judge Lynch. Detroit calls up the most intelligent and energetic laborers of the land, even as California lures the bums. Candidates for jobs are rigorously culled in the great shops. The survivors are, beyond question, the pick of plain Americans. They get comparatively huge wages. Father Coughlin and an army of lesser uplifters guard their political rights. The motor companies, as well as civic agencies, vigorously promote culture among them. In short, Detroit is theirs.

What do these selected plain Americans make of their well-nigh Utopian opportunities? I shall tell what I recall and know.

For more than a year and a half my wife and I made our home in an elderly residential district of Detroit. It had become a factory neighborhood. Our block lay between the two main roads to Dearborn. It was an easy walk from home to the Cadillac and Graham-Paige factories.

We could hear the roar of Timken axles in the making. Our familiar neighbors—in an apartment house called the Gonfalon—were two metal finishers, a boss of carburetor assembly, a die-cutter, a gear-shop machinist, a proud fellow who had turned out a daily mountain of steering wheel nuts for seventeen years, and other votaries of the machine. These men were veterans of the shops, but not one was a native of the region. So they were typical Detroit citizens, characteristic social products of mass production. They were parts of the thick layer of Detroit life that exists between the upper crust of executives, technicians, and business folk, and the slum families at the bottom. They were the true children of Ford.

When we first moved to the Gonfalon I had gloomy doubts about my reception, as a writer, at the hands of the machine men. But there was no reason for these doubts. One of the tenants was a veteran rivet-line oiler who wrote gangster stories in his spare time: in the past five years he had sold two dozen of his ferocious fables to the pulps. The Gonfalon also housed a young architect-painter who was living through the Depression by packing Ford parts. Another personality of the house was a folk poet, a son of the Cumberlands who celebrated current murders in the style of his ancestral ballads.

The vast basement office of Mr. Gallerty, owner of the apartment house, was the common rendezvous of the male tenants. The painter had an easel there, and would work away on a portrait while rugged talk surged about him. Mr. Gallerty had walled off a workroom in a quiet corner of the basement for the bard of the Purple Gang. A similar refuge was built for me, without extra charge. None of the regular laborers considered these arrangements remarkable. They were so ac-

customed to strange professions and curious trades in the great shops that I was casually welcomed. I soon felt at ease. Then, in the Gonfalon eventides, Detroit began to live for me in the lore of her folk.

The martyrdom of Jerry Buckley was a favorite subject with the Gallerty circle. As the tale was told there it became, for me, an image of the Detroit mass mind. I recognized Jerry Buckley as a local legend, as significant in revelation as the Paul Bunyan legend among the loggers. In the giant absurdities of the latter is a portrait of the people of the woods: the Buckley legend similarly reveals the mass soul of Detroit, the mind and emotions of a people who are, by all evidence, a select body of American commoners.

Jerry Buckley was a super-Coughlin. Jerry stood alone at the microphone of his little radio station, and battled valiantly for the poor, without benefit of church or position. He rose to major stature in the town when the Depression began to strike hard. The welfare organizations of the boom years were breaking under the load, government resorted to police power alone in the crisis, and the jobless faced starvation. Then it was that Jerry Buckley cried out with the voice of "The Little Father of the Poor". His appeals were broadcast, not to the rich and powerful but to folk who were yet at work. The money rolled in, from four to six hundred dollars in every day's mail, all petty donations from Jerry Buckley's listeners-in. *There was bread for the hungry.*

But bread was not enough. The unemployed stormed the City Hall, following red flags. In one riot ten thousand of them raged through the streets, battling the police. Again Jerry Buckley raised his voice, and this was a cry for war. The mayor was the Klan-supported Charley

Bowles. Buckley demanded his recall. He buttressed the demand with melodramatic revelations of the fraternal union of boss politicians and boss gangsters. It was all very hot stuff. Buckley named names; in detail he described meetings between public officials and public enemies; he told of booze parties and sex orgies in a bold though moral tone. Every radio in Detroit was tuned in on his nightly broadcasts. A young judge, Frank Murphy, inspired by Buckley, took to the air. His "dawn and dew" oratory brought about the defeat of Charley Bowles.

The prophet's work was done. But in the hour of his triumph Jerry Buckley met his martyrdom. After broadcasting the returns of the recall election, Buckley left his radio station at midnight and retired to his modest hotel. In the lobby, as he paused to read an election extra, three gunmen closed in and mowed him down.

This was an old story at the time I entered the Gallerty *salon*, but age had only added sanctity to the martyr's memory. Jerry Buckley had become a shining figure of folk art. The ballad writer of the Gonfalon chanted over his guitar:

He was a friend of the poor,
So they shot him through the door —
Oh, mourn for Jerry Buckley! . . .

And working Detroit mourned indeed. A year after his colossal funeral Buckley was honored by a memorial service in the vast Graystone ballroom. The overflow audience packed the surrounding streets. Even Father Coughlin has failed to gain such a devoted following. Jerry Buckley still remains on his popular pedestal, a holy name to Detroit's selected Americans.

Another story, even as sad but sweeter by far, was that of Juanita Aymar, the unwed triplets mother. In most particulars it was an ordinary narrative of be-

trayed maidenhood, and for some time I could not comprehend the absorption of the machine workers in the affair. When I did comprehend it, I began to understand Detroit.

Juanita Aymar was the daughter of a welder who had come up from Nashville to work for Ford. In the hard times he was reduced to taking a job in a garage that was owned by a gang of beer runners. One day Juanita brought her pa's lunch to the garage, and an apprentice gunman took her home in his roadster. So the romance began. It ended some months later at a lying-in hospital. The Nashville welder being a blooded Southerner, there was only one thing to do: abashed and contrite, the young gangster was fetched to Juanita's ward, with Pa Aymar's family revolver nudging his ribs, a marriage license in his hand, and a minister in tow. All were met by the news that Juanita had given birth to female triplets. The gangster lost his complaisance. He went desperately for his automatic, got the drop on the flabbergasted welder, and took out. He was never heard of again. Juanita was left to become the UNWED TRIPLETS MOTHER of the headlines.

Detroit is not Nashville, however, and Juanita's shame was soon transformed into golden fortune. Gifts of money and goods poured in. The boss beer runner came around with a large check and with promises of slaughter for the runaway sire of the triplets. Pa Aymar was presented with a prize job by a garage chain. Juanita's neighborhood welcomed home the triplets and herself with open arms. She was able to turn down several honest offers of marriage, and finally became a dazzling star in the Walkathons.

The pull of this story for the rugged lads at Gallerty's mystified me completely

at first. But I understood it in a later year when Detroit was agitated by the Dionne quintuplets to a degree reached by the folk of no other region. The appeal was simply to Detroit's ruling spirit—mass production.

II

Detroiters do not only yield to this spirit; they go for it ardently, as ducks take to water; it is the God of Mass whom they endlessly worship. This is the Detroit of the Detroiters: first, of course, the automobile capital of the world; then, the city of champions—Joe Louis, the Tigers, the Redwings; the parish of the priest with the largest congregation ever heard of; the patriotic community that put on the most monstrous of American Legion parades; the home of the world's brainiest chimpanzee; the music capital that presents Gargantuan outdoor festivals of song; the financial center that produced the most prodigious banking crash of the Depression; the traffic metropolis, which erects a Paul Bunyan billboard that flaunts the boast—"the busiest corner in the world"; the scene of the colossal spectacle and the nation's hugest crowds; the city that calls itself Detroit the Dynamic.

The town does famously by the home folks, and it is small wonder that they have little interest in the world outside. To particularize, Joe Mendi, the idolized chimpanzee of the Detroit Zoo, died on the day of the *Morro Castle* disaster. The *News* got out a roaring extra on the demise of Joe: in it the story of the *Morro Castle* was presented in secondary position to the news that was far more affecting to all honest Detroiters. On Labor Day, 1932, this same Joe Mendi had pulled forty thousand visitors to the zoo: at the time Candidate Roosevelt was in town

talking to a Naval Armory audience half as large as the chimpanzee's crowd. This was hailed in the *Free Press* as an exhibit of intelligent discrimination, which perhaps it was. . . .

The crowds turn out in Detroit for any event that promises to be a show. More than four hundred thousand Detroiters stayed up all night, or rolled out at two or three in the morning, to jam the docks and watch a speedboat race between Gar Wood and Kaye Don. A comparable host surged to Belle Isle for the outdoor community music festival of ten thousand voices, massed bands, and giant choirs from Chrysler's and General Motors. When Detroit entertained the American Legion's national convention, the entire city turned out for the parade, and the greater part of the crowd was still on hand as the last drum corps rattled by. Again the masses packed the sidewalks for the funeral procession, under communist auspices, of the men who were killed in the raid on Dearborn. And for Nancy Brown's party—but this is a story by itself, vividly characteristic of the city.

Nancy Brown was, and is, the love editor of the *News*. In her earlier columns of advice to troubled hearts she used a method and style which evoked an image of a little old grandmother uttering gentle wisdom in the children's hour. Old-fashioned Nancy Brown caught on tremendously with the sweethearts, sisters, and wives of working Detroit. But her power, so quietly attained, was not realized by her bosses and colleagues: as love editors usually are, Nancy Brown was a news-room jest. Then she gave her party.

On the party night, Nancy Brown invited her chief to accompany her to the hall in the Art Institute, where her readers were to gather. Some five blocks from the hall a crowd filled the street, and

the editorial limousine was forced to turn off. It was no use — in all directions from the institute the avenues were jammed with sweating and roaring Detroiters. At last the editor got to a harried traffic officer. He demanded to know what had brought out the mob.

"Hell, where you been?" was the panted retort. "Mean to say you ain't heard of Nancy Brown's party?"

The police estimated the crowd at a hundred thousand. Its number was Nancy Brown's accolade. In Detroit even Eddie Guest could not pull out such a host, and he lost his literary rank. The love editor of the *News* remains the town's queen of writers. In the circle at the Gonfalon the roughest voices were muted when they uttered her name.

Yet Eddie Guest, despite his loss of prestige, kept high honor in Mr. Gallerty's *salon*. The maker of steering wheel nuts swore by the poet of the *Free Press*. "I buy the paper ever' mornin' jest fer him," he often said. "I never feel right and human till I've turnt to his poem and read it through, use'y three times; I couldn't think of runnin' off my first nut without it. Edgar A. Guest sure is a heap o' livin' to me." The steering wheel man never called the poet Eddie. The informal name may be heard in Detroit only among the coarser reporters, who hold forth in taverns. And there the Guest poetry is seldom mentioned. The usual word is, "Have you heard Eddie's latest?" for Eddie is a tireless retailer of droll anecdotes. About this talent the bronze plaques which celebrate the poet in the lobby of the *Free Press* building are modestly silent.

The arts are all prodigiously honored in the capital of mass production; literature first of all, according to the lights of Detroiters. There are several writers in the

town who are ranked close to Nancy Brown and Eddie Guest. One of them is Malcolm W. Bingay, managing editor, columnist, and sports pundit of the *Free Press*. A veritable factory of words, he is as astounding in his way as the River Rouge plant. Not only does Mr. Bingay run the paper, but he daily turns out editorial leaders, a column of sunshine philosophy and political comment, and the gigantically popular feature of the sports page, "Iffy the Dopester". The followers of the feature have formed a colossal club, with an Iffy button for the lapel of each member, and a section in the baseball bleachers reserved for all proud button-wearers.

Hearst's evening *Times*, third of the city's newspapers, does not lack a local literary star. This is another lady and another Brown, the incomparable Vera. She is like no other sob sister in the country, for she is a Detroiters of Detroiters. Vera owns a plane and is a licensed pilot. She drives speedboats and racing automobiles like a professional. She is at home on the assembly lines. Her stories of personal exploits and adventures with the machine have endeared her to the Detroit elite and achieved an enormous following.

The tabloid was tried in Detroit, both by Macfadden and McCormick, but without success. The failure baffled the crack editors who were imported from Chicago and New York, as the labor population of the motor city was apparently an ideal receptacle for tabloid garbage. Yet Detroiters would not take to it. And the reason is obvious — a small-sized newspaper is an offense against the spirit and character of the town.

The huge Art Institute, on the other hand, has been a popular success. Edsel Ford, with shrewd instinct, brought on Diego Rivera to paint the story of De-

troit on the institute walls. The muralist's work captured the city's imagination as soon as the project was announced. It was big stuff, and the great shops and hosts of workers were to be painted up. Which was enough for Detroit. If Rivera was a communist, the hell with that. The muralist did his work, with only minor objections from a few patriot pastors, and the people of the town still come to see it in big parades. The old masters remain unseen in their galleries. Detroiters come to look at wide and towering walls, splashed all over with vital color, alive with the figures of men at work. This is no museum for them. They are at home.

So are they with Detroit music, in the stupendous outdoor festivals, or with the radio, when the symphony orchestras and vast choirs of Ford and General Motors are on the air. To the solo artist the Detroit is deaf. But give him mass in musical presentation, and he will listen with attentive respect, if not with emotion and understanding, to Beethoven, Bach, or Brahms.

III

It would be strange indeed if Detroiters did not yield to the forces of their environment, at work and in the streets. I cite two examples which I found overwhelming.

The first is the spectacle of the change of shifts at the River Rouge plant. Beside that show the largest circus is an image of child's play, a parade of dolls and nursery contraptions. There are no comparisons for it in my own experience: Boulder Dam—men and their works dwarfed in an immensity of nature; the Panama Canal—a marvelous but drawn-out scenic trip. But at River Rouge the spectacle is concentrated within the ap-

prehension of human vision, and it is all man-made. The factory wall is a Homeric background, yet as the army of the quitting shift rushes in a torrent of humanity from the gates and over the ramps that span a wide boulevard, the proportions are kept. These are men, not creatures reduced to insects by the background, and their mass movement is an eye-smashing panorama. The torrent spreads from the ramps and floods the parking lots. Thousands of cars rush and eddy from the spaces in a thundering maelstrom that finally streams through a hundred outlets and forms a river of traffic down the highway. Such mass movements, it is possible, have a far more impressive effect on the human particles in them than the ordered work on the assembly lines. It is the superlative of crowd and machine life.

Again, I used to stand at the intersection of Grand and Grand River Boulevards, where three other streets fork in. It is there that the billboard boasts of the world's busiest corner. Walking toward it, I would hear the roar blocks away as the lights changed and motors were gunned for the charge across and the rush for place in the boulevard lanes. The crossing changes struck along in a slow, enormous rhythm, like the beat of a Titan's loom. When dusk was on and headlights flared, individual cars were lost in the mass surge and sweep of the traffic streams. It was grotesque, monstrous, frightful, yet somehow beautiful. The spectacle pulled me back again and again, to watch it by the hour. There, and at River Rouge, I knew the Detroit soul. At last I had witnessed the god in the machine.

There is, of course, another, an older Detroit. I discovered that when we walked from the Gonfalon in the eve-

nings. Above the crowns of venerable elms we could see the steeple of Ste. Anne's, lifting its cross serenely against the stars, as in twilights long before an obscure mechanic built his first car in a shack shop on Bagley Street. We found ancient houses, their decay hidden in shadows and vines, their night shapes reviving for us the lives and times of the *Bal Poudre*. Or we'd walk to the river, to tread the ramparts and explore the sally ports of old Fort Wayne, unchanged since the sentry rounds of Custer and Grant. We knew the timber wharves of a forgotten lake traffic, the moored hulks of wooden freighters, a waterfront of salty characters and quaint tales. We met a French priest, a character out of Willa Cather, who drank white wine and recited legends from the days of the twelve pear trees, the Apostles' Orchard. We talked with a roustabout who was a Navarre, a descendant of Cadillac's captain, the lusty Robert.

On the other hand, I recall the days just before the Roosevelt inaugural. The communist prophets had decided that it was their hour for a general revolt. The banks had been closed for more than three weeks, the city's business was frozen, the rations of the jobless were miserably reduced. Accordingly it struck the Comrades that here was the auspicious moment for Inaugural Day demonstrations in all factory neighborhoods. From our front window in the Gonfalon I witnessed the parade and meeting in our district. Some three hundred men, women, and children were in the march. Four fat cops, Keystone comedy figures, tailed the parade in a battered Ford. In the park across the street the rebels waited until the radios about the square began to blare with Roosevelt's address. Then the orator of the meeting stood up and bawled the

opening exhortation of the *Communist Manifesto*. Reality went out. A play was on, as so often happens in Detroit. I listened, now to the voice of the New Deal from the surrounding radios, then to the voice of the Revolution from the park. Down there the faithful stood in pathetic quiet until their prophet had his last word. Few others came on, even from the back-street shacks of the unemployed. The cops drove away. The rebels dispersed, with dragging banners. The March mists from Lake Huron drifted through the empty park.

And I remember the girl orator. She stood on the top step at City Hall, a slim, frail figure in a green dress and red hair. This was her cry:

"What do they do with the millions we produce for 'em? I'll tell you what they do! They build a five-million-dollar church, like John D. Rockefeller's in New York, that's what they do! Do we want a five-million-dollar church?" A great toneless murmur rose skyward from the mass. "I'll tell you what we want, and that is a Ford for every family in this town! Ford is bringing out new models, he's got a million old ones in the warehouses—and if we're not slaves, but women and men, we'll march out to Dearborn and take for each and every family one of them Fords!"

At last the crowd roared. For Detroiters, this was the stuff.

So much, and a hundred times more, I remember of Detroit as I muse away the hours in these quiet and idle Hoosier woods. I yearn for the life there, somewhat as a retired man of the flying trapeze yearns for the big top, the parades, the crowds, the bands, the glitter and gauds of the circus. I must confess, however, that I ended my Detroit stay in a hospital. My golden town wore me out.

HELL TO BE SMART

A Story

BY H. L. DAVIS

THERE never was a more powerful indictment of the general scatter-brainedness of humanity than in the steamboat travel on the Upper Columbia in late Autumn when the ice was threatening to run. As long as the headwaters stayed open, the stern-wheelers kept on going, and there wasn't a single trip when any of them carried enough passengers to fill one lifeboat. But the moment they went off the run and tied up at Deschutes Landing for the Winter, there would come the blameliest stampede of travelers for Idaho that had been registered for months, all insisting that the boat ought to make one last special trip for them because their business couldn't wait another day. You'd have thought, since it was all so imperative, that some of them might have kept tab on navigating announcements instead of waiting till the whole fleet was snubbed in and logged up with no chance of getting out except on orders from the War Department; but you'd have thought wrong. I watched them when I was steamboat engineer, and I watched them earlier, when I worked with young Flem Oliver peddling horses on the beach; and I never saw an annual tie-up that failed to fetch them in droves.

Supplying equine transportation for travelers who couldn't come a day sooner or wait a minute later was what kept our horse dispensary flourishing. It wasn't a genteel trade, but there was nothing dull

about any enterprise that Flem Oliver was mixed up in, and it did keep us in touch with economic trends in the upper country of the late '70s. The people to whom we sold horses in one day represented every kind of trade that the Rocky Mountain region under the Hayes administration could have the least use for — mine-drillers and mine-timberers and powder-men and prospectors and promoters, freighters and packers and loggers and wagon-smiths and wheelwrights, wool-pickers and scourers, sheep-dippers and herders and lambers, cattle-markers and trailers and dehorners, horse-trappers and hostlers and breakers, spurriers and saddlers and harness makers, town developers and land speculators and professional hunters and labor contractors, people who operated matrimonial bureaus and people with new doctrines like flower worship and the milk cure that they wanted to try on the Indians. That was only one morning's haul, and the last of the run was a theatrical troupe that included a string band, a child soprano about thirteen who shot a horse with a blank cartridge pistol and got a case on Flem Oliver, a man who did hypnotism and glass-eating, and a big friendly woman with two wooden crates full of snakes which she claimed were pets and begged me to cinch on the pack horse easy so they wouldn't brood about their confinement and start biting one another.

Packing the horses was my job. Flem

Oliver sold and demonstrated them. His father owned the business, and paid us, when there was no possible chance of putting us off any longer, a dollar a day apiece — cheap enough, considering that he bought Indian ponies for five dollars and turned them over for a profit of from four hundred per cent up. There was nothing spontaneous about the service we furnished, but the big woman thought it was all sheer benevolence. She remarked that the Landing seemed a desolate place to live in, and didn't we sometimes get starved for company?

It wasn't exactly a garden spot, being mostly sand and rocks; though what bothered me was not the scenery, but the horses. I'd worked with the brutes all my life, starting with a racing stable in Missouri where I ran the steam pumping plant and had my leg torn half in two by a playful stallion; and I didn't like them. But I told her that the place suited me all right. It was fine. She looked a little disappointed to hear it, but she stuck to the job of spreading a more cheerful prospect for us anyway. "There's going to be some nice company up here to visit you," she said, trying to make her pony stand up under her. "There was the prettiest girl asking about you down at the . . . Eva, keep that dratted horse away from me or I'll whip you!"

The child soprano was crawfishing her horse around experimentally, seeing how many things she could make him bump into. Flem Oliver caught hold of her bridle, and introduced himself into the conversation by asking the big woman to tell him some more. "What kind of girl was that?" he asked. "Did she come up from Portland with you? What complexion was she, and what did she look like?"

I had known all along that the good news wasn't for me. The only girl I knew

well enough to hear from lived in Battle Mountain, Nevada, and liked it. But Flem Oliver knew girls everywhere, and the big woman was delighted at the rise she got out of him. This girl, she said, had been on the Portland boat. She had lightish hair done in a big knot, and a number one complexion and plenty of it, and a wonderful line-up of clothes — to all of which Flem Oliver listened inattentively. The child soprano grabbed his hat and threw it over the fence among the loose horses. It was to punish him, she said, for not telling her his affections were attached elsewhere. She was certainly advanced for her age, this little Eva. "So that's another girl you've lied to, is it?" she said, poking her finger at him. "Well, she's coming up here to find out the truth about you. I heard her say so on the boat. You know who she is, too, don't you? You're afraid of her, ain't you?"

It almost looked as if Flem was. He turned her bridle loose and told both of them good-by so pointedly that it was insulting. The saddle train had started, so they went bouncing across the sand and fell in line with it. It was a clumsy run thing, with all the men stopping to cock and prime whenever they sighted a stray Indian, and the pack horses with the snakes and musical instruments breaking loose and having to be chased back. The way it was handled, I doubted if Idaho would ever see it; and Flem Oliver had the gall to remark that it made him feel restless, and he believed he would catch up a horse and join it. "A day or two on the march might quiet my nerves," he said. "You tell the old man I'll straighten up the horse money with him later. It don't come to much, tell him. We let a lot of those skates go cheap."

I knew how much it came to. Flem Oliver's father made me keep tally on every

horse we sold, and he could spot a ten-cent shortage in the till with an instinct that was almost witchcraft. "You can go if you want to," I said. "But you can't take any of that money, or any of those horses either. They're not yours, and your old man would jail me as an accessory if I let you get away with them."

"Perhaps it might worry the old gentleman unduly," Flem said. That was putting it insanely low. The only good thing you could say about the elder Oliver's thrift was that it didn't run in his family. Flem was a money-slinger when he got hold of any to sling. "Here's another suggestion," he said. "I'll leave the money with you, all except twenty dollars. He owes me that for wages, so he can't have any kick coming if I take it."

He might not have a kick coming, but I knew he would make one. The old man acted as his own paymaster, and he would certainly hold me for every cent that turned up short in my hands. He would probably throw me out to boot, and I liked the scenery. Rivers always made me feel at home, and I never saw a river that suited me so exactly as the Columbia did when the wild swans and snow geese were coming over late in the year. It was even lively, on account of Flem Oliver. He had seen more action without ever getting out of Eastern Oregon than I had by coddling barn loads of horses over half the United States. I'll never forget hearing him tell about going out to run in a rancher's livestock that his father had a mortgage on, and running blind into a hostile Indian horse herd on the march in the dark. The Bannocks had jumped the ranch, killed the rancher, and burned the house on top of him; and Flem bumped into them as they were running off all the stock he had called round to collect. He worked ahead through the herd without knowing what

was up until a bunch of squaws burst out singing so close he could have slapped his reins on them. The rancher had put up a fight before they got him, and they were singing a death song for their killed men as they moved out. Flem didn't dare turn back because it would have started the herd milling, and he couldn't turn out because the canyon was too narrow. He kept his head down and his face covered, and rode with them nearly all night before they climbed into open country where he could sneak away. What bothered him most during the trip, he said, was regret that his father hadn't come along. The old gentleman's emotions at watching a foreclosure escape him without even being able to complain about it would have made one of the most dramatic episodes of all time.

There were plenty of such incidents that Flem Oliver had told on himself, and plenty that he hadn't, apparently, from the way he acted about the girl coming to visit him. I tried to make him tell why he was afraid of her, but the best I could get out of him was that it was none of my business; and then the little portage locomotive came snorting up through the sand and routed him right out of my hands. It didn't run but one trip a day, usually, and he thought, with the modesty which rarely failed him, that it was making a special trip on his account. "Never mind what this is about," he said, getting down from the fence. "You won't let me take the money that's coming to me, so I'll have to do the best I can. If there's a girl on that train, tell her I'm not here. Tell her I'm somewhere she can't get to. Tell her I'm on Cabin Creek. Watch the horses for me."

He loped down through the sand to the dock. Some steamboat call was coming in over the dock telegraph, and a couple of

men slid back the freight door of the old *Tilkun* as Flem got there. He ducked in through it, and went in the stern under the walking beam. You'd have thought, the way he got himself out of sight, that he expected a heavily-armed file of stern-faced men to march off the train and tell him the game was up, though he wasn't in any game except the horse business, and they couldn't do anything to a man for swindling non-residents.

II

There were heavily-armed men on that train, though — a whole pink-cheeked platoon of infantry recruits, with lumpy new blue uniforms and a brand-new implement to shoot with — a stubbed-off little cannon on cartwheels that they called a Gatling gun, and a young first lieutenant with field glasses and a sword and a red silk handkerchief around his neck to make him look jaunty and superior to his heavy responsibilities. There was a steamboat complement, too — a pack of firemen they had scratched up in Lower Portage, and old Simmons, the *Tilkun* pilot, looking as if he had been pulled out of bed without breakfast; and old Joab Aintree, the steamboat superintendent who had come along as acting captain, wiggling his big stone-colored beard and looking tickled because military business paid high and stood good for all damages in service; and there was the girl. She was tall, with a kind of level-eyed look to her; she had lightish hair done in a big loose knot like one of these exhibition twists of brown taffy in a candy store window; and she had the young lieutenant so enslaved that he couldn't stop looking at her long enough to unship his munitions of war.

I don't know how many beauty prizes she could have run away with. Fashions

in looks change, I suppose, along with everything else; but it was a shock, seeing her. From the way Flem Oliver had acted, I expected some kind of buzzardish siren with, maybe, a set of bejewelled brass knuckles in her reticule. The actuality was hard to get adjusted to. She came over to the horse corral, the lieutenant trailing her, and asked for the young Mr. Oliver who owned all the horses. "You work for him, don't you?" she said.

Any fool, given such an inquiry and such a girl to go on, could see why Flem Oliver hadn't wanted to be found. He had given her to understand that he possessed one of Eastern Oregon's large independent fortunes, and he hated to have her catch him handling the old man's scrub ponies on the beach for a dollar a day, payable seldom. I could reconstruct the whole case, and I couldn't altogether blame him. That girl would have made anybody want to show off. She had the lieutenant so overpowered that he walked into a wire pile trying to give orders and watch her at the same time, and she got me all mixed up trying to explain about Flem Oliver without unsettling her faith in mankind. The best I could manage, after several stabs at something elaborate, was what Flem had told me to tell her. "He's gone up the river on a business trip," I said. "Probably he'll stay the rest of the winter. He's on Cabin Creek, filing on a homestead."

"Cabin Creek?" she said, alarmed, and turned to the lieutenant. "That's where it's dangerous, isn't it?"

The lieutenant said that it wasn't precisely the spot he'd recommend for a hermit's retreat. "Cabin Creek happens to be our destination," he told me. "A Walpapi raiding party is supposed to be riding to cross the river there, and we're ordered to turn them back. Naturally, if they run into any lone homesteaders . . . You're sure

that's the location?" He waited, giving me a chance to change it, but I decided not to. After all, if he was going there anyway, the idea that he was rescuing somebody might make his trip more interesting. He looked at the girl. "What you'd better do is come along with us," he suggested. "You can't stay here without somebody to look after you. The boat's comfortable, and there's scenery and chairs with cushions and . . ." He eyed the steamboat, but there was nothing very prominent except the Gatling gun on the foredeck, and he decided not to enumerate that. "You'll know sooner about this friend of yours, too," he said. "And I'll take care of you. It's—I mean you'd—I think you'll like it."

He was all stuttery and anxious, though I didn't think he needed to be. She wanted to go, and, unless I was a bad surmiser, it wasn't entirely on account of her uneasiness about Flem Oliver. The lieutenant wasn't forbidding to look at, himself. "I'd like to go," she said. "Only, if there's men getting killed, and soldiers going crazy and stabbing bayonets into people, maybe I'd better not. I don't want to see that."

"There won't be any of it to see," he said. "My men are under my orders, and they know it. These Indian skirmishes never last over a few minutes, when they come off at all, and those Walpapi sucker-eaters can't hit anything. I'll guarantee that you'll feel perfectly safe."

He wanted her along, good and plain. It struck me he was guaranteeing one or two possibilities that he lacked authority to speak for, but that wasn't his fault. It was the girl's. There was something about that girl that simply compelled a man to lay claim to virtues he wasn't entitled to. It worked even on me. Old Aintree came poking across the sand and said he was

looking for a young man from Nevada who had worked with stationary engines. The rickety old pump rig I'd worked on had about as much to do with steamboat machinery as riding a stick horse has with being a jockey, but the girl looked at me, and I stood out and said I was his man.

"So I judged," he said. I knew well enough who had told him about me. "We came off without a second engineer. This Upper River for the present is under martial law, so we'll declare you drafted. Get your traps and go aboard."

I'd probably have gone without a word, but the girl decided to trust the lieutenant's guarantee and go aboard herself. The lieutenant went with her, and I got back enough ethical scruples to explain what kind of engine it was that I had actually worked on. Aintree didn't look surprised. "I'm glad you didn't blurt that out in front of the military," he said. "He has to report all this truck, and if we start without a second engineer and something busts, the War Department will bring out that we were running short-handed and make trouble about paying us. I'll show you all you'll need to know. Your friend is going as a fireman, and he said to turn your horses over to the dock telegrapher."

I stopped. Flem Oliver had signed up on the steamboat without knowing that the girl was going to be aboard. "He won't want to go up-river now," I said, "so I can leave the horses with him."

"Not this time you can't," said Aintree, watching me close. The Lord knows I had no objections to steamboating with him. "I told you the Upper River was under military administration during this Indian rumpus. You and your friend are in exactly the same fix as these soldiers, and if either of you try to jump ship you'll get cinched for mutiny."

It was going to be comical, I thought, for Flem Oliver to be throwing eight-foot cordwood on the boiler-deck to get away from a girl who was being entertained on the saloon-deck right over his head. One thing was certain, you didn't have to go far to find suspense and excitement when that young man was around. He attracted them like some trees do lightning, even when he was trying his best to avoid them.

III

It didn't take much expert knowledge to understand why old Aintree wanted a full engine-room complement in case of accident. He expected to have one, and when I looked at his line-up I didn't blame him. The chief engineer seemed to know his business, but he must have learned it under somebody else, for he didn't know as much about handling men as a Chinese fish-cleaner. He was a big roundhead with a roan complexion and marbly-looking pale blue eyes. I judged that they must have brought him out of a several weeks' jag with cold water, and that they hadn't put on quite enough. His notion of making his men work was to yell in a hoarse rattle, and then grab and shove the first man he could get his hands on. Most of them took it as if they were used to that kind of treatment in the saloons they had been sleeping in, but I made up my mind that he wouldn't push me more than once, and then I tagged around with old Aintree to improve my experience with engines.

They certainly had it over any machinery I'd ever been up against before. There were gauges to register every least thing that happened, and valves to regulate it, and the engines themselves were the treat of a lifetime. When they ran, there was nothing except a low hum, and the walking-beam went so easy it reminded me of a

cougar slipping up on a cottontail rabbit. When you wanted to back, you pulled the reverse lever, and she turned over and backed. Every single time. It wasn't like a horse, where you had to take what you wanted him to do, add what he felt like doing, and divide by two, with fifteen per cent off for luck and bad feed. With that engine, you called for what you wanted and got it. I got so interested watching it work that I didn't notice how fast we were traveling until we got away up under Horseheaven Flat, and I totally forgot to warn Flem Oliver about his girl being aboard till he laid off heaving cordwood and came over to talk about her.

Her name, he said, was Diana Owens. Her parents got her name out of Pope's poems, and he met her at their house in Portland in the Spring when he had a few hundred dollars from the state bounty on coyote pelts. There were flocks of young men around the place all the time, and her habit of looking as if she believed every mortal thing they told her had led Flem Oliver into a material overstatement of his resources. That was all their acquaintance had amounted to, and the only reason he shrank from renewing it was that he didn't want her to discover that he had lied to her. "It isn't that I expect to profit by her good opinion," he said. "I've got no designs on her hand, or anybody else's, for that matter. I've got a lot of country to look at before I get married. But I would have felt like hell if she'd caught me roust-abouting the old man's horses with eight cents in my jeans. She would have, too, if I hadn't had a mess of luck."

I was about to tell him how much more of a mess his luck was than he imagined, but the chief engineer poked in between us and grabbed Flem. "Get up and work!" he said. "Lay to that woodpile before I wear a post out with your carcass!"

It was bad business to open relations this way with Flem Oliver, and the engineer made it worse by dropping his hands. Flem hit him right on the bridge of the nose, and his head knocked back against the deck beams with a crack like splitting an oak stump. A man of ordinary intelligence would have been laid out stiff for an hour. The engineer wobbled at the knees, wiped his eyes with his thumb, and hauled out a gun. "I want a detail of soldiers," he said into the speaking tube. "Hurry up, a man's mutinied! . . . This is going to land you in a military court, bub," he told Flem. "You hold still or I'll kill you."

He was soreheaded enough for anything. Flem didn't wiggle, except to loosen the heel of one boot with the toe of the other, like a school kid bluffing at the blackboard. Then he kicked the loose boot into the engineer's face, slid out through the freight door into the river, and hung on the guard outside to yank off his other boot. "This is the first installment, greasy," he said, and threw that too. "I'll wait for you up-river with a gun."

He dropped off into the water in time to miss old Aintree and the lieutenant and the soldiers. Aintree had brought a pair of rusty handcuffs, but he hid them under his coat when he heard what had happened. "Shucks, if that's all it is, it's nothing," he told the lieutenant. He was smart, that old man. If he had let on it was important, the lieutenant might have landed men to fetch Flem Oliver back, and the War Department wasn't paying the steamboat company to retrieve its fractious firemen. "Some youngster lost his temper and decided to go home and sulk. No use bothering about him. The engineer's face will heal, and he can run this boat with the men he's got. Can't you?"

The engineer said he guessed so. The

bridge of his nose was swollen all the way across his head, and you could see he didn't feel very gay about leaving Flem Oliver at large, even on orders from his boss. But he kept still till they were gone, and then he called me over. "I hated to be rough with that friend of yours," he told me, all confidential. "But when I give a man orders, I expect him to mind 'em and no back talk. Does he carry a gun?"

"Usually," I said. Even the engineer ought to have known a man couldn't swim that river with a gun hanging on him. "It wouldn't make much difference, though. There's ranches along here where he can buy all the firearms he wants. He had about fifteen hundred dollars on him."

The engineer looked genuinely shocked. By his way of figuring, anybody with that much money was special. "Why the hell didn't you tell me?" he said. Then he brightened. "Anyway, he's afoot, and we can out-travel him."

"Not if he gets a horse," I said. "Any of these ranches will find him something to ride. We follow the bends of the river, but he'll cut straight across to one of these old landings up ahead. He'll hang out a landing flag, probably, and when the boat heads in he'll step aboard with a gun and blow out your light. I'd be careful, if I was you."

The engineer got up and shut the freight door. There was nothing he could do about the windows, and the forecastle door was shut already. He went over and sat against it for awhile, and then got up and said he was going on deck. "You can't see anything out of this blamed cellar," he said. "Them soldiers get paid to protect the public, and they might as well be watching out for that bushwhacking young hound as not. You run things for awhile."

He went above, and I felt a little uneasy for fear the soldiers would send down for me to explain what kind of haunted house yarn I had been loading him with. Afterward I found out that he didn't mention our conversation at all. He told them that they were running for the biggest Indian crossing on the river, and that they might find the Walpapi raiders using it instead of Cabin Creek. The lieutenant was too busy to listen to him, and the soldiers were too new to such expeditions to chase him back where he belonged. Not that I missed him. It was a lot more agreeable below without him, and I couldn't help thinking how unjust it was that Flem Oliver couldn't have stayed to enjoy it. He hadn't done a thing that I wouldn't have done under the same circumstances, and, simply because the engineer had grabbed him instead of me, he was afoot in the rock flats with no shoes and wet clothes, and nothing to eat if he stayed out, and a military trial hanging on him if he was lucky enough to get back. There was no use talking, excitement had an affinity for Flem Oliver. The only reason there were quiet places in the world was that he could only be in one place at a time.

IV

By this time the engineer had the soldiers edged up, and they were finding signs along the bank that needed investigating. Almost every hundred yards, down would come a bell to slow up, or hold her steady, or drop back easy, or something. The Gatling gun crew was all crouched, ready to cut loose on anything, and the lieutenant kept telling the girl that there wouldn't be a particle of danger and then warning her that in case there was, she

must go straight to the companionway and wait on the stairs till he got through crushing it. He had her pretty well excited and scared, and his men were as bad. Every gun in the bunch was cocked, capped, and pointed, and it wouldn't have taken much more than snapping a match head to have touched off the whole broadside. Old Aintree was acting captain in the pilot house, wiggling his big stone-colored beard and watching the engineer without letting on, and old Simmons, the pilot, was dodging the first drifts of loose ice when, for a ten years' wonder at that season, there actually was a landing flag. It was stuck in the sand at the edge of a willow thicket, with nobody in sight. Simmons had no right to pay any attention to it, being on a special run, but habit got the best of him. He whanged the bell and turned in. A couple of loose ponies jumped up in the willows, and the engineer, with bad temper and a bad hangover and a bad conscience all working on him at once, yanked his pistol and shot.

"There he is!" he yelled, and banged loose a couple before old Aintree could get down to grab him. "That's the bush-whacking hound that's laying to get me! Smoke him, damn him!"

The soldiers were too high-strung to need any persuasion. Everybody turned loose at once, and the way that Gatling corn-sheller hove lead was a treat to the traveler's eye. Not that it hit much. The smoke was so thick after one whirl of the crank that you couldn't see the bow of the boat, and it fogged over the pilot house so that old Simmons might as well have been steering with his head in a pillow case. Below decks we could see under it. There were people in the willows, all right. The brush was too thick for us to tell whether they were Indians, but we

could see packs and blankets, and a couple of figures jumping down behind a sand dune. Nobody got hit, as far as I could make out, but a couple of horses did. I saw them cave down and start kicking. I don't go a cent on horses, but when you've worked with the brutes long, some instinct makes you remember every individual one you've ever had your hands on; and I knew I had handled those two dead horses somewhere. It didn't help much, because I couldn't remember where or when. I gave up trying, and, since the pilot house signals had gone dead, I took a peek on deck to see what the firing line was up to.

There were several things that hadn't registered above the noise. The Gatling gun jammed up about every two bursts, and half the crew unjammed it while the other half pointed and shot it. Old Aintree had the engineer flat on the deck, sitting on him and trying to work the rust out of that old pair of handcuffs so they would fasten on. Soldiers were shooting all along the rail, mostly without bothering to aim, and young Diana Owens sat huddled on a deck bench, holding it tight with both hands. The lieutenant wanted to get her inside, but he couldn't make her listen and he couldn't pry her fingers loose. She was literally struck stiff, and her eyes, instead of being dark blue, were wide open and completely black. Plenty of women go into a kind of rigid fit when there's unexpected shooting. It isn't so much fear of getting shot as pure instinctive dread of an unnatural kind of noise. Realizing it, the lieutenant got up, patted her hands, and blew his whistle to cease firing.

That was where he lost his claim about having control of his men. All of them had gun fever, and they had to shoot it off, no matter who told them to stop.

They paid no attention to the whistle, and when he ran along the deck knocking down their guns, they simply leveled back and started walloping off Government ammunition again. He pulled the men away from the Gatling with his hands, and they pushed him back and fogged up noisier than ever. He gave that up. The thing was not to make them resist temptation, but to get them away from it. He jumped for the companion-ladder and started up to the pilot house to order the boat turned out.

Nobody had realized that the outfit ashore was doing any return shooting. The lieutenant was halfway up when a slug got him in the right shoulder, and he keeled off backwards and came down head first, all spread out and stunned in a big patch of blood. The combatants didn't even look around, but most of the fireroom men edged down the companionway past me to get in behind the boiler. I stayed another half a minute to see what the girl did, and it was worth it. The noise had only paralyzed her when she had nothing else to think about. When she saw that the lieutenant couldn't take care of his men, or of her, or even of himself, she got up and ran to him, propped his head on her knee, and began ripping up his shirt for a wad to plug his shoulder with. Nobody offered any help, but she didn't need any. I went below, and saw, under the smoke, that the boat was still headed for the landing flag, and that another thirty feet would put us on the rock-reef in front of it.

I never went through a harder job of deciding what to do. One thing that Aintree had told me, plain and unmistakable, was that nobody in the engine room was ever to have anything to do with deciding where the boat should go. That was the pilot's job, and nobody else's,

and there weren't any exceptions or yes-buts about it. The trouble was that old Simmons, either on account of the smoke or absent-mindedness or excitement or something, wouldn't send down signals or answer the speaking tube. There wasn't time to go above and poke him up. The boat was about to hit bottom, and it was either mind the rules and let her smash, or break them and take her out. I broke them and backed the paddles with every lick of steam she had. We went clear out into the main current before I eased her down.

I couldn't see that I'd hurt anything doing it, either. It kept the boat under us, and it did what the lieutenant had got shot trying to do. The shooting petered out and stopped. The Gatling gun jammed, and the men, once they were clear of their own smoke and could see that they hadn't piled the shore with savage corpses, looked sheepish and crowded around the lieutenant to see how bad he was hurt. Aintree got the engineer handcuffed to the rail for safekeeping, and old Simmons came out of whatever trance he had been in and rang for steam ahead. Nobody appeared to have any notion that they had really been shooting at people until a man came out from behind the sand dune and picked up the landing flag and waved it. He was bareheaded and barefooted and wrapped in a yellow blanket, but he was white, and I knew him. He was Flem Oliver.

Nobody could decide whether to turn in and pick him up or not. The lieutenant, who had the real say about it, was stretched out limp in the main cabin, and Diana Owens wouldn't let anybody disturb him. Getting shot had made a different man out of the lieutenant. He looked like nothing but a badly bunged-up kid, and she treated him like one. She

didn't remind him of any of his claims or guarantees, and she seemed even glad to have found somebody who was past making any more of them. I couldn't help thinking what a lot of unnecessary trouble Flem Oliver had gone through to keep his misrepresentations from her, she took the lieutenant's so calmly. Of course, Flem Oliver hadn't enhanced his youthful appeal by getting himself shot. He was a whole lot too smart for that.

He showed his smartness in getting the boat turned in again. Nobody was willing to take the responsibility of landing for him, and he turned around and waved at the sand dune. A whole mob of white people came flocking out from behind it — women among them, which was a class of passengers that any boat on the river had to stop for, orders or not. I didn't have to look at them more than once to remember where it was I had seen those two dead horses before. It was the outfit of snake charmers and glass-eating talent we had helped pack at Deschutes Landing in the morning. They had been moseying along the rock flats when Flem Oliver swam off from the boat, and they loaned him a horse and brought him along, counting on his experience with the country to make their trip easier for them.

He could hardly claim to have lightened the path for them, though none of them was hurt except little Eva, who had tried to shoot live shells in her blank cartridge pistol and burned herself in the eye when it backfired. The sand dune protected the rest of them. When the shooting started, they simply bushed up behind it and stayed there, agreeing if they ever got out, they would hang Flem Oliver for getting them in such a fix. Flagging the boat for a lift had been his suggestion. Nobody said so, but I sus-

pected that shooting back at it had been his suggestion too. I never saw his equal for raising excitement out of everything he touched.

V

The engines needed watching, so I didn't go on the saloon deck to greet the pilgrims. The soldiers brought all their baggage below, and we ran along without anything happening except to little Eva, who tried to let a lifeboat down the falls with herself in it, until we had left Cabin Creek and finished scouting for Walpapi raiders without finding any. Then Flem Oliver came down and sat on an ammunition box without saying anything, and Aintree followed him to look things over. I was doing all right and I knew it, but you couldn't have got him to say so. "You backed that wheel without signals from the pilot, didn't you?" he said. "What for?"

I told him it was because there weren't any signals, and the boat was about to rip her hull off.

"Simmons laid down to dodge bullets, and forgot," he said. "That's his fault, and he'll hear from it, but it doesn't excuse you. You knew the rules. I wish you had a regular engineer's license, because I'd take it away from you. Maybe we can get one for you by Spring, if you learn to keep your men at work and learn your engines. I've made good steam-hogs out of worse timber than you, when I had to."

He left, and Flem Oliver pulled himself out of his thoughts. "You didn't tell me that girl was on the boat," he said.

I hadn't, but I was too pleased over old Aintree's promise to feel very remorseful. After all, what did Flem Oliver have to complain about? He had squared his count with the engineer, and he certainly

wasn't likely to have the girl paying him any more unexpected visits, the way she'd looked at that lieutenant. I told him so, but, instead of his humor improving, it got worse.

"She's going to marry that blamed coffee-cooling shavetail," he said, glaring at his bare toes. "You know yourself that he bluffed and swelled and put on more dog in front of her than I ever did. The difference was that he got caught at it. I was smart enough not to, and what happens? She feels sorry for him because he's so boyish and helpless, and so she's going to marry him. She just got through telling me. Hoping I'd buy her an expensive wedding present out of my large fortune, I suppose. . . . No, that wasn't it, of course, but can you tell me why parents always want their children to be born with brains?"

Both bells rang, and I cut steam to let some drift ice go past. It was a luxury to mind signals with that engine, though for genuine speed she needed another row of steam pipes.

"Other people manage to live without that girl," I said. "You claimed you didn't want to marry anybody, and you ducked out on her after she'd come all the way from Portland to see you."

He scratched off a kind of before-hanging laugh. The girl hadn't come to see him. She was on a steamboat picnic, and she remembered that he had asked her, if she ever got to his country, to let him show her around. It was nothing. Little Eva, the side show brat, had pretended it was to bedevil him, but it wasn't and never would be.

"And I didn't want to marry anybody anyhow," he said. "Hell, I never decide what I want till it's too late to pick. I wouldn't take the job of punching this mud-sucking old steamboat, because I'd

be afraid I was missing something more interesting. You're lucky enough to like it, and sensible enough to grab it. I'll bet you could work here for twenty years without ever getting tired of it."

I hoped I could. People differ, of course, but I couldn't see anything extraordinary about liking a nice-acting engine or feeling at home on that river. As for getting tired of it, that was out of the question, because it wasn't the same river or the same country any two days in the world. The water changed speed and level, and the hills changed color all the time; there were always new clearings coming in and old ones going back to grass, old towns growing and new ones building; herds of mule deer coming down from the hills with new fawns in the Fall, and flocks of wild geese moving out about the time camps of Indians moved in. Not very monumental episodes, any of them; but when you like a place, changes in it that a man like Flem Oliver would consider nothing but monotony, interest you. It was the same way, I knew, with Diana Owens. She wasn't marrying the lieutenant because he was smart enough to keep his promises, but because he was man enough to stand by them, and because she liked him.

But there was no use trying to make Flem Oliver understand that. I tried to, but it only made him meaner and madder. I gave up, and told him to work off his indignation on the woodpile. He grabbed it and pulled the whole end of it down on top of himself and smashed a couple of crates with it.

"That's nothing," he said, getting up from under the logs. "Hell, if wood-slinging is all I'm good for, get out of

my way!"

We got out of his way. He had smashed the two crates with the big friendly woman's collection of reptiles, and all the bull snakes and rattlers came crawling out to get close to the warm boilers. The heat made them so lively it took the big woman most of the afternoon to toll them back into captivity so we could run the engines.

There wasn't any use talking, that Flem Oliver could raise more excitement with fewer ingredients than anybody I've ever read about in history. People who knew him used to blame all his tribulations onto his smartness, the same as he did, and the same as I did as long as I worked with him. But you couldn't really give his case the study it deserved while you were around him. He kept you too busy dodging and keeping yourself from getting drowned, shot, tomahawked, shipwrecked, snakebitten, or arrested as an accessory to some apparently simple stratagem that turned out to be indictable after he got halfway through it.

It was only when you thought him over at long range that you began to see his real talent wasn't smartness. He was pretty smart, but where he really glittered was in being able, every single time, to build ten cents' worth of timber into a generous seven hundred dollars' worth of hell. It was a good thing he didn't marry that Diana Owens, because she couldn't have felt comfortable alongside a gift like that. I didn't feel comfortable myself, sometimes, but I'm glad I stood it. He was the only proof I've got that the country, even at that early day, had started to raise geniuses. He wasn't much use to anybody, but he was a genius.

EUROPE'S NUMBER-TWO MEN

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE political stability of more than half of Europe, whether measured by geographical extent or by population, would seem to hang perilously upon the thin threads of a dozen or so human lives — lives, moreover, that must be always elaborately protected against terrorists, cranks, and sundry “liberators”. The handful of mortal men who control the destinies of the dictated nations on that continent exercise such absolute dominance that their inevitable demise seems a guarantee of eventual chaos. Indeed, the mortality of dictators is frequently advanced as the ultimate argument against dictatorship in government, it being contended that these supermen cannot supply successors of their own caliber. The larger their shoes, the more difficult it will be for any one else to fill them: and, to complicate matters, most of them show a lamentable zeal in liquidating associates of exceptional political stature. One need only imagine the sudden deaths of a few latter-day Napoleons — let us say Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, and Kemal Pasha — to realize that there is a large measure of plausibility in the argument.

Certainly the enemies of the various dictatorships, the silent ones at home and the vociferous ones in exile, count heavily on death as their great ally. It is the consoling thought in their ordeal. Anti-fascists of all denominations hope for the death of Mussolini, and many of them would give their own lives to translate the hope into

fact, on the assumption that the Italian Fascist State would then collapse. Expatriate and underground German radicals, not to mention Jews, count on the death of Hitler to break the spell of Nazi dictatorship. As for the opponents of Bolshevism, eighteen years of disappointment has done no more than dampen their belief that the passing of the ineffable leader — first it was Lenin, now it is Stalin — will send the communist house tumbling.

Much of this, however, is wishful thinking. For nearly seven years, millions of Russians, ranging from Left Social Revolutionaries to hidebound monarchists, waited for Lenin to die, convinced that his personality alone held the Soviet regime in disciplined formation. But when finally he was laid to splendid rest, the Soviet State continued to function with scarcely a tremor. Bolshevism was found to possess an internal cohesion beyond the personal genius of its leader; it survived not only the passing of Lenin but the embittered struggle for power among the lesser leaders which ensued. So now the same millions wait, though a trifle less optimistically, for the exit of Stalin as signal for the postponed collapse.

It is too early to judge how the recent death of Marshal Josef Pilsudski will affect the semi-fascist regime in Poland, but it is already clear that those who prophesied instant chaos after his passing were mistaken. In Austria, too, the assassination of the milli-Metternich, Dr. Dollfuss, shook

but did not upset his system of dictatorship.

Hopeful or fearful prophets of the disintegration which must follow the death of an all-powerful dictator fail to consider the fact that every regime, if it has had sufficient opportunity to consolidate its rule, achieves a life of its own, extending beyond the life of its immediate leader. Self-preservation, sheer survival, is the first law of the nature of governments. A scramble for the vacated shoes is inevitable, but it is secondary to the preservation of the integrated system of power that has grown up. Stalin, Mussolini, and the rest stand at the apex of hierarchies of privilege, based upon hundreds of powerful sub-dictators, thousands of officials, and millions of small bureaucrats, a vast structure buttressed by secret police and armies. Ostensibly a sacred ideal cements that structure, but self-interest is the principal binding element. Every human particle in the hierarchy clings to its fellow for safety, no matter how bloody the elimination contest for dominance may become in the uppermost reaches. Collapse will come, when it does, because of inherent weaknesses and contradictions in the several systems, because of internal economic distress or foreign pressures, but not merely through the removal of the leader.

The decisive factor in the survival of his system after the death of a dictator is in the vitality of the political machine he has built up. Had Dora Kaplan's bullet penetrated an inch or two deeper in 1918, the death of Lenin at that time might conceivably have ended the Soviet regime. The human edifice of power had not yet been completed. Five years later the system had jelled; it continued to function even while the question of the succession was being fought out among Stalin, Zinoviev, Trotsky, Kamenev, and the other contenders.

In most other dictatorships such systems are already in existence. In Russia, Italy, and Turkey there has been time enough for the emergence and stratification of new governing classes, with a definite stake in the *status quo*. In Germany the process has not yet been carried quite so far, but the native efficiency of the race is aging the new system at a more rapid rate than elsewhere. So many millions of Nazi jobs and Nazi privileges—in the military ranks, secret service, industry, politics, education, everywhere—would be endangered by a threat to the regime, that the instinct of self-preservation may be counted upon to hold it together while an heir to Hitler's power is being selected.

Struggles for the succession in dictated states are inevitable, and they may shake up the regimes pretty vigorously. But the chances of the hierarchy surviving the shock seem to me excellent. Assuming, therefore, that the leading dictatorships will continue after their present heads have died, who will be the successors? Who are the Number-Two Men, at present biding their time?

The temptation to prophesy is a compelling one, but current answers should be heavily discounted. It must be recalled that fourteen years ago, when Lenin was slowly dying in the Kremlin, Leon Trotsky seemed sure to succeed him. Today Trotsky is an exile in capitalist Europe, while Joseph Stalin—against whose accession Lenin specifically cautioned his disciples in his famous will—lords it over Russia as Lenin never cared to. Once the dictator is dead, his wishes are the least of the forces that determine the succession. The ambitious men whom the *Duce* has sent abroad or suppressed at home—General Italo Balbo, Dino Grandi, Roberto Farinacci—might easily make a bid for the scepter when it slips from Mussolini's

hand. General Goering, Dr. Goebbels, and others content with secondary roles while the *Führer* is alive, may be expected to shed their last shreds of humility when Hitler's place becomes vacant. And the Soviet leaders, now obedient to Stalin's political knout, are as avid for power as any group of men in the world.

II

Nazi Germany presents a curious political phenomenon in that its unity is essentially emotional: a passionate, romanticized, know-nothing nationalism holds the most diverse and mutually hostile elements in hypnotic suspense. The high-strung Hitler, the most inspired demagogue in modern history, is the personification of that emotion—vast and viscous enough to bind such contradictory groups as those represented by the pseudo-Leftist Goebbels, the bourgeois Schacht, the feudal von Papen, social experimenters of the Darré type, orthodox industrialists such as von Thyssen, and the amazing collection of undifferentiated adventurers, glory hunters, and soldiers of fortune of the Goering, von Epp, Streicher stamp. Even Italian fascism, vague and vascillating as its ideology has been, swings consistently within the limits of middle-class bourgeois interests, whereas German National Socialism has compassed extremes of Right and Left. Neither system, of course, has the genuine unity of a definite social purpose which the communist regime of Russia, despite the more recent dominance of nationalistic tendencies, still possesses.

Can the hypnotic spell that maintains the present totalitarian state outlive Adolf Hitler? The blood purge of June 30, 1934, that eliminated Roehm, Heines, and others who may be described roughly as

Leftist, is proof enough that even in the lifetime of the *Führer* deep fissures can develop in the boasted unity. Other purges, perhaps less spectacular in character, are inevitable; and if Hitler and his regime survive long enough, the emotional unity may be made to coincide more closely with a social unity. But meanwhile the situation is loaded with the explosive stuffs of internal conflict. Overshadowing personal candidacies to the succession is the enigma of the army under General von Blomberg, whose acceptance of Hitlerism is frankly conditional and whose attitude after Hitler passes may be a decisive factor. Otherwise, the most emphatic personalities on the Nazi stage are General Hermann Goering and Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels. And two men more contrasting in physical and intellectual make-up have rarely before strutted together behind the footlights of history.

Goering is the blustering knight-errant of the Nazi revolution, a hero of the Richthofen flying squadron, a man of hair-breadth escapes and flamboyant gestures; physically the personification of the handsome fleshy Blond Beast, his posturing and his pathological partiality for gold braid, uniforms, medals, decorations, and cheering crowds are outward expressions of a consuming, almost ingenuous ambition. It would be surpassing strange if that ambition stopped short of the pinnacle; indeed, all Germany takes it for granted that he covets supreme power. Whatever the Nazi masses or Hitler himself may think, General Goering conceives himself as second in command. Should Hitler be eliminated, that conception would in his own mind make him the natural successor—and the logic of limitless ambition is far more potent than any reality.

Now only forty-two years old, Goering is the son of a Bavarian state official of

some local distinction. Reared in an atmosphere of high-pitched patriotism, he developed his lusts for gore and glory early. Before the World War he had his commission in the regular army; with the outbreak of hostilities he was shifted to the flying service. His exploits, now the stuff of hero-building in Nazi textbooks, were genuine enough: for he is a man of extraordinary personal courage, a quality which he repeatedly demonstrated both in the war and during the early days of the Hitler movement. Severely wounded in the Nazi fiasco of 1923 that landed his chief in prison, Goering recuperated abroad, and his travels, before the 1927 amnesty enabled him to return, included close observation of the authoritarian scheme in Italy. In 1928 he went to the Reichstag as one of the twelve Nazi deputies; four years later became its President; and seven months thereafter watched the Reichstag building go up in flames. Just how much Goering had to do with that fire remains for history to attest—the alleged confession by Karl Ernst implicating him is but one of many accusing circumstances. In any case, he made the most of the conflagration in his capacity as head of the Secret Service, and the farcical character of the trial which he engineered could not disturb the edifice of power erected on the ashes of the building.

Against the strident, animal vitality of war hero Goering, the diminutive Dr. Goebbels seems pathetic. Where Goering takes his own importance and his Teutonic quality for granted, the *Doktor*, as he is called in Nazi circles, is constantly at pains to prove them. There is a gargoyle quality in the cramped physique, the pale, pinched features, the nervous brilliancy of Hitler's Minister of Propaganda. His curiously Semitic appearance has bred endless illicit political jokes at his expense.

Traveling in state surrounded by a group of hefty Nazi guards, he looks like nothing so much as a Jewish victim being hustled to a dire fate. But what Dr. Goebbels lacks in physical vitality he makes up in mental energy. As an orator he is probably second only to Hitler. One may study the technique of demagoguery in his speeches with more profit even than in Hitler's, because where the *Führer* often speaks in emotional transports, the Doctor's oratory is calculated even in its seeming hysteria. When Hitler yells some hyperbolic absurdity at a spellbound audience, he may be assumed to mean it. With Goebbels, there is always the suspicion that he knows better. In his shrill oratory, his sputtering fury, he seems to be deliberately matching an abstract fanaticism against the concrete valiant deeds of Goering and his kind. Barred from a life of physical prowess by a clubfoot and a thirst for knowledge, Goebbels gives vent to suppressed heroics in words.

If there is some divine irony in his un-Teutonic looks, it is deepened by the fact that Catholic scholarships helped to take him through eight universities, and that he is known to have been deeply influenced intellectually by a non-Aryan scholar, Prof. Gundolf. Dr. Goebbels comes of poor peasant and artisan stock, although his father rose to the modest heights of superintendent in a small business organization. Where Goering was drawn to the Hitler movement by its romantic and mystical elements, Goebbels approached it, like thousands of others, from the Left. In 1925 he was associated with Gregor Strasser, who was later shot to death by his comrades, in the composition of a series of *National Socialist Epistles* stressing the socialistic side of the cause. By now, however, Goebbels has shed most of his embarrassing pretenses of radicalism,

though he is still looked upon as a Leftist and in his heart probably despises Goering's bourgeois conventions and feudal delusions.

Dr. Goebbels has been described as the supersalesman of the Nazi movement. National propaganda is always a sort of salesmanship, in which every possible channel of advertising is monopolized by the state to sell an idea to its masses. It has the distinct advantage over ordinary commercial salesmanship and advertising in that it can execute its competitors. It is this advantage in which the little Napoleon luxuriates, finding compensation for his physical deformity and puny body. His talent shows itself most brilliantly in outbursts of insult, invective, and denunciation that attain a certain epic grandeur; and the "cultural" activities he seems to relish most are those involving suppression of heretical deviations in the theater, literature, on the screen, and the radio.

Apparently it is the hope and determination of Hitler that the contrasting characters of Goering and Goebbels will in the long run neutralize one another and enable a more balanced personality to carry on the Nazi work. The man who at the moment seems destined for that role is Rudolf Hess.

Less known both within and outside Germany than either the bemedaled general or the spitfire Doctor, Hess is regarded in better-informed Reich circles as Hitler's Crown Prince. He is the deputy leader and most intimate friend of the *Führer*, and his personal representative in all internal party affairs. His devotion to Hitler verges on idolatry and is even greater than his devotion to the Nazi cause, though to the average Nazi mind the two things are not always separated. Unlike other leaders, he has never once opposed Hitler on any issue, and whatever other titles he may

hold he remains Hitler's private secretary.

In some respects the position and strategy of Hess at the present stage are not unlike Joseph Stalin's in the years before he consolidated his supreme power. Like that earlier Stalin, Hess does not intrude too insistently in the political limelight, but works behind the scenes as the functioning head and organizer of the internal party machine. It was the control of the machine which at the crucial moment gave Stalin the decisive advantage over Trotsky and all other contenders for Lenin's place; the same factor may well guarantee supreme leadership for Hess. The chief difference is that Stalin fought to his position despite Lenin, whereas Hess has the support of Hitler.

Hess is regarded as more moderate than either Goering or Goebbels, but that may be only the impression created by his deliberate subservience to the *Führer*, even in details. The full force of his character has not yet had an opportunity for expression. On the occasion of his peace mission to France, anti-Nazis did not fail to dig out of the archives a poem by Hess, composed in 1924 and republished at his own behest in September, 1933, which breathes a hatred of France worthy of Goering himself. The poem concluded with the lines:

*He, Franzmann, das ist böser Morgen-
gruss!*

*Ihr dort musst sterben, dass wir leben
können.*

Wir selbst, und unser ganzes, armes Volk.

III

On parade days in Moscow, Stalin stands hour after hour on the parapet of Lenin's granite tomb to review those familiar demonstrations pouring through Red Square. Beside him, in full view of the paraders and the busy newsreel cameras, stand

Klementi Voroshilov, Lazar Kaganovich, Viacheslav Molotov, Mikhail Kalinin, and Gregory Ordzhonikidze. That alignment has been reiterated so many thousands of times in photographs, motion pictures, and posters in the last few years that it has become a *cliché* of the Soviet imagination. Yet none of these men seems strong enough or sufficiently equipped to carry on alone the job that is now Stalin's.

The nominal heads of the Soviet government, Premier Molotov and President Kalinin, may be discounted to begin with. The elderly Kalinin, with his wisp of gray-ing beard and twinkling eyes and baggy clothes, enjoys considerable popularity among the masses, but that is scarcely the important condition for leadership in the new Russia. He is one of the few men who has survived in the highest party councils from the beginning of the Revolution, chiefly because of his negative qualities. Kalinin is a man of immense shrewdness but mediocre intelligence, and while he might conceivably be drawn into a dictatorial coalition only to be eliminated afterwards, the very thought of him as a dictator is ludicrous.

And it is no easier to imagine Molotov in that role. Both in physical and mental endowments he is too palpably second-rate. In the reams of his official speeches, the reading of which was one of my chores for years, there was never a spark of brilliancy, never a sentence or a thought or a note of passion rising above the monotonous level of official mediocrity. Usually dressed in dark clothes, his sparse hair neatly combed, peering short-sightedly through thick lenses, his uninspired reading of flat speeches occasionally halted by a nervous stutter, Molotov seems a model of the earnest, hard-working, uninspired clerk. As head of the government he is no more than a convenient agent for Stalin,

and his reflected power is likely to disappear as soon as its source expires.

Ordzhonikidze, as Commissar of Heavy Industry, has been the chief figure in the noisy process of Russian industrialization. Despite impressive statistics, however, that process has been far from brilliant. The appalling confusion and planlessness of the plans under his ostensible guidance, the staggering costs in economic terms and in human lives, reflect little glory upon him. For the most part, of course, the blame for failures and disasters has been fixed on underlings, and the credit for industrial achievements pinned on Ordzhonikidze. But in the ranks of the ruling party as well as among the masses, he is not taken seriously as an industrial leader. He is taken seriously only as a friend of Stalin and a good politician in his own right. Ordzhonikidze, a Georgian like Stalin, has symbolized the growth of Soviet industry in at least one respect: at the beginning of the first Five Year Plan he was a thin, wiry person; at every new stage of industrialization he showed himself rounder, sleeker, and more prosperous looking; by this time he is decidedly corpulent. He is an animated cartoon of Stalin's success.

The commander of all the Soviet armed forces, Klementi Voroshilov, suffers a great deal in world esteem, and at home as well, by the inevitable comparison with his predecessor in that post, Leon Trotsky. Despite eight years' labor by the partisan historians of the Revolution in tearing down the war services of Trotsky and building up those of Stalin and Voroshilov, the last two have not yet displaced Trotsky in the imagination of the Russian people as far as the civil war period is concerned. Voroshilov has none of the flash and intellectual virtuosity of Trotsky, but he is unquestionably more of a soldier. "Our

Klim" is vastly popular among the country's soldiers and sailors. His sunny disposition, however, along with a certain boyish playfulness of manner, conceal more mind, logic, and knowledge than his countrymen suspect. In a moment of crisis, such as might be occasioned by the passing of Stalin, he would doubtless bulk much larger in the political picture than he does now.

I had the experience several years ago of spending more than an hour with Stalin and Voroshilov. I carried away an impression of a profound and intimate friendship between the two men, transcending mere political relations. At no point, though, was there any doubt of Stalin's essential superiority — his war lord, like nearly everyone around him, is no more than an instrument in Stalin's hand. The contrast in the personalities of the two men was almost startling. Against Stalin's deliberate manner, careful consideration of every word, against Stalin's stolidity, Voroshilov seemed temperamental and volatile, brimming with half-digested ideas. Where Stalin merely smiled, Voroshilov would slap his thigh in exuberant satisfaction.

Closer to Stalin than any of these men, and clearly their superior in natural endowments of brain, wit, and energy, is Lazar Kaganovich, who recently assumed command of the Commissariat of Railroads, in addition to multitudinous other duties. Were it not for the circumstance that he is a Jew, the likelihood of his succeeding Stalin would be great enough to justify a prophecy. Anti-Semitism is still a powerful force in Russia, despite the genuine efforts of the Soviet regime to combat it. The Communist Party itself is shot through with this heritage of Czarism. Trotsky's racial origin was a considerable element (though not the decisive one) in

his defeat in the struggle with Stalin. In a conflict between Kaganovich and other contenders for the dictatorial role, that element again would be important.

Their race and talents, however, are the only things that Trotsky and Kaganovich have in common. Whereas Trotsky was of middle-class stock, well educated, a linguist and widely traveled, Kaganovich was born and reared in the Jewish slums of Gomel, never had any formal education, and never left Russia. He is more genuinely proletarian, and he shares with the present generation of Bolsheviks their contempt for middle-class intellectuals. He is in his early forties, and in the last few years has — perhaps unconsciously — been inclined to imitate Stalin not only in dress, but in facial fashions, a curious process which began when Kaganovich, soon after he rose to a high place, cut off his Leninesque beard to leave only a Stalin-esque mustache. Those who claim to know him have described him as utterly devoted to Stalin, but infinitely ambitious and likely to make a grab for the mantle when it falls from the Georgian's shoulders.

The most exacting immediate jobs are always turned over to Kaganovich. This was the case in 1932, when peasant non-co-operation threatened the Soviet regime. It was he who organized the political departments throughout the farming regions and pushed through the sowing and reaping campaigns, despite apathy and famine. He was "successful" in the Bolshevik sense — that is, he obtained a good harvest at the cost of several million lives. Now he has been given the railroad mess to straighten out, and if the problem is at all soluble, Kaganovich may be expected to solve it — at any price.

The most reasonable expectation in the event of Stalin's death is that a coalition of three or four men will take over the power

now wielded by one. Kaganovich and Voroshilov would inevitably be in that group. Either of them, or someone now obscure, will eventually gather the reins in his own hands, as has been the experience of mankind whenever triumvirates or quadrumvirates have taken control.

In appraising these Soviet leaders on Lenin's tomb from the reviewing stands nearby, one is almost more impressed with the group of secondary officials massed on the same ledge behind the front rank. There are usually twenty or thirty of them, each important in his own sphere, yet all reduced to a gray undifferentiated mass in the presence of Stalin and his closer associates: but a mass which concentrates a staggering amount of naked personal ambition. Under capitalism, personal striving finds economic outlets and monetary rewards. In the land of the Soviets these outlets have been sealed. The acquisition of power is the only goal for ambitious people, the beginning and the end of their striving. When the restraining influence of Stalin is removed, that overwhelming personal urge to glory and position may find noisy expression.

IV

The casual American newspaper reader, asked to name the outstanding lieutenants of the *Duce*, may recall the two men who visited the United States in recent years under the aegis of the Great God Ballyhoo — Dino Grandi, of diplomatic fame, and Italo Balbo, of aviation prowess. That is likely to exhaust his knowledge of fascist personalities. And the fault will not be wholly his. In thirteen years of absolute power, remarkably few leaders of Italian fascism have impressed themselves on the world's imagination; a deficiency which is explained in part by Mussolini's de-

liberate policy of subordinating everyone else to himself. Excessive popularity and influence under his regime have distinct hazards. There is a report, which I cannot guarantee, that the Italian press at present is under orders not to mention the name of Balbo more than once a month; the balance of the time he figures anonymously as Governor of Libya. Signor Grandi's quota of publicity is possibly more ample. But both men are safely removed from the center of influence and political conniving in Rome. Whoever in black-shirted Italy rises too persistently above the level of mediocrity is in danger of being slapped down — either through a foreign assignment or through relegation to his local bossdom, as in the case of Roberto Farinacci.

The men at the moment seemingly closest to the dictatorial throne in Rome are practically unknown to the outside world — men like Costanzo Ciano, Achille Starace, and Cesare Maria De Vecchi. At home, too, they are mere creatures of Mussolini, without power or tenure in their own right, subject to instant obliteration at the Dictator's will.

As secretary-general of the Fascist Party, Achille Starace holds a post of immense strategic importance, equivalent to that held by Hess in Germany or by Stalin in the years before he became supreme ruler. Precisely because of the vast advantages of political patronage and maneuvering which the post confers, the *Duce* has rarely permitted the same man to occupy it too long. Starace's term of occupancy, now in its fourth year, has already outrun his predecessors' and may at any time be cut short.

A fascist periodical in America, *Il Carroccio*, credits Starace with "a robust fiber, a keen and ardent mind, and a heart of both gold and iron". The description is

almost standard for the black-shirt chiefs, and Starace, indeed, in his person and career, epitomizes the upper strata of the fascist hierarchy. Straight from the army and dangling an assortment of medals for heroism, he entered the fascist ranks, led in the guerilla warfare before the seizure of power, and remained in the forefront, aggressive in the interests of both Starace and the cause thereafter. He is a fighter and an organizer, rather than a thinker or an orator, and a fitting exponent of the twin ideals of dictatorship — obedience and force. In the current news and newsreels out of Italy he is always close behind Mussolini, a stocky, beetle-browed, and self-important shadow. He is in his early forties, and the suspicion that he dreams of stepping forward when Mussolini is no longer there to throw a shadow, is hardly far-fetched.

Count Cesare Maria De Vecchi first courted fame with a volume of lyrics called *Spring*, in 1906, at the age of twenty-two. He clinched the courtship sixteen years later as one of the quadrumvirate — with Balbo, General DeBono, and Michelino Bianchi — that directed the March on Rome. But he has remained faithful to literature in his fashion, towers above most of his comrades as a man of culture, and is today Minister of Education. He has represented his fascist fatherland in Africa as colonial governor and in the Vatican as ambassador. Bald-headed, with a cavalry mustache, a professor under this militant make-up, he can be reckoned among the most influential leaders.

Whatever the claims to the succession of these men, and a host of other possible aspirants, the heir-apparent to Mussolini's toga, it is frequently assumed in Italy, is Admiral Costanzo Ciano, who became the Count of Cortellazzo some years ago. Rank and file fascists are under the im-

pression that Mussolini's last will and testament formally designates Ciano as his successor. Being fifty-nine years old, seven years the *Duce's* senior, there is more than an even chance that Mussolini will outlive this heir. That may have influenced the selection, if selection there has been. Ciano, besides, is essentially the gruff naval man rather than the politician, with small talent for cabal and faction, so that the rumor of his crown-princehood cannot disquiet Mussolini.

There is a measure of dynastic significance in Ciano's alleged designation for the succession. His son Galeazzo, now Minister of Press and Propaganda, is married to Edda Mussolini, the Dictator's favorite child. A story credited only in anti-fascist circles is that Mussolini is priming his own young sons for the eventual assumption of the dictatorial role. One can speculate on the quaint possibility of the elder Ciano as regent while another Mussolini grows strong enough to take over the reins.

Those fabulous fascist trains that run on time — symbol of the new efficiency that has come to easy-going Italy — are the work of Ciano in the six-year period, 1924 to 1930, when he was Minister of Communications. Before that time he had held the portfolio of Posts, and still earlier he had headed the Merchant Marine. On all these jobs he showed himself a remarkably able administrator, applying military discipline to the problems of communications and bringing order out of traditional chaos. At present he is President of the hand-picked Chamber of Deputies.

In parades and on the silver screen, Ciano is an imposing figure. Heavy, bull-necked, exuding bodily vigor, with the bushy black mustache beloved in Italy, his immense chest as loaded with medals and decorations as is Goering's, he meas-

ures up physically to popular preconceptions of a dictator. He carries with him, moreover, the atmosphere of heroic war deeds, especially the celebrated raid against the Austrian navy in February, 1918, in which Gabriele d'Annunzio collaborated. Ciano is one of the very few fascist leaders whose eminence predates Mussolini.

But in the political field his martial talents may not suffice. By all accounts he has little of the conspirator and nothing of the diplomatist in his make-up, being a blunt man who finds it difficult to distinguish shadings intermediate between black and white. In a job which even a Mussolini holds by skillful jugglery, the balancing of rival ambitions, and a genius for stage-setting, Admiral Ciano would probably find himself quickly enmeshed by intrigues that he could scarcely understand, let alone dissolve. Even his loyalty to the *Duce*, which is legendary in the country, has a certain uncouth naïveté about it. It is the loyalty, as has been pointed out, of a faithful watchdog. It is difficult to suppose that the younger, politically more agile men in the fascist hierarchy would tolerate Ciano as supreme arbiter for long. If his supposed succession is not apocryphal, it would very likely be short-lived.

Over in Cremona, Roberto Farinacci, one of Starace's predecessors as secretary-general, growls in his limited arena of power. Back in 1925 he was the nemesis of everything anti-fascist. When Mussolini had been maneuvered by the scandal of the Matteotti murder into certain concessions to liberalism and law and order, Farinacci led the internal party clamor for unlimited force. And when Mussolini yielded to the clamor, Farinacci was his instrument of bloody repression. Although his tenure of ascendancy was short, the taste of it is still on his palate. Even the

Duce considered it politic, in October of 1934, to make a gesture of friendship by speaking in Farinacci's political citadel, Cremona. Mussolini's death would instantly expand the figure of Farinacci, with his reputation for fanatic intransigence and relentless force.

Considerably farther from the honey pot of power but no less famed for his sweet-tooth, is the former political boss of Ferrara, the thirty-seven-year-old Italo Balbo, who went directly from his stirring flight to Chicago and triumphal return to Italy into polite exile as a colonial governor. In 1922, at the age of twenty-four, he had been one of the quadrumvirate which captured Rome. At twenty-five he was commander-in-chief of the nation's militia. Despite a temporary eclipse due to the murder of a Catholic priest in Balbo's stronghold, he eventually became Minister of Aviation. The crowning episode was the flight of the Italian squadron to America. The imperialist adventure in Ethiopia may now give Balbo another opportunity to emerge again from obscurity. In any event, Mussolini's exit would mark his speedy return to Rome.

This does not exhaust the list of aspirants. Nearly every regional *ras*—a name for chieftain adopted by the fascists, curiously enough, from the Ethiopian—is a Caesar in his dreams.

V

The Number-Two Man in Hungary, of course, is General Julius Goemboes, who has been Premier under the regency of Admiral Horthy since 1932. Young, courageous, with scant respect for human life, he is a faithful representative of the Magyar gentry from which he springs, and will continue the class oligarchy of Horthy.

In Poland, Colonel Walery Slawek at this writing continues as premier. His association with the late Marshal Pilsudski dates back to the Czarist days, when he was head of the terrorist section of the Polish Socialist Party. The new Polish constitution forced through by Pilsudski gives the president dictatorial power. The post was presumably to have been occupied by Pilsudski himself. The immediate occupant, the mild Professor Ignacy Moscicki, is palpably too weak to fill the presidency in its enlarged dimensions, and it remains to be seen whether Premier Slawek can promote himself into its roomy prerogatives. A more likely occupant is General Rydz-Smigly, a former painter who now, as Inspector-General of

the Polish Army, apparently has a more strategic position of power than Slawek or any of the others of the "party of Colonels".

Mustafa Kemal's first lieutenant is Ismet Pasha, the cleverest and most prominent member of the Turkish ruling clique. Night after night he sits with the *Ghazi*, discussing and settling the affairs of the New Turkey, and his hand is felt in molding fundamental policies.

All these dictatorships, in my opinion, will survive their dictators. One-man rule, in the final analysis, epitomizes the rule of some broad class. When these regimes weaken or collapse, the causes will doubtless be more basic than the demise of a single human being, even though he be a Napoleon.



AND THEN HER BURIAL

BY MERRILL MOORE

MOTIONLESS, gentle as it always was,
The earth is opened all upon the cause
Of her mere dying and it is prepared
To cushion her as soon as it is bared.

Now, musicians, if you ever played,
Deafen us to grief who are afraid
Of weeping at her parting for we stand
Wringing useless hand with useless hand.

We fan our face that parches in the sight
Of all her beauty billowing too bright
In radiant waves against the saddest eye
Our face has ever matched our feeling by.

Gone her smile, unless we can recall
Her friendly face beneath the lily-pall.

THE MASTER

BY FORD MADOX FORD

I WILL begin with a little romance in the style of the Master—for *what* an intrigue he would have made of it if he had heard it at one of the hospitable boards where he so continually picked up what “I have always recognized on the spot as ‘germs’”—the central ideas from which sprang his innumerable stories. . . . And it is the innumerability of his stories rather than the involutions of his style and plots that most have struck me in rereading the works of him who must, whether we like to acknowledge it or not, be called the great master of all us novelists of today.

I hasten to avert thunders from my head by saying that I know that there are thousands of novelists of today and here who will swear that they never read a word of Henry James—just as the first words that Mr. H. M. Tomlinson ever said to me were: “Never heard of the fellow!”—the “fellow” being Conrad. But one’s master is far more an aura in the air than an admonitory gentleman with uplifted forefinger, and one learns as much by reacting against a prevailing tendency as by following in a father’s footsteps. . . .

Well then . . . I was sitting one day in my study in Winchelsea when, from beside the window, on the little verandah, I heard a male voice, softened by the intervening wall, going on and on interminably . . . with the effect of a long murmuring of bees. I had been lost in the

search for one just word or other so that the gentle sound had only dreamily penetrated to my attention. When it did so penetrate and after the monologue had gone on much, much longer, a certain irritation took hold of me. Was I not the owner of the establishment? Was I not supposed by long pondering over just words and their subsequent transference to paper to add at least to the credit, if not to the resources of that establishment? Was it not therefore understood that chance visitors must *not* be entertained at the front door which was just beside my window? . . . The sound, however, was not harsh or disagreeable and I stood it for perhaps another ten minutes. But at last impatience overcame me and I sprang to my door.

Silhouetted against the light at the end of the little passage were the figures of one of the housemaids and of Mr. Henry James. And Mr. James was uttering the earth-shaking question:

“Would you then advise me . . . for I know that such an ornament decorates your master’s establishment and you will therefore from your particular level be able to illuminate me as to the . . . ah . . . smooth functioning of such, if I may use the expression, a wheel in the domestic timepiece—always supposing that you will permit me the image, meaning that, as I am sure in this household is the case, the daily revolution of a really harmonious *chez soi* is as smooth as the passing of

shadows over a dial . . . would you then advise me to have . . . in short to introduce into *my* household and employ . . . a . . . that is to say . . . a Lady Help?"

I advanced at that and, as the housemaid with a sigh of relief disappeared amongst the rustlings of her skirts, in the strongest and firmest possible terms assured Mr. James that such an adornment of the household of an illustrious and well-appointed bachelor was one that should very certainly not be employed. He sighed. He appeared worn, thin for him, dry-skinned, unspirited. His liquid and marvelous dark eyes were dulled, the skin over his aquiline nose was drawn tight. He was suffering from a domestic upheaval—his household that for a generation had indeed revolved around him as quietly as the shadows on a dial, with housekeeper, butler, upper housemaid, lower housemaid, tweeny maid, knife-boy, gardener, had suddenly erupted all round him so that for some time he had been forced to content himself with the services of the knife-boy.

That meant that he had to eat in the ancient hostelry, called The Mermaid, that stood beside his door. And, his housekeeper having for thirty years and more sent up, by the imposing if bottle-nosed butler who was her husband, all Mr. James' meals without his ever having ordered a single one—being used to such a halcyon cuisine the Master had not the slightest idea of what foods agreed with him and which did not. So that everything disagreed with him and he had all the appearance of being really ill. . . . The cause of the bottle-nose had been also the occasion of the eruption, all the female servants having one day left in a body on account of the "carryings on" of the butler, and the butler himself, together, alas, with his admirable wife, the

housekeeper, having, twenty-four hours later, to be summarily and violently ejected by a sympathetic police-sergeant.

So the poor Master was not only infinitely worried about finding an appropriate asylum for the butler and his wife but had had to spend long mornings and afternoons on what he called "the benches of desolation in purgatorial, if I may allow myself the word, establishments, ill-named, since no one appeared there to register themselves . . . eminently ill-named: *registry-offices*. . . ." And there would be a sound like the hiss of a snake as he uttered the compound word. . . .

He would pass his time, he said, interviewing ladies all of a certain age, all of haughty—the French would say *renfrognée*—expressions, all of whom would unanimously assure him that, if they demeaned themselves merely by for an instant considering the idea of entering the household of an untitled person like himself, in such a god-forsaken end of the world as the Ancient Town of Rye, they having passed their lives in the families of never anyone less than a belted earl in mansions on Constitution Hill in the shadow of Buckingham Palace . . . if they merely and for a fleeting moment toyed with the idea, it was merely, they begged to assure him . . . "for the good of their healths." Mr. James having dallied with this sentence would utter the last words with extreme rapidity, raising his eyebrows and his cane in the air and digging the ferrule suddenly into the surface of the road. . . .

How they come back to me after a quarter of a century . . . the savored, half-humorous, half-deprecatory words, the ironically exaggerated gestures, the workings of the closely-shaved lips, the halting to emphasize a point, the sudden scurryings forward, for all the world like the White Rabbit hurrying to the Queen's tea-party

... along the Rye Road, through the marshes, from Winchelsea. . . . I walking beside him and hardly ever speaking, in the guise of God's strong, silent Englishman — which he took me really to be. . . .

To give the romance, then, its happy ending . . . One of the matrons of Rye had conceived the idea of lodging a dependant orphan niece in poor Mr. James' house and so had recommended him to employ a Lady Help, offering to supply herself that domestic functionary. He had consulted as to the advisability of this step all the doctors', lawyers' and parsons' wives of the neighborhood and in addition one of the local great ladies—I think it was Lady Maude Warrender. The commoners' ladies, loyal to the one who wanted to dispose of the dependant niece, had all said the idea was admirable. Her Ladyship was noncommittal, going no further than to assure him that the great ladies of the neighborhood would not refuse to come to tea with him in his garden—that being their, as well as his, favorite way of passing an afternoon—merely because he should shelter an unattached orphan beneath his roof. But she would go no further than that.

So, in his passion for getting, from every possible angle, light on every possible situation—including his own—he had walked over to Winchelsea to consult not only me but any female member of my household upon whom he should chance, and had kept the appalled and agitated housemaid for a full half hour on the doorstep whilst he consulted her as to the advisability of the step he was contemplating. . . . But I soon put a stop to *that* idea. In practical matters Mr. James did me the honor to pay exact attention to my opinions—I was for him the strong, silent man of affairs.

How long his agony lasted after that I

cannot say. His perturbations were so agonizing to witness that it seemed to be a matter of years. And then, one day, he turned up with a faint adumbration of jauntiness. At last he had heard of a lady who gave some promise of being satisfactory. . . . The only shadow appeared to be the nature of her present employment.

"Guess," he said, "under whose august roof she is at the moment sheltering? . . . *Je vous le donne en mille.* . . ." He started back dramatically, rolling his fine eyes, and with great speed he exclaimed:

"The Poet Laureate . . . no less a person!"

Now the Poet Laureate occupies in England a position that it is very difficult to explain on this side of the water. By his official situation he is something preposterous and eminent . . . and at the same time he is something obsolescent, harmless, and ridiculous. Southey, Tennyson, and Dr. Bridges have commanded personally a certain respect, but I cannot think of anyone else who was anything else than ridiculous . . . rendered ridiculous by his office. And at the time of which I am speaking the whole literary world felt outragedly that either Swinburne or Mr. Kipling ought to have been the laureate. As it was, the holder of the title was a Mr. Alfred Austin, an obscure, amiable, and harmless poetaster who wrote about manor-houses and gardens and lived in a very beautiful manor-house in a very beautiful garden.

And, two days later Mr. James turned up, radiant. He lifted both his hands above his head and exclaimed:

"As the German Emperor is said to say about his moustachio, '*it is accomplished.*' . . . Rejoice—as I am confident you will—with me, my young friend. All from now onwards shall, I am assured, be with me gas and gingerbread. . . . Halcyon,

halcyon days. In short, ahem. . . ." And he tapped himself lightly on the breast and assumed the air of a traveler returned from the wintry seas. "I went," he continued, "to the house of the Poet Laureate . . . to the back door of course . . . and interviewed a Lady who, except for one trifling — let us not say defect but let us express it 'let or hindrance' to what I will permit myself to call the perfect union, the continuing *lune de miel* . . . except for that then, she appeared the perfect, the incredible, the except for the pure-in-heart, unattainable She . . . But upon delicate enquiry . . . oh, I assure you, enquiry of the *most* delicate . . . for the obstacle was no less than that on reckoning up the tale of her previous 'situations' . . . as twenty years with the Earl of Breadalbane, thirty years with Sir Ponsonby Peregrine Perowne, forty with the Right Honorable the Lord Bishop of Tintagel and Camelot . . . on reckoning up the incredible tale of years it appeared that she must be of the combined ages of Methusaleh and the insupportable Mariner — not of your friend Conrad but of the author of *Kubla Khan*. But upon investigation it appeared that this paragon and phoenix actually was and in consequence will, to the end of recorded time, remain, exactly the same age as . . ." and he took three precise, jaunty steps to the rear, laid his hand over his heart and made a quick bow ". . . myself. . . ."

"And," he resumed, "an upper housemaid and her sister, the underhousemaid, who had left me in circumstances that I was unable to fathom but that today are only too woefully apparent to me, having offered to return and to provide a what they call tweeny of their own choosing . . . all shall for the future be as I have already adumbrated, not only gas and gingerbread but cloves and clothes

pegs and beatitude and bliss and beauty. . . ." And so it proved.

II

I have taken some time over that Romance because the whole of James, the man, could be evolved from it — and a great deal of James, the writer. For me the strongest note of all in his character was expressed in his precautions. Not his cautions, for in action, as in writing, he was not in the least cautious.

Whether for his books or life he studied every aspect of the affair on which he was engaged with extraordinary elaboration — the elaboration which he gave to every speech that he uttered. And he was a man of the most amazing vitality, inexhaustible, indefatigable. He consulted everybody from the conductor of the tram from Rye Harbor to Rye golf links, to the chauffeur of a royal automobile who, having conveyed his august master to call on the local great lady, spent a disgusted afternoon in The Mermaid expressing rancor at the fact that the stone-deaf old lady who kept the local toll gate should have refused to let her Sovereign pass through except after payment of a shilling. What exact treasures of information Mr. James can have extracted as to either the passengers to the golf links or the traveling habits of Edward VII, or what use he expected to make of that information, I do not know. But he had an extraordinary gift of exacting confidences and even confessions so that his collection of human instances must have been one of the vastest that any man ever had. It made him perhaps feel safe — or at least as safe as it was in his nature to feel. He could feel, that is to say, that he knew his own *milieu* — the coterie of titled, distinguished, and "good" people in which he and his books

moved and had their beings. And in the special English sense the words "good people" does not mean the virtuous but all the sufficiently well-born, sufficiently inconspicuous, sufficiently but not too conspicuously opulent, sufficiently but very certainly not too conspicuously intelligent and educated, that supply recruits to the ruling classes of the British Isles. . . .

Of that class he knew the lives and circumstances, at first perhaps rather superficially and with enthusiasm and at last profoundly and with disillusionment as profound as his knowledge. . . . And it comforted him to know "things" about the lives of the innumerable not-born that surrounded the manors or the De Vere Street apartments of the people he really knew, in the sense of having them on his calling list — and being on theirs. . . . He saw the "common people" lying like a dark sea round the raft of the privileged. They excited his piqued wonder, his ardent curiosity, he built the most elaborate theories all over and round them, he observed enough of them to be able to give characteristics, phrases, and turns of mind to the retainers of the Privileged, but he never could be brought to think that he knew enough about them to let him project their lives onto paper. He noted admirably the very phraseology of Mrs. Wicks, the faithful attendant of Maisie who lived forever in fear of being "spoken to", and with equal admirableness the point of view of poor Brooksmith, the gentleman's valet who "never *had* got his spirits up" after the loss of his one wonderful master. But if, as happens to us today, he had been confronted by a Radical Left clamoring that he must write about the proletariat or be lost, he would just for ever have dismissed his faithful amanuensis and relapsed into mournful silence.

He had that conscientiousness — or if you will, that pre-cautiousness . . . and that sense of duty to his public. He set himself up — and the claim was no little one — as directing his reader as to the fine shades of the psychology of a decorative and utterly refined world where it was always five o'clock. He makes the claim with the utmost equanimity again and again in his prefaces, only abandoning it to say that if the world did not in fact contain any creatures of such hypersensibility and sensitiveness as those he rendered in his later work, the world ought, if it was to lay claim to being civilized, to contain nobody else. . . . Yet he actually knew so many details of the lives of the poorer people about him in Rye that, as I have elsewhere related, I once asked him why he did not for once try his hand at something with at least the local peasantry for a *milieu*. The question was prompted more by wonder at the amazing amount he did know than by any idea that he would possibly consider having a try at it. After all, in masterpieces like *The Spoils of Poynton*, which remains for me the technical highwater mark of all James' work — and can't I remember the rapturous and shouting enthusiasm of Conrad over that story when we first read it together so that that must have been the highwater mark of Conrad's enthusiasm for the work of any other writer? In masterpieces, then, like *The Spoils of Poynton*, James, who fifteen years or so before must have been utterly foreign to the *milieu*, had got completely and mercilessly under the skin of the English ruling classes. So that if he could penetrate one foreignness why not another? And I cited his other great and impeccable masterpiece, *The Real Thing*, which shows members of the ruling classes reduced by financial disaster to

complete pennilessness. He replied, pausing for a moment whilst the heights of Iden with its white, thatched farmhouses formed a background to his male and vigorous personality—for it was always on the Winchelsea Road that we conversed . . . he replied then:

“My dear H, you confuse the analogies. You might say that I came to this country *from* comfortable circumstances *into* comfortably circumstanced circles. Though no further uptown than Washington Square, the Washington Square of my youth was almost infinitely divided, by gulfs, chasms, canyons, from the down-townnesses round Trinity Spire where, you understand, they worked—mysteriously and at occupations as to which we of Washington Square hadn’t the very ghost of an inkling. . . . And, if, as you have heard me say, the comfortably circumstanced of that day were not by any manner of means luxuriously—or even hardly so much as comfortably caparisoned or upholstered or garnished at table or horse-furnished when they rode in their buggies. . . . Or, if in the mecca of good society, internationally of the highest cultivation and nationally of all that the nation had of the illustrious to offer . . . if then, on descending the steps of the Capitol *on trébuchait sur des vaches* as the Marquis de Sabran-Penthièvre remarked in the Seventies, . . . if they still, at Washington, D. C., not Square, they still to the embarrassment of the feet of visiting diplomatists, pastured cows on the lawns outside the White House, nevertheless the frame of mind . . . the frame of mind, and that’s the important thing, was equally, for the supporters of the initials as for those of the Square, that of all the most comfortable that the world had to offer. . . . I do not suppose that, with the exception of the just-landed relatives

of my parents’ Nancies or Biddies or Bridgets in the kitchen visiting their kinsmaids, I ever saw to speak to a single human being who did not, as the phrase is—and heaven knows, more than the phrase is and desperate and dark and hideously insupportable the condition must be—the verb’s coming now . . . didn’t know where their next day’s meals were coming from . . . who were, that is to say, of that frame of mind, that, as the lamentable song says: ‘They lived in a dive and sometimes contrived to pick up a copper or two’. . . . For of course, as you were kind enough to say, in *The Real Thing* I have sufficiently well rendered the perturbations of the English comfortable who by financial disaster were reduced, literally, to complete vagueness as to the provenance of their next day’s breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner. . . . Or, as in the sketch—it isn’t sufficiently complete of the more than reduced circumstances of the fathers of Kate Croy in m . . . mmm. . . .” He stopped and surveyed me with a roguish and carefully simulated embarrassment. For it was established sufficiently between us that in the longish, leanish, fairish Englishman who was Morton Densher of *The Wings of the Dove*, he had made an at least external portrait of myself at a time when he had known me only vaguely and hadn’t imagined that in the ordinary course of things the acquaintance would deepen. . . . So he began again:

“Consider,” he said with a sort of appalled vehemence, “what it must be—how desperate and dark and abhorrent—to live in such tenebrousness that all the light that could fall into your cavern must come in through a tiny orifice which, if it were shuttered by a penny, would give you light, warmth, sustenance, society, even . . . and that, if it were absent, that

penny would disclose nothing but unmeasured blackness that penetrated to and pervaded your miserable lair. . . . All light, all hope, all chance in life or of heaven dependant from that tiny disk of metal. . . . Why, how could you enter into a frame of mind similar to that, and still more, if you were a writer, how could you render such circumstances and all their circumambiences and implications? . . . And you ask me, who *am* for my sins, of the same vocation as the beautiful Russian genius — who *am*, I permit myself to say, a renderer of human vicissitudes . . . of a certain conscience, of a certain scrupulousness . . . you ask *me* to mislead my devotees by the rendering of caves as to which I know nothing and as to the penetration or the mere imagination of which I truly shudder? . . . Perish the thought . . . I say perish, perish the damnable thought. . . .” He walked on for some time in a really disturbed silence, muttering every two or three seconds to himself — and then turned on me almost furiously.

“You understand,” he said, “the damnable thought is not that I might be poor. If I had to be poor I should hope to support the condition with equanimity. . . .” And he went on to explain that it wasn’t even the idea of contemplating, of delving into the poverty of others. What he shrank from was the temptation to treat themes that did not come into his province — the province that he considered the one in which he could work assuredly and with a quiet conscience.

Once he stopped suddenly on the road and said, speaking very fast:

“You’ve read my last volume? . . . There’s a story in it. . . .” He continued gazing intently at me, then as suddenly he began again: “There are subjects one thinks of treating all one’s life. . . . And one says they are not for one. And one

says one must not treat them . . . all one’s life. All one’s life. . . . And then suddenly . . . one does . . . *Voilà!*” He had been speaking with almost painful agitation. He added much more calmly: “One has yielded to temptation. One is to that extent dishonored. One must make the best of it.”

III

That story was *The Great Good Place*, appearing, I think, in the volume called *The Soft Side*. In it he considered that he had overstepped the bounds of what he considered proper to treat — in the way of his sort of mysticism. There were, that is to say, mysticisms that he considered proper to treat and others whose depths he thought should not be probed — at any rate by his pen. For there were whole regions of his character that he never exploited in literature, and it would be the greatest mistake to forget that the strongest note in that character was a mysticism different altogether in character from that of the great Catholic mystics. It resembled rather a perception of a sort of fourth dimensional penetration of the material world by strata of the supernatural, of the world of the living by individuals from among the dead. You will get a good inkling of what I mean if you will read again *The Turn of the Screw* with the constant peepings-in of the ghosts of the groom and the governess with their sense of esoteric evil — their constant peepings-in on the haunted mortals of the story. For him, good and evil were not represented by acts; they were something present in the circumambience of the actual world, something spiritual attendant on actions or words. As such he rendered them and, once convinced that he had got that sense in, he was content — he

even took an impish pleasure in leaving out the renderings of the evil actions.

Of that you can read sufficiently in his enormous and affrighting Prefaces. . . . He never specifies in *The Turn of the Screw* what were the evil deeds of the ghostly visitants, nor what the nature of the corruption into which the children fell. And, says he in the preface to the story:

Only make the reader's vision of evil intense enough, I said to myself — and that is already a charming job — and his own experience, his own sympathy (with the children) and horror (of their false friends) will supply him quite sufficiently with all the particulars. Make him *think* the evil, make him think it for himself, and you are released from weak specifications.

It is an admirable artistic maxim. But it did not — and that is what I am trying to emphasize as the main note of this paper — dispense him, in his own mind, from having all the knowledges, whether of esoteric sin or the mentality of butlers, that were necessary to make him feel that he knew enough about his subject to influence the reader's vision in the right direction. As far as I know — and if diligence in reading the works of James gives one the right to know, I ought to have that right — not a single rendering of esoteric sin, sexual incidents, or shadowing of obscenities exists in all the works of the Master, and his answer to D. H. Lawrence or to Rabelais would, for him, have been sufficiently and triumphantly expressed in the sentences I have just quoted.

But that did not prevent him — when he considered the occasion to serve — from making his conversation heroically Rabelaisian or, for me, really horrific, on the topics of esoteric sin or sexual indulgence. I have attended at conversations between

him and a queer tiny being who lay as if crumpled up on the stately sofa in James' magnificent panelled room in Lamb House — conversations that made the tall wax candles seem to me to waver in their sockets and the skin of my forehead and hands to prickle with sweat. I am in these things rather squeamish; I sometimes wish I was not but it is so and I can't help it. I don't wish to leave the impression that these conversations were carried on for purposes of lewd stimulation or irreverent ribaldry. They occurred as part of the necessary pursuit of that knowledge that permitted James to give his reader the "sense of evil". . . . And I dare say they freed him from the almost universal proneness of Anglo-Saxon writers to indulge in their works in a continually intrusive fumbling in placket-holes as Sterne called it, or in the lugubrious occupation of composing libidinous limericks. James would utter his racy "Ho-ho-ho's" and roll his fine eyes whilst talking to his curious little friend, but they were not a whit more racy and his eyes did not roll any more than they did when he was asking a housemaid or a parson's wife for advice as to the advisability of employing a Lady's Help, or than when he was recounting urbane anecdotes at tea on his lawn to the Ladies So and So and So and So. It was all in the day's work.

Exactly what may have been his intimate conviction as to, say, what should be the proper relation of the sexes, I don't profess to know. That he demanded from the more fortunate characters in his books a certain urbanity of behavior as long as that behavior took place in the public eye, his books are there to prove. That either Mr. Beale Farange or Mrs. Beale committed in the circumambience of *What Maisie Knew* one or more adulteries must be obvious, since they obtained divorces

in England. But the fact never came into the foreground of the book. And that he had a personal horror of letting his more august friends come into contact through him with anyone who might be even remotely suspected of marital irregularities, I know from the odd, seasonal nature of my relations with him. We met during the winters almost every day, but during the summers only by, usually telegraphed, appointment. This was because during the summer Mr. James' garden overflowed with the titled, the distinguished, the eminent in the diplomatic world . . . with all his *milieu*. And, once he had got it well fixed into his head that I was a journalist, he conceived the idea that all my friends must be illegally united with members of the opposite. So that it was inconceivable that my summer friends should have any chance to penetrate onto his wonderfully kept lawns. I do not think that I knew any journalists at all in those days and I am perfectly certain that, with one very eminent exception, I did not know anyone who had been so much as a plaintiff in the shadow of the divorce courts. I was in the mood in those days to be an English country gentleman and, for the time being, I was. . . . It happened, however, that the extraordinarily respectable wives of two eminent editors were one week-end during a certain summer staying in Winchelsea—which was a well-known tourist resort—and they took it into their heads to go and call on James at Rye.

I had hardly so much as a bowing acquaintance with them. But the next day, happening to go into Rye, I met the Old Man down by the harbor. Just at the point where we met was a coal yard whose proprietor had the same name as one of the husbands of one of those ladies. James stopped short and with a face work-

ing with fury pointed his stick at the coal man's name above the gate and brought out the exasperated words:

"A couple of jaded . . . WANTONS! . . ." and, realizing that I was fairly quick on the uptake, nothing whatever more. . . . But, as soon as the leaves fell, there he was back on my doorstep, asking innumerable advices—as to his investments, as to what would cure the parasites of a dog, as to brands of cigars, as to where to procure cordwood, as to the effects of the Corn Laws on the landed gentry of England. . . . And I would accompany him, after he had had a cup of tea, back to his Ancient Town; and next day I would go over and drink a cup of tea with him and wait whilst he finished dictating one of his sentences to his amanuensis and then he would walk back with me to Winchelsea. . . . In that way we each got a four-mile walk a day. . . .

No, I never did get any knowledge as to how he regarded sexual irregularities. . . . I remember he one day nearly made me jump out of my skin during a one-sided discussion as to the relative merits of Flaubert and Turgenev—the beautiful Russian genius of his youth. Turgenev was for him perfection—in person, except that his features were a little broad, in the Slav manner; in his books; in his manners; in his social relations, which were of the highest; in what was aristocratic. But Flaubert, James went on and on hating and grumbling at to the end of his days. Flaubert had, as I have elsewhere related, once been rude to the young James. That James never mentioned. But he had subsequently received James and Turgenev in his dressing gown. . . . It was not of course a dressing gown but a working garment—a sort of long, loose coat without revers—called a *chandail*. And if a French man of letters received

you in his *chandail*, he considered it a sort of showing honor, as if he had admitted you into his working intimacy. But James never forgave that—more perhaps on account of Turgenev than himself. . . . Flaubert for ever afterwards was for him the man who worked, who thought, who received, who lived—and perhaps went to Heaven in—his dressing gown! . . . In consequence he was a failure. All his books except one were failures—technical and material . . . and that one, *Madame Bovary*, if it was a success in both departments . . . well, it was nothing to write home about. And Flaubert's little *salon* in the Faubourg St. Honoré was "rather bare and provisional", and Flaubert cared too much for "form" and, because he backed bills for a relation, died in reduced circumstances. . . .

Flaubert was in short the sort of untidy colossus whom I might, if I had the chance, receive at Winchelsea, but who would never, never have been received on the summer lawns of Lamb House at Rye.

And suddenly Mr. James exclaimed, just at the dog-leg bend in the road between the two Ancient Towns:

"But Maupassant!!!! . . ." That man apparently was, for him, the real Prince Fortunatus amongst writers. I don't mean to say that he did not appreciate the literary importance of the author of *La Maison Tellier*—who was also the author of *Ce Cochon de Morin* and, alas, of *Le Horla*, so that whilst in 1888 James was writing of him the words I am about to quote, that poor Prince was already gravitating towards the lunatic asylum. But, writes Mr. James:

What makes M. de Maupassant salient is two facts: the first of which is that his gifts are remarkably strong and definite and the second that he writes

directly from them. . . . Nothing can exceed the masculine firmness, the quiet force of his style in which every phrase is a close sequence, every epithet a paying piece. Less than anyone today does he beat the air; more than anyone does he hit out from the shoulder . . .

sentiments which seem—but only seem—singular in view of the later convolutions of epithet that distinguished our Master. . . .

And those considerations in his conversation Mr. James completely omitted. On the Rye Road, Maupassant was for him the really prodigious, prodigal, munificent, magnificently rewarded Happy Prince of the Kingdom of Letters. He had yachts, villas on the Mediterranean, "affairs," mistresses, wardrobes of the most gorgeous, grooms, the entree into the historic *salons* of Paris, furnishings, overflowing bank balances . . . everything that the heart of man could require even to the perfectly authentic *de* to ally him to the nobility and a public that was commensurate with the ends of the earth. . . . And then, as the topstone of that edifice, Mr. James recounted that once, when Mr. James had been invited to lunch with him, Maupassant had received him, not, be assured, in a dressing gown, but in the society of a naked lady wearing a mask. . . . And Maupassant assured the author of *The Great Good Place* that the lady was a *femme du monde*. And Mr. James believed him. . . . Fortune could go no further than *that!* . . .

IV

Manners, morals, and the point of view have so changed since even 1906 when Mr. James must have recounted that anecdote that I am not going to dilate upon it. And you have to remember that some

years after the 1888 in which he wrote the words I have quoted, Mr. James underwent an experience that completely altered his point of view, his methods, and his entire literary practice. His earlier stages, Mr. James the Second contrived entirely — or almost entirely — to obscure in a sort of cuttlefish cloud of interminable phrases. Until the middle Nineties nothing could have exceeded the masculine firmness, the quiet force of his writing, and of no one else than himself could it more justly be written that “less than anyone did he beat the air, more than anyone did he hit out from the shoulder.”

That is amazingly the case. I have more than once proclaimed the fact that there were two Jameses. And yet no one could be more overwhelmed than I at rereading in their earliest forms, after all these years, his early masterpieces as they were written and before he went over and elaborated their phrases. Thus to reread is to realize with immense force that more than anyone else, in the matter of approach to his subjects, Maupassant rather than Turgenev must have been the young James's master. *Daisy Miller*; that most wonderful *nouvelle* of all, *The Four Meetings*; *The Pupil*; *The Lesson of the Master*; *The Death of the Lion*, and all the clear, crisp, mordant stories that went between, right up to *The Real Thing* and *In the Cage* — all these stories are of a complete directness, an economy, even of phrase, that make James one of the great masters of the *nouvelle*, the long or merely longish short story.

But at a given date, after a misfortune that, for the second time, shattered his life and convinced him that his illusions as to the delicacies of his “good” people of a certain *milieu* were in fact . . . delusions; after that he became the creature of infinite precautions that he was when

I knew him best. I had, that is to say, a sight — two or three sights, of him in the previous stage. Then he resembled one of those bearded elder statesmen — the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Charles Dilke or the Prince who was to become Edward VII. He was then slightly magisterial; he cross-questioned rather than questioned you; he was obviously of the *grand monde* and of the daily habit of rubbing, on equal terms, shoulders with the great.

But about the later James, clean-shaven, like an actor, so as to recover what he could of the aspect of youth; nervous; his face for ever mobile; his hands for ever gesturing; there hung continually the feeling of a forced energy, as if of a man conscious of failure and determined to conceal mortification. He had had two great passions — the one for a cousin whom he was to have married and who died of consumption while they were both very young, and the other for a more conspicuous but less satisfactory personage who in the end, at about the time when the break occurred, let him down mercilessly after a period of years. And the tenacity of his attachments was singular and unforgetting.

The Wings of the Dove [he writes in his preface of 1909 to that novel] published in 1902, represents to my memory a very old — if I shouldn't perhaps say a very young — motive. I can scarcely remember the time when the motive on which this long-drawn fiction mainly rests was not vividly present to me. The idea, reduced to its essence, is that of a young person conscious of a great capacity for life, but early stricken and doomed, condemned to die under short respite while also enamored of the world. . . . She was the last fine flower — blooming alone for the fullest attestation of her freedom — of an old New York stem, the happy congruities thus preserved being matters that I may not now go

into, although the fine association . . . shall yet elsewhere await me. . . .

I do not know anywhere words more touching. . . . And I do not think that, in spite of the later obscurity, the image of the Milly Theale of that book was ever very far away from his thoughts. I remember that when, in 1906, I told him that I was coming to this country, his immediate reaction was to ask me to visit his cousins, the Misses Mason at Newport, Rhode Island, and to take a certain walk along the undercliff beneath Ocean Avenue and there pay, as it were, vicarious honor to the spot where, for the last time, he had parted from his dead cousin. It was the most romantic—it was the only one that was romantic—of the many small jobs that I did for him. . . . And in one of the fits of apologizing that would occasionally come over him—for having physically drawn myself in the portrait of Morton Densher, who was to be sure no hero if he wasn't more than only very subterranously discreditable—he once said:

"After all you've got to remember that I was to fabricate a person who could decently accompany, if only in the pages of my book, another person to whom I was—and remain, and remain, heaven knows—let us say, most tenderly attached . . ." As if to say that, in fabricating such a person, his mind would not let him portray someone who was completely disagreeable.

The other attachment was completely detrimental to him. Its rupture left him the person of infinite precautions that I have here rather disproportionately limned. It was as if, from then on, he was determined that nobody or nothing—no society coterie, no tram-conductor, no housemaid, no *femme du monde*—should ever have the chance, either in life or in his books, to let him down. And it was as if he said the very same thing to the phrases

that he wrote. If he was continuously parenthetical it was in the determination that no word he wrote should ever be misinterpreted, and if he is, in his later work, bewildering, it was because of the almost panicked resolve to be dazzlingly clear. Because of that he could never let his phrases alone. . . . How often when waiting for him to go for a walk haven't I heard him say whilst dictating the finish of a phrase:

"No, no Miss Dash . . . that is not clear. . . . Insert before 'we all are' . . . Let me see. . . . Yes, insert 'not so much locally, though to be sure we're here; but temperamentally, in a manner of speaking.'" . . . So that the phrase, blindingly clear to him by that time, when completed would run:

So that here, not so much locally, though to be sure we're here, but at least temperamentally in a manner of speaking, we all are.

No doubt the habit of dictating had something to do with these convolutions, and the truth of the matter is that during these later years he wrote far more for the ear of his amanuensis than for the eye of the eventual reader. So that, if you will try the experiment of reading him aloud and with expression, you will find his even latest pages relatively plain to understand. But, far more than that, the underlying factor in his later work was the endless determination to add more and more detail, so that the exact illusions and the exact facts of life may appear, and so that everything may be blindingly clear even to a little child. . . . For I have heard him explain with the same profusion of detail as he gave to my appalled and bewildered housemaid—I have heard him explain to Conrad's son of five why he wore a particular hat whose unusual shape had attracted the child's attention. He was de-

terminated to present to the world the real, right thing!

I will quote, to conclude, the description of myself as it appears in *The Wings of the Dove* so that you may have some idea of what was James' image of the rather silent person who walked so often beside him on the Rye Road.

He was a longish, leanish [alas, alas!] fairish young Englishman, not unnameable on certain sides to classification — as for instance being a gentleman, by being rather specifically one of the educated, one of the generally sound and generally civil; yet, though to that degree neither extraordinary nor abnormal, he would have failed to play straight into an observer's hands. He was young for the House of Commons; he was loose for the Army. He was refined, as might have been said, for the City and, quite apart from the cut of his cloth, sceptical, it might have been felt, for the Church. On the other hand he was credulous for

diplomacy, or perhaps even for science, while he was perhaps at the same time too much in his real senses for poetry and yet too little in them for art. . . . The difficulty with Densher was that he looked vague without looking weak — idle without looking empty. It was the accident possibly of his long legs which were apt to stretch themselves; of his straight hair and well-shaped head, never, the latter neatly smooth and apt into the bargain . . . to throw itself suddenly back and, supported behind by his up-lifted arms and interlocked hands, place him for unconscionable periods in communion with the ceiling, the tree-tops, the sky. . . .

That, I suppose, was the young man that James rather liked. But I do not know that I would have surrendered to him, even for the pages of a book, *my* Milly Theale. . . . But then I shall never write such a wonderful, such a tender and beautiful book.



TRISTAN AND ISOLDE, ACT I

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN

OFFSTAGE the singing sailor has created
 A sea, a ship. The music will not rest,
 The cup is out, and now the two are fated.
 The wind drives hard from Ireland in the west.
 Their garments heavy with the rushing air
 They lean upon the wind. Reluctant, still,
 To loose a soul's integrity, they spare
 The isolate moment, hug the lonely will.
 She lifts her face. Their looks advance, engage.
 The sunlight breaks along the Cornish rocks.
 The gilded wooden cup falls to the stage,
 Rolls, clattering, beyond the prompter's box.
 The music past, we turn with casual breath
 To words, who long since drank the single death.

PROSTITUTION IN JAPAN

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

THERE are today more than 50,000 licensed prostitutes in Japan. No other nation in history has ever succeeded in elevating the ancient profession to such secure position in national life, and continuing it into the modern era with the frank admission that society cannot be readjusted to meet the problems of abolition. Centuries ago the Japanese perceived that the natural force of certain appetites far exceeds the requirements of human happiness; but, instead of setting themselves to redress this disturbed equilibrium, they simply accepted the fact and sought to subject its consequences to official control. There is in the Japanese character an element of resignation which has no affinity with the stubborn moral resistance offered in the West to ills that are recognized as inevitable.

As the Confucian system of ethics regards the family as the very pivot of the state, a powerful motive has always operated to defend the Japanese domestic circle against the incursions of irregular passion. It is a notable fact today that, while Japanese women form no small percentage of the commodity moved on the so-called white slave marts of the East, the prostitute-emigrant of Nippon, wherever she goes, remains always the product of a curious, centuries-old system, as characteristic as the samurai and Hiroshige prints.

In native accounts the prostitute is even credited with deified origin. Legend has it

that when the god Kamo Myojin descended to earth on the Island of Nippon 3000 years ago, he brought prostitutes with him. Kamo Myojin himself had something of a Mosaic origin and perhaps came naturally by his fondness for dalliance: for his mother, so the legend goes, while still a virgin (according to her own account), was playing beside a Heavenly stream when a red-lacquered arrow came floating down, struck her, and did not float away. In time she felt an inspiration from this arrow and gave birth to a son — who was Kamo Myojin. Arriving on this earth, the god installed his accompanying prostitutes in a shrine at Settsu, and thence through the years, as in Greece and ancient Rome, prostitutes had an intimate relationship with shrines.

There was a time when all the women of a Japanese village were regarded as common property. Proofs of this still exist in the festivals of Kagai and Kijima in remote sections of the country, and a song of those early days persists: "Everyone's wife is mine and mine is everyone's". According to ancient accounts the practice was condoned by the deities as "good for the people's minds". But gradually, with the introduction of the Confucian system of ethics, monogamy fastened itself upon Japan and in the changing period the common property idea modified itself into a system whereby a number of women for a certain period were required to bestow their favors upon all who asked. This

evolved into the festivals of *Sakone* (sleeping together), the *Daki* (hugging), and others. There was also the ancient *uneme* system, by which daughters of minor nobles were sent to the royal court to serve, originally in the belief that they waited upon the gods.

Before the year 1000, as indicated in the written record *Daijo Kanpu*, there came over the people what was referred to as a "revival of virginity". Today the Japanese word for virgin is *otome*, just as it was in those days, but the meaning is significantly changed. As the movement for "revival of virginity" spread, there was introduced the convenient procedure by which a non-virgin could pass through a period of religious observation — principally fasting — and become a virgin again. There also arose the expression, "though virginity be sold, the body is not soiled", and to guarantee this at least socially the priests of the shrines always stood ready to supervise such rites as would restore virginity to religious prostitutes and others. (Curiously enough, at about this time Pope Innocent III, ruler of a state which Japan had never heard of, announced that marriage to a prostitute was a praiseworthy act.)

Prostitution definitely emerged from the temples and shrine precincts in 1185, and modern Japan, with its great veneration for "honorable first things", has not forgotten the beautiful lady who is credited with starting the modern licensed business in the Empire. She was the maternal head of the powerful house of Minamoto, which was carrying on a bloody feudal war with a rival nobility, the Tairas. In time the Minamotos were so nearly extinguished that the last heir of the house, the child Yoritomo, was preserved only through the act of his mother in granting her body to the victorious head of the Taira clan who

had slain her husband. Yoritomo grew up, learned his identity by accident, rallied his clan, wiped out the Tairas, and, remembering the fate of his mother, forced the aristocratic Taira women into prostitution at Shimonoseki. Yoritomo actually issued licenses for the profession. So that, down through the seven intervening centuries, the prostitutes of Shimonoseki have boasted of their high heritage, even to wearing the distinctive Taira headdress which they affect to this day.

The existing legal basis of licensed prostitution in Japan is the Home Ministry's edict of Meiji 33 (1900). Under its regulations the 51,000 prostitutes receive over 22,000,000 registered guests a year, each girl accommodating an average of 536 men, who pay about \$1.25 a visit as their share of the annual revenue of some \$35,000,000. The brothel receives half the fee outright, and collects another quarter for the girl's board. The balance is the prostitute's nominal income: from this she must pay for a personal maid in the better establishments, or contribute to a common maid in the lower ones, and buy cosmetics, hair-dressing supplies, and personal accessories. In the end her personal indebtedness exceeds her income to such an extent that she is seldom able to buy her way out of the establishment within the five to ten years she serves.

"Buying out" means returning to the brothel the money advanced to the girl's parents for her nominal sale into slavery. Eighty per cent of the prostitutes are procured from the impoverished farming districts by recognized agents who roam the countryside as openly as buyers for any Western department store. These agents offer cash to needy farmers with large families, in return for signed contracts whereby the daughters' services are given over to the licensed houses. The contracts,

incidentally, are iron-clad in any court, so honored in fact that police are obliged to return runaway prostitutes to their lawful owners, just as army deserters are corralled in America. The average amount paid for a contract is \$350, though the price may vary depending upon the girl's attractions, age, willingness to enter the profession, and the bargaining ability of her parents. Here the family system operates powerfully, for it is a recognized act of filial duty for a girl to agree to the transaction.

To many a girl, doubtless, the life of a *shogi* (prostitute) may appeal. Ostracized she may be, but distinctly she is not entering a "life of shame". There is, in fact, no analogous term in the Japanese language. More often, if her sacrifice for her family is marked, she enters the new life with something akin to honor.

II

It may be debatable whether legal and commercial prostitution can be made a thing of beauty; but if it can, Japan, land of exquisite niceties of nature and art, has succeeded. Certainly her segregative system has removed from the streets at night that sordid brazen-faced solicitation which disgraces Western cities. To Americans red-light districts invariably mean rows of bare-faced, disreputable houses across the railroad tracks, with fat, porcine madams sitting in wrappers on the stoops while ogling girls in soiled negligee lean from first-story windows and hail passers-by. But the same business is remarkably different in Japan, where the licensed quarters have been converted into veritable showplaces. The cherryblossoms at some of them are so famed that the wives of the gentry pay annual visits to admire their beauty.

Such a place is the famous Yoshiwara in Tokyo, "honorably founded" in 1617. Westerners who have never visited Japan often speak of a "Yoshiwara" as if the word were a generic term. That is not correct; for it is a proper name, the name of only one licensed quarter, of which there are in Tokyo five other large ones: Susaki, Shejuku, Itabashi, Senju, and Shinagawa. The Japanese term for licensed quarter is *yūkaku* or *kuruwa*. The Yoshiwara owes its beginning, like the pioneer establishment of an American boom town, to the sudden shift of Japan's capital from Kyoto to Tokyo in the early seventeenth century. As Tokyo (then known as Yedo) rose to splendor, people from all parts of the country flocked there, and the courtesans were not behind-hand. Native accounts say they arrived in little parties of threes and fours; but a band of some twenty or thirty from the town of Moto-Yoshiwara were either the most numerous or the most beautiful, and so the district where they took up their stand came to be called the Yoshiwara.

These licensed quarters today are park-like places, beautifully landscaped with rock gardens, lotus-covered ponds, tiny bridges, and transplanted trees from which in the summer time carefully cultivated crickets sing a constant symphony. Each quarter contains from twenty to fifty individual houses centered on one entrance, an ornamental gateway opening on a wide street, reserved for pedestrians and rickshas. There is usually an inconspicuous police box, manned by two policemen, at the side of the entrance; but inside, although plainclothes detectives occasionally roam the street, the uniformed policeman is a rarity. The houses are in regular rows, generally two-storied, and of the familiar Japanese architecture with wide balconies on the upper floors. Down the small side

streets are shops for food and drink, cosmetics and kimonos — and photographs, for the Japanese gentleman on a night out delights in having his photograph taken, usually at the height of the gaiety.

The foyer of the typical house resembles that of an ordinary Japanese dwelling with the customary “shoe-off” place where shoes or *geta* are removed and checked by footmen. In this foyer are displayed the embellished photographs of the inmates, so that the prospective patron may pause and select the girl of his choice. A polite, bowing gentleman in a penned-up enclosure nearby is ready to answer questions and come to such financial arrangements as are dictated by the desires of the patron.

In the old days, instead of photographs, the girls themselves appeared at latticed windows on the first floor for purposes of advertisement and selection, thus giving rise to the mistaken Western idea that Japanese prostitutes were kept in cages.

Having come to an understanding with the office, the patron is conducted to one of the several upstairs drawing rooms where he takes his seat on a cushion. A waitress soon appears with a low, portable table and a dish of the inevitable *sembi* (sold in America as “Japanese cocktail crackers”). Beer or *sake* may be ordered, or even whisky, but these are not required. After the waitress has disappeared one of the staff madams enters, and with great ceremony ushers in a half dozen or more girls. The *shogi* are dressed in their finest raiment, beautifully flowered kimonos with perhaps three or four under-kimonos of silk. The *obi*, or sash, has its bow in front, the time-honored mark of the prostitute; all other Japanese women, including *geisha*, knot the *obi* at the back. The utmost formality is preserved for a time — there is no décolleté appeal, and any immediate attempt to fondle the girls is

warded off. The *shogi* are there only for inspection, and in a public place where exhibitionism is vulgar. (The Japanese woman’s conception of modesty is not readily comprehensible to Westerners. She avoids exposure of any part of her person except the hands and face. The restraining impulse, however, seems to be respect for etiquette rather than dread of outraging modesty: the *shogi* will think nothing of taking off her clothes and bathing in the presence of men, because there the purpose is simply bathing. The intention, not the act itself, is what matters.)

So far as the demeanor of the selected girl is concerned, it would appear the guest is in the drawing room solely for a pleasant social call. There is an interlude of drinking, story-telling, and easy conversation. Never would the *shogi* be so bold as to suggest the couple retire to her own quarters. Eventually, of course, that is likely to be the suggestion of her squire; when he makes the indication she rises and flutters gaily from the room. A few moments later the maid reappears to inform the guest that the Honorable Miss Plum-Blossom awaits her lord in her suite — usually a tiny bedroom and private parlor. There the patron finds a cotton kimono laid out for him, and as he exchanges his street clothes for that, his companion of the evening enters from her bedroom, divested of her finery, but still primly attired in a night-kimono. Then comes the final ceremonious invitation into the bedroom where a double *futon*, or Japanese bed, has been spread upon the floor. There is a high, wooden pillow to prevent the lady’s hair from becoming disarranged during the night. Outside the paper-shuttered doors and windows, soft *samisen* music may be heard and occasionally the jangling bell of the night watchman. . . .

This procedure varies little whatever may be the grade of the brothel. The same semi-formality, venerable custom, and quiet dignity exist whether in a house frequented by the wealthy or one catering to soldiers or to coolies. It is an austerity that frowns on debaucheries and degeneration, and so ingrained is that Japanese quality we call reserve, that there have been little changes in the system for over three hundred years.

The only modern touches to be found in the houses are a few radios and occasionally a modern dance for the more Westernized patrons. Bobbed hair and short skirts are never seen: Japanese girls who disregard ancient and honorable customs are referred to unfavorably as *moga*, a contraction of *modan garu*, the Japanese form of "modern girl". The few prostitutes who have been so rash as to bob their hair, according to one journal that commands such circulation in the quarters as to deserve the title of trade paper, have been compelled to wear false hair dressed in the formal style so as not to offend patrons.

III

Outside the licensed prostitute quarters there has recently arisen a good deal of competition. This extra-mural vice has been largely in the hands of waitresses in the thousands of modern cafés which have sprung up in Japan since the great earthquake of 1923. These waitresses, whose favors may be contracted for during business hours and purchased later in their own shabby rooms, are a constantly growing anxiety to the police, who have not yet devised ways to control them. Café owners are fully aware of this secret prostitution but rather than discourage it they only seek to increase the number and at-

tractiveness of their employees by advertising widely for "beautiful girls". At many of these cafés the waitresses receive no wages, depending entirely upon their outside activities for income.

Still other competition comes from the *moga* found in the new taxi-dance halls, which have mushroomed in the past decade. The dance hall girls are smarter appearing than the waitresses and have learned how to wear low-cut Western gowns and high-heeled slippers. In the dance halls, however, the police have had more control. The Home Ministry, chief guardian of Japanese morals, issued regulations preventing the girls, among other things, from making dates on the premises and from dancing with students in uniform.

The *geisha* have always been competitors of the *shogi*, yet strictly honorable ones. The *geisha* is not a prostitute *per se*: she is an entertainer, a demimondaine trained in the ways of pleasing gentlemen by dancing formal dances, playing the *samisen*, reciting, and telling slightly risqué stories. But the *geisha* is also licensed and subject to a very old set of police regulations as regards age, accomplishments, parental consent, and the like. She is either attached to a *machiai* (waiting house) or goes on her own as a free lance.

A Japanese gentleman, bent upon a pleasant evening, may often employ both *geisha* and *shogi*, the *geisha* to entertain him and the prostitute until such time as he retires. But needless to say, the *geisha* too has her price, albeit a higher one than the *shogi's*; she requires a bit of wooing, but her favors, once extended, are more likely to be consistent. It is from the ranks of *geisha* that Japanese gentlemen invariably choose their mistresses. In the main, however, the only fundamental difference

between these gay sisters is that the prostitute ties her sash in front.

Against all these inroads, together with the growing movement for abolition of licensed vice, the owners of prostitution houses naturally have had to organize. This they did, in fact, some fifty years ago, and their organization is a strong one. Called the "vice trust" by reformers, the Licensed Quarters Owners Association holds annual meetings which are faithfully reported by the daily vernacular press. The more articulate members make lengthy speeches on the importance of preserving the old national spirit of Japan, condemn reform methods as giving rise to an unregulated and consequently more vicious system, and, in general, discuss the trade. On the occasion of one annual meeting a few years ago, the papers reported in ultra-serious vein that the brothel owners, in protest over some new point won by the other side, had decided upon a weapon of trade unionism popular in Japan at that time. This was expressed in a Japanese word which might be translated literally as "going slow", or more freely as sabotage. It was assumed that the application would be somewhat general.

Many Japanese liberal leaders have joined the fight for abolition of licensed prostitution, arguing that the system is not consistent with the dignity of a first-class Power. Some would abolish it overnight, but they have no solution for the

problem of public morality that would result if 50,000 licensed prostitutes were suddenly turned out of their quarters and put on their own. Many of those who defend the system maintain that it affords a measure of protection against the spread of disease; but on this point even medical men fail to agree, some contending that while inspection acts as a useful check, it also gives a feeling of false security and is therefore harmful.

The growth of education among women, the increasing number of women's magazines, the activities of groups of social workers who are attempting to eradicate the belief that a girl is performing an act of filial duty if she sells herself to obtain money for her parents—all these are working weightily toward a change.

Last year the Cabinet appeared to be giving serious consideration to an abolition edict, together with a practical method of readjustment. Owners of several establishments affected to see the handwriting on the wall and freed their girls, writing off their debts. But, during a subsequent session of the Diet, the brothel owners' association circulated a petition setting forth the familiar arguments for continuation of the system. A majority of the Diet members signed the petition, the vernacular press viewed this action as a symptom of reaction against struggling liberalism—and the Cabinet apparently decided to let it go at that.

THE STARVATION BLOCKADE

BY FLETCHER PRATT

THE news that Jefferson Davis was offering letters of marque to all comers burst upon Washington that morning, April 18, 1861, via the electric telegraph and the New York newspapers. Mr. Secretary of State Seward, who was then playing at premier, at once called a cabinet meeting to consider the problem. As a matter of tact he had to invite Chase of the Treasury and Welles of the Navy Department: they were both ex-Democrats, hence radicals, so as a matter of policy he also summoned Blair and Bates, the ex-Whigs, who, with himself, would be able to outvote them. Mr. Lincoln, at that time, was supposed to be a kind of megaphone, or instrument for making Seward's voice sound louder, and had thus far given few indications he intended to play any other role. Seward anticipated no difficulty from him.

The meeting, had it not concerned so serious a matter, would have seemed slightly comic, which is probably the reason why no notes were taken. The six were all attorneys, but none of them remembered anything about maritime law except a few odd words like "barratry"; on the question of the legal aspects of Confederate privateering they were quite willing to let Seward talk, which he did persuasively and at length, advocating the blockade of New Orleans, Charleston, and Wilmington, North Carolina.

Welles, a large man with a beard that raced away in every direction from the

center of his face as though the strands were seeking corners in which to conceal themselves, demurred on principle—the principle being that Seward should attend to the State Department and leave naval matters to him. It would have been ungracious to say as much openly; he entered the idea in his diary, but aloud remarked only that the proclamation of a formal blockade would be a concession of the Confederacy's belligerent rights. Why not simply announce that the Southern ports were closed as a "domestic municipal operation"? Then no ship which visited them could obtain a valid customs clearance and the captains of such ships would not be received in their home ports.

They batted the ball around for an hour or two of argument with hot-tempered Blair now and then chipping in on Seward's side. The President, foreseeing they would get nowhere, took a vote. It came out as expected—Seward, Blair, and Bates for blockade, Chase and Welles for closing the ports. Secretary Nicolay was called in, and with a volume of British Admiralty papers as a model, a proclamation placing the states from South Carolina around to Texas under blockade was drawn up then and there. It was on the streets by morning.

Only one small modification of the classical model was introduced. As the document was being drafted, Welles pointed out that the government had at its disposal only three warships, not

enough to blockade one port, to say nothing of the whole Gulf Coast. Would it not be better, therefore, to make the terms somewhat indefinite, allowing the blockading captains to take station where they seemed most needed? The President accepted the suggestion.

I have deemed it advisable [read the proclamation] to set on foot a blockade of the ports within the states aforesaid. If a vessel shall approach or shall attempt to leave any of the said ports, she shall be warned, and if the same vessel shall again attempt to enter or leave the blockaded port she will be captured.

But that modification, born of inexperience, purposeful indefiniteness, and hurry, in a proclamation packed together carelessly in the small hours of the morning, was sufficient to ruin the Confederacy and to launch upon the world a new principle in human strife—the principle of attacking the morale of enemy non-combatants through the starvation blockade, which is at once the most effective and most appalling feature of modern conflicts.

Thus, by a peculiar irony, it was a purely military step instituted by the most humane of men which gave rise to the most inhumane method of warfare. Hunger blockades were nothing new in land warfare, even then; they had been waged, in the form of sieges against specific localities, for centuries. This was, however, the first time a starvation blockade had ever been applied, intentionally or no, to a whole nation. And it took so long for the rest of the world to recognize the blockade as the determining factor in the war, that it was not until 1915, when the news of German shortages first began to reach Allied countries, that anyone really understood the truth. The tremendous military victories of Grant, Sherman, and Thomas had sent the Confederacy down with a

crash; these spectacular triumphs masked the fact that the real damage lay deeper. The Germans, in 1916, protested mightily—but they were just fifty-five years too late.

II

The Civil War blockade came about through a curious interplay of personality and event. When Charles Francis Adams, the new minister to England, arrived in London he found Seward's blockade the subject of a lively and somewhat amused curiosity on the part of Her Majesty's Government. Lord John Russell, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, called on him with the remark that the coast to be blockaded was excessively long—did the Americans intend to blockade it all or only to make a declaration to that effect and bottle up certain special ports? It was a sly inquiry, more sly than it sounded, made largely to get the Americans on record with a principle which they might find it inconvenient to disavow. Behind Lord Russell's Brownie-like countenance as he made it was considerable knowledge of the state of the American navy; a blockade of the whole Southern coast was a flat impossibility. Adams could hardly maintain it was; he would be forced to accept the alternative, whereupon Lord Russell, with all the politeness in the world, would point out that Great Britain had done exactly the same during the Napoleonic wars, whereupon the United States had gone to war to dispute the point as bad doctrine. The old American principle of the freedom of the seas, sacred cow of United States diplomacy, would thus be abolished by American action—or else America could be forced to swallow it with all its implications and call off the blockade.

Adams saw the trap; he replied rather loftily that the difficulty of blockading the South was not as great as it seemed; the actual ports were few in number. He had every reason to believe the blockade would be effective along the whole Confederate coast. Both men knew it was a play for time; as soon as Adams got home he sent off an urgent appeal that Seward do something quick. The message arrived in time to expedite further a process already begun at Washington, where Welles' objections to a blockade were nourished by the fact that he had no ships. The whole navy consisted of only ninety vessels, half of them unseaworthy hacks forty or more years of age. Only twenty-four of the remainder had steam power; of these, eighteen were showing the flag in all parts of the world—as a matter of fact some of them did not return for a year.

The Cabinet held another navy meeting a week after the original proclamation. It had been an eventful week, with Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina going over to the rebels and Missouri and Kentucky teetering on the edge, but the naval feature of the week was that Lincoln, Welles, and Seward had severally consulted experts in maritime jurisprudence. They learned that a blockade is legal as long as there is any kind of old scow with a gun standing off a port; if however, a vessel can run into the port without seeing or being seen by a blockader, the blockade is broken and not binding till a week or more after it has been re-proclaimed. On the other hand, once the old scow-with-gun is on the job, it becomes illegal for any ship even to sail for the port in question. Such a ship may be taken on the high seas, or as it emerges from a neutral port.

It was probably with this point in view, and the fact that the decadent American

Navy consisted largely of high-sea cruisers, valuable for long-range work but not so good for a shallow water blockade, that led the President to dispatch an officer to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia to buy any steamers he could. It was the time of the Baltimore riots; bridges were down and rails up everywhere near the seacoast cities; when Lincoln next heard of his officer he was in Wheeling, West Virginia, not a very good spot to buy ocean cruisers. But the man got through eventually, purchased eight ships in Philadelphia, ten at New York, and five more at Boston. Six of the twenty-three were ferries, four were river steamers, the rest assorted marine whatnots that no one else wanted, and none of them could fire more than a few rounds without shaking their decks to pieces with recoil, but they were good enough to establish the legal point.

South of the Potomac these alarms and excursions excited only a certain amusement over "Abe Lincoln's soap box navy". The privateering proclamation had produced little result, the blockade was doing no better. In fact, it was so notoriously a blockade of words on paper that Jefferson Davis hardly considered it worth while to make a protest. Like every other Southerner at the time he clung to the slogan "Cotton Is King", as if it were an article of faith. "Cotton will bring England to her knees", the *Charleston Mercury* had declared when the blockade was announced. Everyone believed it; action on the part of the Confederate cabinet was considered unnecessary, because England must automatically rise in defense of the rights of neutrals and her cotton staple, send her vast fleet to break through the blockade, and bring home the goods her essential industry demanded.

But this attitude overlooked two points of capital importance. One was that the

British textile industry worked on a considerable time-lag from the harvesting of the cotton crop. Not till the spring of '62 would the crop of '61 be needed, and until that time there would be no one to stir the British government to action. The second was that neither the British nor any other government plunges into war for an abstract principle when no material interest has been menaced. And the menace to the textile industry of Manchester was not the Northern blockade but the Southern declaration of war. The blockade violated the principle of blockades in not being effective. But British trade with the South, the cotton-carrying trade, had gone almost entirely in American bottoms before the war. Those bottoms were owned in the Northern states; when the war began the cotton carriers returned to their home ports in New York, Boston, or Baltimore, and the harbors of the Confederacy closed automatically, tight as any military power could seal them. The question of the rights of neutrals was academic where there were no neutrals to claim rights.

It required a month or two for the appreciation of this to filter into Confederate intellects. Probably the first resulting idea came from Judah Philip Benjamin, a great head for working out complicated diplomatic schemes. At all events when Major Huse and Captain Bulloch went to London in the summer of 1861 to buy arms for the Confederacy, they were given the secondary object of creating a neutral interest that the blockade would menace—in other words, opening up British trade with the South, cotton against munitions, profitable to both sides. Fraser, Trenholm & Company, were the financial agents; they chartered a big new freighter, the *Bermuda*, loaded her with munitions, and sent her to Charleston, S. C. The *Ber-*

muda's captain chose his time carefully, rode in through an offshore gale, came out on another with a hold full of cotton, and was able to report that he had failed to sight any blockaders on either trip.

The next step was to organize a British & American Southern Steamship Company and announce a list of monthly sailings for Charleston. It was August now; the blockade was beginning to tighten, but that was all the better. The *Bermuda's* sailing had shown the blockade did not really exist, it had not been re-proclaimed, and if one of the British & American Southern ships were stopped or captured, it would be a flat violation of international law with Britain the aggrieved party.

The plan worked; within a month one of the steamers was stopped, sent in for adjudication, and condemned as a blockade runner. The Confederates now had their talking point, though its value was less than it seemed, for the stately pavaues of the diplomatic manoeuvre had consumed six months during which the Union navy had come home from the four corners of the world and received a reinforcement of double its numbers besides. There was already a good deal of a blockade; and it had been opened with a studied and surprising moderation that left little cause for neutral complaint. The few foreign ships found off Confederate coasts were warned as provided in the proclamation—in fact, the July and August reports of blockading officers consisted of little but lists of ships warned.

Such as the point was, the Confederate cabinet lumbered on to make the most of it, clinging to the picture they had built up of an England only waiting for a sound pretext to declare the blockade illegal. They were right enough as regards the English aristocracy, but England was no longer ruled by the county aristocracy;

the royal family were for peace and Premier Palmerston did not wish to risk his slender majority in the House on the issue of war on the side of a slave power. Yet Davis made the most of his issue — James M. Mason was accredited ambassador to the Court of St. James, was instructed to protest the blockade in the strongest terms, and slipped through to Nassau on a blockade runner. He took a British mail steamer for London.

At this point matters were complicated by the injection of the personality of Captain Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., an old-school sea dog who detested politicians and all their works. (Parenthetically, he had good reason: while in charge of the department of charts at Annapolis thirty years before, he had set up instruments for shooting the stars, but had been forced to take them down again at the instance of certain Southern congressmen who insisted a national observatory was unconstitutional.) Wilkes — “an exact, but crank, disobedient man”, said Welles — was then in command of the steam frigate *San Jacinto*, cruising for blockade runners off Nassau. In port he heard that the steamer *Trent* was due to leave for London in a few days, with Mason and a fellow-ambassador, John Slidell, aboard. Mason was then regarded throughout the North as the arch-traitor of the whole Secesh lot, the man who had tumbled Virginia into rebellion. He was a prize worth having; Wilkes kept his own counsel, but determined to show the politicians back home how a navy man could cut their cobwebs. As the *Trent* made her way out of harbor he put his frigate across her bows, fired a couple of shots that brought her to, sent a lieutenant and a file of marines on board, and demanded the persons of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. They refused to leave, but “after a gentle application of force” they

were taken aboard the frigate, and carried off to prison in Boston.

The country went wild with delight. Welles wrote Captain Wilkes a letter of congratulation, Congress voted him a gold medal, and the city of Boston promised a chicken dinner. But when the news reached London, Charles Francis Adams’ hair stood on end. The *Trent* was a British mail steamer plying between imperial ports and had never even approached the blockade. A raging tide of resentment blew up like a tornado, and the mildest proposition Palmerston could extract from an excited cabinet was that a demand be made for the cashiering of Wilkes and the delivery of the prisoners with military honors on threat of instant war. Eight thousand troops were ordered to Canada, the Channel Fleet was placed in commission, and Lord Russell prepared a fighting ultimatum.

But it was never sent; for while Russell was drawing it up, Prince Albert posted into town from Oxford, and simultaneously with his arrival came a note from Napoleon III, offering to help the British resent the insult. The latter brought Palmerston up all standing; it would never do to have that imperial busybody taking action in a purely Anglo-Saxon matter, especially as he would be sure to claim some absurd reward for his help. As Palmerston hung undecided, Minister Adams arrived with a dose of soothing syrup — Captain Wilkes’ action had certainly been unauthorized and would probably be disavowed. Why not let the British note on the subject suggest as much? The idea fell on fertile soil; Palmerston was past seventy, an age at which a new war meant for him only the disruption of an agreeable mode of life. Nobody knows what he said or wrote to the Prince, but next morning Albert got out of bed at seven-thirty

to tear Russell's ultimatum to bits. When the note finally went off it was merely a polite request for the delivery of the prisoners.

There were no cables in those days, so the note had to wait for the mails, and the American cabinet spent Christmas Eve talking the matter over. Strangely enough, it was Lincoln who held out for keeping the prisoners; Wilkes' capture had proved so popular that the President feared the effect an adverse ruling would have on the administration's credit. The Cabinet was all against him, however, and he let himself be persuaded, for which he was later devoutly grateful.

The importance of this teapot tempest in history was its effect on the general question of blockade and neutral rights. Mr. Mason was the typical Southern pre-war political whip, respectable, indolent, proud, and humorless. Not altogether unnaturally he attributed the uproar over his case to English affection for himself and the Confederate cause. Upon his release, he breezed into London all ready to play the conquering hero, with a mouth full of platitudes and a heart full of "Cotton will bring England to her knees". He made himself quite insufferable. England looked, comprehended, and was annoyed; a week later the London *Times*, which had been thundering for war with America, growled that Mason was "The most miserable prey possible to have wrested from the jaws of the American lion", and Lord Russell refused to receive him. Whatever the present merits of his case, they were blanketed under the handicap of his bumptious method of presentation, so sharply at contrast with Mr. Adams' courteous deference. Worse even—the passing of the *Trent* cloud generated an atmosphere of good feeling in which all minor questions vanished like thin smoke.

Mason might have overcome his initial mistake in time—he was, after all, a clever politician—but time was just what Mason lacked. It was January before he arrived in England, and it was the end of February before he found a friendly member of the opposition to raise a question in the House. When the Foreign Office passed the question along to Adams, that gentleman had no longer to avoid the issue: he quoted good, hard statistics—how the American navy, during the last ten months, had increased from twenty-four steamers to 136, and how every important Southern port was sealed by a double line of blockaders, light vessels close inshore and big ocean-going cruisers in the offing to pick up or run down anything that got through. Russell replied to the question by declaring that the blockade was in fact effective, and thereby put England on record as accepting it.

III

In the meantime the blockade was producing an effect unexampled in naval history, partly directly, partly collaterally. The motley collection of ex-ferry boats and river steamers that went down to the Carolina shores in the summer of '61 included very few craft that could maintain station for any length of time. Baltimore was a poor port because half-rebellious; the distances to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston were excessive and, seagoing speeds being what they then were, three or four vessels had to be kept in service for every one kept off the Confederate coast. The navy felt the burden intolerable; at the urgent request of its officers an expedition was prepared to seize some of the North Carolina islands as an advanced base. The idea was not altogether unexpected by the Confederates, but the work of fortifying

the islands had been botched and delayed. When the big frigates hove up out of the blue one August morning and began to lob shells in, the defenders discovered their guns would not reach the attacking ships and their bombproofs were not bomb proof. They surrendered; the whole North Carolina coast system of inlets and sounds fell into Union hands, closing off a long array of ports and giving the Federals a powerful base.

But the sound harbors were shallow and set round with bars; they would not do for the deep-sea frigates that formed the backbone of the navy. Emboldened by their success in the sounds, the Federals attacked Port Royal, S. C., one of the finest harbors on the whole Atlantic. The ships' big guns shot the heart out of a weak and unready defense, Port Royal fell, and became a first-class Union naval base in the heart of the enemy country.

The results in these two cases were so good that the federal government made a system of attacking coastal ports. Whenever it became difficult to blockade a place, whenever a new advanced base was desirable, another descent was made. Now sea attacks on coastal fortresses are not normally valid — "A man who fights stone forts with wooden ships is a fool", said Admiral Nelson—but the conditions of the Civil War were not normal and the position was reversed. The Confederacy's very richness in ports was a liability; there were so many points to cover that none of them could be adequately fortified; the demands of the land armies were such that the coast defense received only inferior artillery and troops of the second line. There was practically no Confederate navy, certainly no fleet in being to prevent the Federal ships from concentrating where and when they pleased, while the Northern arsenals, like the mill that

ground the sea full of salt, were turning out new cruisers so fast that the government actually began to have difficulty in finding employment for them all. When a new coastal attack was moot it sufficed to assign to it enough ships to give a two or three hundred per cent superiority, add another hundred per cent for good luck, and send them out. Only one attack failed throughout the whole war, and the policy reached its climax in the capture of New Orleans, which at a single blow took from the Confederacy its metropolis and greatest seaport, and in a practical sense, cut the nation in half.

After that event, protests against the efficacy of the blockade were simply silly. With the bases furnished by Port Royal, New Orleans, Fernandina, and Fort Pickens, Fla., the Union navy was able to set up such a blockade as had never before been seen in history. The Confederacy was rich in inlets and small harbors, but the tremendous growth of the Union navy put ships in every one; not even the meanest coasters could operate. No formal notification of blockade was required; the vagueness of Lincoln's original proclamation made the whole Confederacy a blockaded port and every vessel caught off the coast subject to capture. Even when the inshore blockaders had been passed, the big Federal frigates cruising off Havana, Nassau, and Bermuda could pick up the runners under the terms of the proclamation and condemn them with perfect legality. And if the runners developed in speed and stealth, the Union cruisers developed faster; the highest speed attained under steam by any runner was around fourteen knots, while the U. S. S. *Wampanoag*, which floated out of New York Yard just at the close of the war, drove through the water at the fantastic figure of twenty-three. Against such speeds blockade run-

ners stood no chance, even if they got clear through. A sight was enough; they were run down in the end.

For a brief moment, indeed, there was possibility of another diplomatic tangle, when the runners discovered the Mexican port of Matamoros at the mouth of the Rio Grande. Goods could be shipped there from England, transferred to light coasters and slipped up through the inlets or across the river. In the effort to break up this traffic the Federal navy trod on some toes; explanations were asked and given, ship A was ordered released, the owners of ship B sued in British courts. But the Matamoros trouble was soon stopped by the standard Federal procedure of a successful attack on Galveston, and after Vicksburg fell, events in Texas ceased to be important in any case.

By the middle of the second year of the war, it is true that a considerable British commerce with the South had grown up. If it could have been conjured into existence earlier there might have been trouble. But coming as it did after the question in the House which Mason had so unwisely prompted, and after Lord Russell's recognition of the legality and effectiveness of the blockade, this traffic was strictly a bootleg business to which Her Majesty's government could give no official countenance. The question of neutral rights never entered, because neutral ships had no business off blockaded ports with cargoes of munitions.

The freedom of the seas question also was quietly disregarded. That doctrine, as elaborated by the United States during the Napoleonic struggles, was that neutrals have a right to engage in trade in non-contraband goods except into fortress-ports actually under siege. "Free ships make free goods", as it was succinctly expressed. But during the Civil War blockade there was

an increasing lack of free goods, particularly of non-essential foods. Tea, coffee, chocolate, and salt vanished from the market almost as soon as the blockade was proclaimed. They were swiftly followed by bacon, quinine, chloroform, nails, tools, and cloth. As internal stocks were used up and communication with the Southwest broken by the loss of the Mississippi, essential foods—beef and cereals—joined the list, and the last year of the war found the Confederacy suffering the same bitter want of everything, the same war-weariness, the same famine and collapse of home morale, that is so familiar to the present generation in the case of Germany.

In the old French wars where the law of blockade originated, foodstuffs had never been on the contraband list, neither had minor manufactured articles, such as cloth and matches. The United States had maintained, indeed, that nothing but actual war material, such as powder, shot, guns, and uniforms, could be considered fair contraband. Lincoln's government receded only in the slightest degree from this position during the Civil War; there were additions to the contraband list (like cotton) which might indeed be questioned, but needed very little defense. If Northerners had been accused of imposing a hunger blockade on the South they would have been horrified; they would have protested with perfect sincerity that such a thing was furthest from their intentions. They were devoted to the freedom of the seas and perfectly willing to pass through food cargoes.

Yet the blockade had the same effect as though food had been declared contraband along with munitions. The only party interested in maintaining the freedom of the seas was the Union government, and it was the party doing the blockading. The British authorities had

never been partial to the doctrine; the Confederate government was in such desperate straits for munitions that tonnage could not be afforded for other articles. Private individuals made no effort because the profits to be earned by running the blockade with munitions or cotton were so enormous that shipments of food-stuffs would hardly pay. No one among the low-salaried classes could afford to buy imported food with war freights added. These classes were, in a sense, forced to bid against the government for tonnage; the government always won the auction, with the result that the people suffered and ultimately gave up.

Hence it is not at all likely today that the blockade in the form fixed by the Civil War will be abandoned after having been twice shown as the most effective and least expensive method of bringing down an enemy nation. Any future conflicts are likely to be featured by a couple of violent naval battles for the hegemony of the seas, followed once more by the slow but deadly process of war by starvation. As for the freedom of the seas and the rights of neutrals, they will make good subjects for the League of Nations to debate, but like most matters discussed in that august body, they will be, at the outbreak of hostilities, quietly dropped out the window.



PROBLEM GEOMETRIC

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

DEFT and serene the formal sun
 Enormously proceeds through
 space,
 And through infinity is spun
 A pattern of consummate grace.
 Planet and star devise for us
 Angle, curve, and parallel line.
 We find all things prodigious
 Adhere precisely to design.

A narrow object is the heart,
 Inconsequential and absurd:
 The product of a dubious art,
 Of pattern inexact and blurred.
 Wherefore the heart may boldly dare
 A route no compass has extended,
 Abstractly carve an arc in air
 Uncharted and uncomprehended.

AURORA COMES HOME

A Story

BY MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

THERE was no one left on the estate who could drive the 1924 Daimler, and that was why no one had come to the Rivertown station to meet Aurora Loomis. This was what she told herself as she waited for a taxi to drive over from the village and pick her up.

But how had they expected her to get to the house? There was no satisfaction to be had from the young man in the ticket office who had kindly phoned for a taxi. He was a complete stranger. She resented this somehow. She had been half expecting old Mr. Collins to say, with just that shade of deference all the villagers used when they addressed one of the river people, "Well, well, nice to see you again, Mrs. Loomis." But there was no Mr. Collins. After all, the man had to die some time and five years was long enough.

She wished there was a buffet in the station, the way they had them in France, a place she could dive in and out of, restoring herself with a quick drink of cognac or rum . . . or anything. But that was over. She wasn't drinking any more . . . not drinking . . . anything. She lifted her round chin suddenly. It was a little gesture of Aurora's that had once been charming. Now it was less charming. Aurora's face had faded, her hair, once golden, was now straw-colored from long use of bleaches, her make-up, hastily applied and now literally peeling off, did not make her look less tired. Her lovely body, once so beau-

tiful on a horse, or in a pool, or on a dance floor, was now rather thick. The clothes she wore were a queer mixture of quality and tinsel. Her hat had come from the skilled fingers of the great Agnes herself; the coat from a serve-yourself rack in Klein's (a beige-colored fuzzy silk mixture that fitted badly); her handbag from a Bond Street shop, and her blunt-toed slippers with wide bows and short vamps from a shop in West Thirty-fourth Street.

The taxi arrived and Aurora handed over her small bag, deciding to send some one later with the trunk checks. She stepped into the car and said, with a manner, "Longacres."

"What's that?"

"The Loomis estate," Aurora said icily. The taxi started, down the back road that led to the river places. Aurora lighted a cigarette, took one or two quick puffs, and threw the thing away. No smoking, either. She folded her hands and looked out the window.

And there was the bronze plaque on the gray rock, telling everyone who passed that the Loomis estate was an historical spot, giving seven lines about General Abraham Loomis, who had fought in the Revolution and signed many famous documents, and was, incidentally, one of the founders of Rivertown. Aurora blinked as she passed the landmark. How she had once hated that old ancestor Loomis, hated his beaked nose in the por-

trait by West that hung in the entrance hall, hated all the talk, the endless talk in mincing voices, about him, and how he had brought this piece of furniture from England, and that bit of scrofulous china from France! But today, as she passed the tablet, she only blinked and tightened her grip on her handbag.

The taxi came to the end of a handsome avenue of trees and stopped before the big house that faced the Hudson. Like all these magnificent river houses, it was hidden from view, like a precious jewel in a casket. Aurora paid the driver, lifted her chin again, and walked up the broad steps to the front door. She rang the bell and waited. She fumed as she waited. Someone must have heard the taxi approach. The door should have been open, with someone waiting to greet her. Was this any way to treat a mistress returning to her home?

The brass knob turned, and the door opened, and a female housekeeper, with white hair and starched apron, said, stiffly, "How-do-you-do, Mrs. Loomis."

All the things Aurora was going to say to Mrs. Carpenter died away. She looked into a pair of calm, cold, gray eyes, and said, "How-do-you-do, Mrs. Carpenter."

"Will you go straight to your room?" the woman asked.

"Yes," Aurora replied, and walked through the so-clean, so-stately entrance hall, with the Chippendale console tables and the family portraits, up the broad white stairway, to turn at the second landing and enter a vast darkened room containing a double bed, freshly made, many overstuffed chairs, and tables and dressers . . . and a vase of funereal purple irises set on a white cloth.

Mrs. Carpenter, who had followed softly behind her, opened the door to the bathroom and said, apologetically, "The boil-

ers need repairing, as I wrote you, Mrs. Loomis. But I can send John up with several cans of hot water if you want a bath."

Aurora stared at her and said, "Never mind."

The door closed. There was the soft padding of the housekeeper's feet, and then silence.

"A tomb," Aurora said fiercely. "Just what it always was, a god-damned tomb."

II

She sank down suddenly in a mahogany rocker and commenced rocking furiously. She wanted very much to cry, but instead she pounded the arms of the chair with her fists until she felt better.

Ten years ago she had married the Loomis boy. She herself had been a small town grocer's child, from Arsdale, farther up the Hudson. She had met Robert Loomis at a dance. Precocious and pretty, Aurora knew why Robert had fallen so hard for her. Certainly it wasn't for her mind. He had wanted her awfully, and it hadn't occurred to him that he needn't have offered her quite so much . . . the Loomis name. There had been something childish, always, about Robert Loomis. It used to drive her wild, impotently wild, because you couldn't do anything with plain childishness.

She might have managed her married life well enough, she often thought, if she hadn't been so bored. She just couldn't stand being bored like that, week in and week out. She just had to do something crazy, like running off that way in the middle of the night with one of their house guests, a man she really didn't give a damn about, going off forever, she thought, with only a few things thrown in a bag, and a trifling amount of jewelry.

Oh, of course, if she had it to do all

over again, she guessed she might have behaved differently. If, anyhow, she'd known that Robert would die two years later (without divorcing her; she never could understand why he hadn't divorced her, except, perhaps, because the Loomises believed that marriages went on forever, even into the grave . . . rows and rows of tombstones in pairs. . . . "Aurora, beloved wife of Robert Loomis. . ."). She shivered. Mrs. Carpenter would be up soon to tell her dinner was ready. She rose heavily and went into the bathroom.

She had been living in Paris, very hard up, when the letter came from the Loomis lawyer, saying that both the old people had died, and that the estate had been left to her. Longacres, and about ten thousand dollars a year income. It had seemed a lot. But since then she had found out that the taxes on Longacres amounted to six thousand a year, and it cost at least fifteen hundred to keep the place running with the minimum amount of help.

She knew vaguely that most of the people along the River were in the same predicament. It cost so much money just to keep these estates from being swallowed up by the woodlands, and the houses from falling into decay, that for the most part the owners were forced either to remain here in penurious dignity, and do the work formerly left to farm managers and housekeepers, or to close up the places in the hands of a married caretaker, and live abroad, or in New York, in small furnished rooms. It never seemed to occur to any of them that they could liquidate their property and live in comfort somewhere else. They went on feeding the ancestral dragons and starving themselves. This tradition was so strong along the River that Aurora herself had accepted it, so that, hard-up as she was, it hadn't yet occurred to her to liquidate.

She had tried to live on what was left, after the River place went on being fed nine-tenths of the income that was rightfully hers, since it had been willed to her. She went on living on what was left, living here and there, in small shabby rooms in second-rate hotels. She hadn't really thought that she might come to Longacres to live. That is, it hadn't occurred to her for several years, and then, gradually, she began dreaming about Longacres. It happened usually when she felt ill or lonely, or disgusted with the life she led. Then she would begin dreaming of the Loomis place, of the house with the enormous rooms and the Hudson River views, of the family silver and the portraits, of the gardens at the back of the house, as formal in their arrangement as the gardens of Versailles . . . with vistas, ending in little white statues (rain-streaked with rusty lines). "My place on the Hudson. . . ." She began thinking of it rather humorously that way, living as she did in little second-rate hotel bedrooms. And then she began thinking of it as "home".

"Some day when I get thoroughly fed up, I'm going home!" She would say that on a morning after a bad night. She would tell people that in the night places that came after the speakeasies went. She would say, perhaps thickly, if she had already well begun the night, "When I get good and fed up with all this, I'm going home. It's a beautiful place—did I ever tell you about it?" She never said, however, to any of her friends that they must come to see her there. She knew that when she grew fed up it would be with all these strangely assorted companions. Going home would mean to her going Loomis, in as thorough a fashion as she could manage. It was a consoling thing to think about, on some of her mornings. Some of them were pretty awful. It was a

good thing, after looking in a cheap mirror and seeing the end of prettiness, the end of youth, to be able to say: "Some day I'll go home." Especially if that home were the sort of place that Longacres was, something enduring, something timeless.

She gave herself a summary cleaning-up, put a fresh dab of rouge on each cheek, and toned up her eyes and lips. She ran a comb through her thick faded hair. Tomorrow she would have her trunks to unpack, and she would begin dressing for dinner. She could see herself, every evening now, dining alone, in candlelight, getting maybe, in time, used to it. Her large blue eyes grew a bit misty as she thought of those solitary evenings. Poor lonely Mrs. Loomis! She left the room, and went down the white stairs slowly, as though she were trailing a yard of train behind her.

III

The next morning Aurora wondered what had awakened her so early. The stillness that went with the early light, the song of many birds, perhaps; or that other sound which came through the half-opened doors of the French windows—Sunday morning church bells. She drew a deep breath. How well she remembered that sound! She turned over, dove deeper into the linen sheets and the light wool blanket (carefully darned at one end), and would have fallen asleep again, but the church bells persisted and she began waiting for them.

Slowly the idea took possession of her, spreading over her pleasantly, until she sat up and put the first foot out of bed. Mrs. Loomis would go to church this morning. The Loomis pew, once filled from end to end with members of the family, would know a tenant again. This

morning, heads would turn, a slight murmur would pass through the church, mingled with the flutter of pages in the hymnals and the rolling organ tones. The Loomis name was on the wall of the church, on that other plaque that told of two of Robert's brothers, great-great-grandsons of General Loomis, killed in action, one at Gallipoli in 1915, one in Flanders in 1918. The candle that burned under the small figure of John the Baptist might burn more brightly this morning, because a Loomis had given him to the little Rivertown Episcopal church, way back at the time of its founding.

The Church of St. John was the church of the River families. It had, sometimes, the atmosphere of a family chapel. It was as if the Hameltons, the Stuyvensants, the Loomises, and the other five partners who had settled here with their fortunes, to live like landed noblemen along the River, had erected this little Episcopal church exclusively for themselves and their retainers. Of course, any Episcopalian was welcome, but only in the manner of exclusive restaurants that tolerate strangers. The church was maintained by the donations of the River families, and it was to these that the fat pink-faced daughter of the rector was taught to curtsy.

Aurora had known the stir at the entrance of the Loomises, had known it for each Sunday morning of the years she had lived at Longacres as the wife of Robert Loomis. It had given her some malicious amusement then. But this morning, as she drove the ancient Daimler out of the garage and turned its nose toward the town, she felt neither malicious nor amused, but quite serious. She felt scrubbed and shiny from soap, and clean in her plainest clothes. She had cheerfully taken all the impudence out of the Agnes hat by flattening its brim and wearing it

straight over her forehead. She had dressed with the firm conviction that everyone whose head discreetly turned at her entrance, whose elbow gently pressed a neighbor, would see that Aurora Loomis, despite the scandal and the justified gossip, had returned to take up the position in the community to which a real Loomis was entitled. She realized, she told herself, that what would probably follow was a series of visits from all the horrible old bores, the ones she had laughed at when first they came to visit Robert's bride. She would be nicer to them now, she decided. She would serve tea when they called, and ask about their cousins, and even take an active part in their small recreations. After all, if she was going to be a Loomis she might as well go the whole way.

She parked the Daimler carefully behind the brougham in which Mrs. Stuyvensant, Senior, always drove to church. She wondered if the old coachman was inside, praying at the rear of the church, and remembered the morning he had so far forgotten himself as to fall asleep and snore. The organ was playing as she walked slowly up the steps of St. John's. She realized she was a few minutes late, but was satisfied, because that meant she would have a fuller audience at her entrance, and childishly, she wanted her entrance to be a real success.

Now she was inside. The sudden lavender gloom after the bright morning sunshine blinded her slightly, and she moved with a little less assurance than she would have liked, down the center aisle. An usher (was it the Van Rensseler boy grown so tall, with a little mustache on his short upper lip?) came toward her as she stepped into the Loomis pew, down at the left, near the altar. She nodded to him, and he bowed politely and walked back.

The congregation rose immediately and

the Credo began: "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth." Aurora's lips began to move, too . . . "Very God of Very God," she said, devoutly, while she put out a hand to search for a prayer book that should have been in the rack.

A hand from the rear tapped her shoulder. She turned slightly and a white kid glove held out a prayer book opened at the right place. She started to say something, for surely the gesture came from one of the Stuyvensants. Was it Belinda? She couldn't remember. But the nod she got for her thanks was that of a total stranger to another, a kind nod, but an unaware one.

The service went on, with kneeling and rising and nodding and saying Amen at the right place. Aurora followed it all, like an adult remembering a child's nursery rhyme, sometimes stumbling, sometimes closing the book over a finger and proudly carrying on without it. And then the congregation settled back in its seats, and the rector began his sermon, and there was the usual turning of heads to see who was in church this morning. Aurora, with a touch of stage fright now, sat erect in her pew, her chin high, her blue eyes moving about nervously, waiting for the recognition and the polite moving of lips that carries words to neighbors without carrying farther.

There was something she couldn't understand. Glances swept over her, she could see that from the corners of her eyes, but they were not what she expected. She couldn't understand what was wrong about them. Certainly there was in these glances none of the things she had expected, not contempt, not shock, not approval or disapproval . . . but something else that she was puzzled to define . . . until, finally, with the end of the

sermon, with the rector's voice and eyes including her along with the rest of the congregation, the truth suddenly broke upon Aurora. The simple truth was that nobody knew her, nobody remembered her, nobody recognized her at all!

It was not intentional, for she knew those looks, too. It was simple and honest non-recognition, non-remembering . . . and Aurora was pushed outside. It was as forcible as if the usher (surely it *was* the Van Rensseler whelp) had taken her by the elbows and pushed her out the door.

She stood up with the rest, and with her lips dry and pale she chanted, "Our Father Who art in heaven . . ." and then slowly a kind of terror swept over her at the thought of the service's end, and the walking out with all these people who would perhaps smile kindly, and step aside, ignoring her with gentleness because she was inside their church. Before there was a sitting down again, Aurora had dropped the prayer book stamped with the name of Stuyvensant, and fled down the aisle of the church, and out onto the broad steps, worn and polished by generations of the devout.

She began by laughing shrilly as her short-vamped slippers stumbled to the old car. "Not so hot, my dear," she kept on laughing at herself. "Aurora Loomis makes a dramatic entrance in church, shocking the congregation, causing a great commotion, while from all those throats (held up with black ribbons) rises a spontaneous hallelujah for the repentant sinner. . . . Like hell!" She started the car with a jerk, and raced down the main highway. But then her hands grew cold on the steering wheel and the pressure of her toe on the gas relaxed.

The truth was that no one remembered her, or was going to remember her. She

had walked out on them once, and she would never get back. The Loomis name was there, on the wall of their church, on a rock in their soil . . . but for them the last of the Loomises had gone to his fathers.

"I'll show them," she said, and tried to laugh again, but she couldn't. She repeated instead, to herself and the windshield, "I'll show them what I can do! Why, if I want to I can sell the whole place to a boys' camp, or cut it up into suburban lots. I'll do it! I'll make a Coney Island of my place. It's mine, now, I can do as I like with it."

She had arrived at the center of the sleepy old town, with its beautiful and historic old inn, where both Washington and Lafayette had been entertained. Aurora wanted a drink badly. She knew there was a taproom in the rear of the inn, but she didn't want to go there. She looked down Main Street and saw a sign reading:

"Jim Tracy's Bar: Liquor License."

She parked her car in front and went through the door. The room was dim and stuffy, with a bar at one end and several brown tables around the sides. On the walls themselves were movie posters in cut-outs, Mae West, Jean Harlow, Shirley Temple, and an old one of Clara Bow.

"Well, well," Aurora said, sidling up to the bar, "if this isn't nice and cozy. Give me a whisky and soda—and use the good Scotch."

IV

While the bartender was pouring her drink, Aurora took out her mirror and lipstick and dressed up her face. She snapped her bag closed and picked up her glass. "Your health," she said, and drank. She asked for a package of cigarettes and

lighted one. Then she pushed her glass forward and said, "How about another?"

From twelve to one o'clock there were intermittent customers at the bar, men who came for a glass of beer, or a pony of whisky. The bartender was pretty busy, and Aurora stood at one end of the bar, not saying much except, "How about another, old dear?"

Between one and two there wasn't much business, and the bartender fixed Aurora a plate of crackers and cheese. She began to feel that he was an old friend, and called him Maxie. She was sorry when he left the place at two and was relieved by the owner of the bar, Jim Tracy. But she decided Jim was all right, and insisted on his drinking with her. He took a glass of beer, talked very politely with her, and then picked up the Sunday paper and began to read.

By three o'clock she found it a little hard to keep standing and Jim drew a stool up to the end of the bar where she could sit down and lean her elbows on something. She was getting very chummy now with Jim, telling him who she was, and what she'd been doing for the last five years. He was very respectful, saying once or twice, "We've got a pretty good restaurant inside, Mrs. Loomis. Wouldn't you like me to order you a steak or a chop?"

And that made Aurora laugh. She thought of the Sunday dinner that Mrs. Carpenter must have prepared for her, roast chicken and mashed potatoes, served on the famous Loomis Wedgwood. She could see John clearing the table, and wondered what the two of them were saying about her. Maybe they wouldn't say anything at all. They would have waited until half past three, perhaps, and then Mrs. Carpenter would have given John orders to clear the dining room and put the silver away, carefully. She was sure that Mrs.

Carpenter did not discuss a member of the family with the only servant left, even if John was her nephew.

The bar began to get livelier around four o'clock. There was hardly elbow room. Aurora sat at her end and watched everyone who came in, sometimes recognizing a face: the country doctor, the son of the Rivertown lawyer, a few others. She began to insert a few words in their private conversations, insisting on being noticed. She was aware of the winks that passed, of the jokes at her expense, but she didn't care. She was feeling very good, even expansive. She loved Jim, and all his little friends. Once or twice she bought a round of drinks for everybody, insisting over protests that they accept. By six o'clock, she was everybody's pal.

Everybody's, that is, except one tall thin man with a bronzed skin, who stood at the opposite end of the bar from Aurora and quietly drank whisky. He talked from time to time with various men who came in, talked about baseball and about politics. Aurora had called out to him several times, but he had paid no attention to her at all.

"Say, who is that stuffed shirt, anyway?" Aurora asked her friend Jim in a loud stage whisper.

"Fellow just opened a garage south of the village," Jim answered, with the amazing patience he had shown all afternoon. "Been here about six months. He's a good guy."

"Introduce me," Aurora said grandly. "Go ahead, introduce me."

Jim went over to the other end of the bar and whispered for a few minutes. Looking very bored, the bronzed man came and stood next to Aurora.

"Mrs. Loomis, allow me to present Mr. Farley," Jim said.

"Delighted." Aurora nodded her head

like a queen and extended the tips of her fingers. They had a drink together.

There were only six men at the bar now, and four others playing bridge at a corner table. It was getting near the supper hour.

"I tell you what," Aurora suddenly suggested, "suppose you all come up to my house for supper. Come on, I invite you all . . . cold chicken and all the drinks you want. Jim, here, you bring along a case of your best Scotch—I'll pay for it. Come on, all of you . . . we'll have a real party. Out in the garden, maybe . . . come on, get your hats, gentlemen . . . I'm inviting you to a party, do you understand—at Longacres. Come on!"

Her face was flushed, she was in that state of intoxication which clings to an idea and can't let it drop. She passed up and down the bar, coaxing; she walked over to the table of bridge and messed the cards. "Come on!" she cried, her eyes glittering. "You're all my friends, and I want to show you a good time. Jim is going to close up shop, we're all moving over to my house."

The man named Farley pulled his hat farther down his nose and started to walk out. Aurora ran after him and clung to his arm. "Get in your cars, and follow us. Mr. Farley is going to drive for me." She led the way, and the others followed. The spirit of the thing caught hold, somehow, and as the three cars, led by the Daimler, drove through the town and then down to the back River road, there were shouts and singing and ribaldry, while Aurora nestled close to the man who was driving her.

V

When they reached the big white house on the terrace over the River, Aurora ran up the steps ahead of the rest. She threw open the stately door and called loudly,

"Mrs. Carpenter, I've brought home some friends! Get busy and rustle up tons of sandwiches and cold chicken and whatever you got. . . . Buffet supper in the south room, and make it snappy. But first bring in a dozen glasses . . . big ones . . . and ice and soda. . . . Come on, boys!"

She stood, unsteadily, in the entrance hall, leaning against one of the console tables that was finer than anything in the Metropolitan's American wing. She stood there, greeting her guests as though they had just arrived. "Well, well, this *is* nice," she kept repeating, between gales of hysterical laughter. "I'm *so* glad you could come."

They piled in noisily, full of bright remarks, of wisecracks, and they threw down their hats on the Duncan Phyfe chairs, and then Aurora led them in a procession through the lower rooms, out to the large white room with the crystal chandeliers and the inlaid cabinets and the little white piano that Liszt had played.

"Make yourselves at home, boys," Aurora cried. "The Loomises have always prided themselves on their hospitality, and I'm for carrying on the grand old tradition." Then she stood in the hall and stamped her foot and cried, "Glasses, at once, and ice!"

Nervously she moved among them, trying to break the sudden awkwardness of little groups who stood beneath the West portraits and the crystal chandeliers. She was explaining the portraits when Mrs. Carpenter came in quietly with a tray and a dozen crystal goblets, and a silver bowl filled with cracked ice. The housekeeper placed the tray on one of the smaller tables, and went out silently.

There was some shyness while the first drinks were being poured. Aurora danced about, trying to keep up the mood in

which they had arrived, but these village boys who had played on the grounds of all the River places, fished in the coves, who knew, all of them, somebody who worked on the place, either as farm manager or houseworker, felt uncomfortable now, inside these doors. It was not that they had any feeling of inferiority, but rather as if the gates of Valhalla had suddenly opened to them and they had found themselves inside. They were uncomfortable and ill at ease, and a little defiant, because they'd never wanted to get inside. Even Jim, who had run a respectable bar all through Prohibition and had served the fathers and sons of the River places politely and not servilely for years, stood uncomfortably about and moved his feet as though he wished he had worn spats.

The party looked like a wash-out, and Aurora redoubled her energy, brandishing a bottle of Scotch, filling up glasses as soon as they had been touched by nervous lips. She was like a frantic little figure in a girls' school morality play, representing "Joy" as opposed to "Sadness".

When Mrs. Carpenter, followed by silent John, appeared with platters of sandwiches, Aurora had the bright idea of picnicking in the garden. "Come on, everybody outside!" she shouted.

The gardens of Longacres were formal and immaculate: there were no fountains, but there was a main vista through which one caught a sight of the Hudson, flanked by a stately hedge. Between the house and the vista ran little paths around gardens of peonies and roses and lupines, and along the sides were the white stone figures of Pan and Psyche. The sun was setting behind the distant blue shadows of the mountains across the Hudson. There were a few birds singing, and a frog that croaked in a distant pool.

Aurora, with her pale blonde hair stand-

ing out like a stiff brush around her flushed face, ran about thrusting sandwiches at her guests and begging them to be merry. And suddenly, there was a lessening of tension, and the garden became full of drunken men singing at the tops of their voices, walking over the flower beds, or sinking to rest with bottles against the bases of cold stone figures dappled with moss.

Aurora stood watching them, and even she knew that there was something too much like a stage orgy in this to ring true. Her guests were obliging her, but they were not happy. She sat down on a bench from which the white paint had peeled, and lighted a cigarette. She heard a voice beside her say, "Where's the owner of this place?"

It was the man that Jim had called Farley. Aurora was feeling tired now, awfully tired. She had been keyed up to fun, and there wasn't any fun. "What do you mean?" she asked, throwing her cigarette into the pansy border and getting a queer little stab as she did so.

"I mean where are the people who own this place, the family . . . the Loomises?"

Aurora stared at him. "That's me," she said. "I'm the Loomises. This is my place. Didn't you know?"

He looked down at her and laughed. "Sure," he said. "And I'm King George."

Aurora tried to laugh. It was funny, but it was as if she were all laughed out, as if she couldn't laugh to save her life. "Honestly," she said, "strange as it may seem, I'm Mrs. Loomis, and this is my place. . . . I own it, don't you understand?" She rose rather shakily to her feet and stretched out her arm to sweep over the gardens and then the house behind her. "All this . . . it's mine . . . I'm the last of the Loomises."

The bronzed man took out a packet of

cigarettes, selected one, and lighted it coolly.

"You little tart," he said softly. "You miserable little tart, do you honestly think you're kidding me? Who are you anyway — Mrs. Loomis' maid? Or is the family so poor now they had to take in cheap boarders? You belong here about as much as I belong in a Turkish harem. In fact, just seeing you in this place makes me feel sick. Good night."

VI

They were all gone now. Mechanically Aurora walked about the gardens, picking up crumpled cigarette packages, picking up smoking stubs and broken glass. She started toward the house with her hands full of things. From the pantry window

she heard the sound of glasses being washed, the clink of silver being cleaned, but not a spoken word. The house was lighted now, for the sun had gone, darkness had come, and there was a low crescent moon above the hedge.

She turned when she reached the first step of the porch and looked back over the gardens. It was very quiet, except for the frog that croaked in a distant pond. She felt cold, so cold that she shivered. She dropped the things she was holding into a receptacle, and walked slowly upstairs to her room.

She had better do her packing now, she told herself, because tomorrow she would feel awful. She would wake up, she knew, with one of the old headaches, and the first train left early — at eight o'clock.



PASTORAL

BY HELENE MAGARET

THIS is my Christmas Eve of love. I know
 The old years are concluded, and I follow,
 Swinging my lantern on the crusted snow,
 The setter tracks that trail across the hollow.
 Lantern and starlight and the light within
 Shall shine upon sharp clumps of leafless plum,
 The river darken where the ice is thin.
 It matters not. My Christmas Eve has come.
 Safe from the cold, Love, lean upon my breast.
 The ox is warm within his weathered stall.
 The sheep are drowsing like white flowers pressed
 Bloom against bloom along the creviced wall.
 Be quiet, Love, and never waken lest
 We hear some lost and lonely creature call.

TRIAL BY JURY IS OBSOLETE

BY ORVILL C. SNYDER

ALTHOUGH trial by jury still retains widespread veneration in America, one hears with increasing frequency the comment that juries are no longer competent to understand evidence or render intelligent verdicts. The conviction spreads that whatever may have been the jury's virtues in the past, it has today three inherent disqualifications for the tasks of litigation in a complex society: the unspecialized abilities of its personnel; its characteristic method of taking evidence by ear; and the procedure of the general verdict. Yet these defects are the very qualities which make the body of twelve a jury instead of something else. Thus, the causes of errors and miscarriages of justice reside in the essence of the system, and, consequently, efforts at amelioration are but palliations of fatal weaknesses. The only effective remedy is a new juridical agency supplanting the jury.

Any proposal to abolish the jury, however, meets invariably with indignant protest, some of it silly, uninformed, or ill-considered, but much of it backed with the best of reasons. As a matter of fact, proposals to abolish the jury are usually mere carping criticisms of ludicrous blunders, facile demands for reform, and vague remarks about freeing the jury from legal technicalities and inducing the more intelligent citizens to serve. Furthermore, almost everyone believes that "the people will never give up the jury". This is serious business: justice must languish be-

cause the jury cannot be made to work, and no new system can be introduced.

A possible solution to the problem may be found if we carefully review the inherent inadequacies of the present system, while squarely recognizing the jury's historic political function as the agency of popular justice. We must find an alternative of much higher efficiency; but one which, at the same time, guarantees continued control by the people of judicial administration of the law.

The efficiency of the jury, like that of all other human agencies, must be low unless its training and experience can be adapted to the work in hand. Such adaptation, however, is precisely what the unspecialized character of the jury prevents; for, by definition, a jury is an undifferentiated body of men drawn from the people at large. General qualifications for jurors, such as citizenship, residence, impartiality, honesty, intelligence, and experience with the affairs of life are appropriate, but more are needed; to be efficient, a juror today must have special qualifications. General intelligence and usual experience were sufficient in early days when people were engaged in farming and other relatively simple occupations. The court records of those times reveal that prosecutions were for common crimes such as horse stealing, murder, manslaughter, assault, and robbery. In civil cases litigation had to do with simple contracts of sale, common wage agreements, familiar forms

of property, and normal domestic relations. But today a large part of litigation—particularly in cases of the greatest importance—deals with highly intricate subject matter. In criminal cases, there are devious crimes of fraud, embezzlement, misappropriation, and the complicated conspiracies of gang warfare. Real estate valuation includes modern office buildings and hotels which are veritable cities in themselves. Suits involve novel property rights such as trust certificates, perpetual leases, and all that maze which is called corporate securities. What person, however intelligent, however honest and painstaking, can hope to understand and judge the complexities of corporate administration like those of the Insull cases, unless he is familiar with corporation law, organization, accounting, and management? What preacher, lawyer, doctor, business man, mechanic, or magazine editor can understand and judge the valuation of a fifty-five-story office building, or tell whether its ventilating system be properly installed? The obvious answer to these questions is that the average man is utterly lost in the face of such problems. Yet we have this curious situation: as long as a controversy remains a matter of private adjustment, we naturally seek the advice of those specially qualified in that particular field; but when the same controversy reaches its most important stage, where resort must be had to a court, its determination is committed to those whose training and experience are known to be inadequate, and whose judgment, therefore, would not for a moment be trusted by anyone in his own private business.

The twelve good men and true are brought together without preparation, and are at once overwhelmed with a carefully planned avalanche of unfamiliar facts. That very excellence claimed for the jury

—its transitory character, i.e., its being impaneled specially for the case and being discharged when that case is ended, supposedly making it less susceptible to corruption than a continuing personnel—immediately becomes a stumbling block. The unprepared and bewildered twelve are at the mercy of fleeting impressions and of every appeal to prejudice; for, no matter how intelligent a juror may be, he cannot think as fast as the lawyer who comes into court with his case carefully prepared. Such a situation affords boundless opportunity to the unscrupulous, and even forces honest counsel to rely on making sensational impressions instead of accurately presenting the facts. The jury is from the beginning insuperably handicapped by its own lack of specialized abilities in getting at the evidence in any intelligent way.

Moreover, the jury cannot even employ effectively whatever general intelligence it has, however high that might fortuitously be; for it must take evidence by ear. This method, again, was satisfactory in early days when cases were simple and it required but a short time to tell the whole story: people then generally had a great deal of practice in learning by ear, gaining most of their knowledge through that sense. Nowadays, from early childhood, we are taught through the eye. Nowhere but in the courtroom has this major change in mental habits been so completely disregarded. An intelligent man can remember evidence placed before him during a short space of time; but who can retain the pertinent facts of a story told by scores of unknown persons over days, weeks, and even months? When a judge hears a lengthy case, he asks for a written transcript of the evidence for study; and he would be criticized, notwithstanding his specialized training and experience, if

he did not do so. Yet the jury must consider the entire proceedings from memory. Giving each jurymen a written transcript of the testimony would mean thousands of pages: litigants would be unwilling to bear the expense involved, and the impatient jurors, anxious to get back to their daily affairs, could never be held together long enough to read the transcript, let alone study it. Thus, the difficulties arising out of the jury's having to rely on memory are practically insuperable.

But perhaps the greatest weakness of all lies in the jury's characteristic method of deciding cases by general verdict. This procedure is as follows: evidence is presented; counsel make their arguments; the judge explains the particular rules of law applicable to the case; and then the jury determines the whole controversy. Consequently, jurymen require a sufficiently comprehensive knowledge of the law of each case. How can this need be met? In law schools instruction is given in quiet rooms free from the gaze and distraction of mobs of spectators, with no clock on the wall to be watched, with no bickering attorneys bobbing up and down. But in the courtroom the judge, after all the contentions of the trial, rapidly reads a lecture; no discussion is had; no questions are asked and answered; the courtroom is open to public confusion. How can anyone expect the most intelligent jurymen to understand what the judge charges, when even learned counsel must be on the alert to follow his hurried course? So great are the difficulties here encountered that many authorities have urged the substitution of the special verdict, a procedure which would restrict the jury to questions purely of fact, would transfer the general decision to the judge, and would, incidentally, destroy trial by jury as it is traditionally known.

Thus, it is necessary to conclude that the jury cannot be made to work efficiently in the complicated cases arising from the specialization of modern life. But when we turn to consideration of a successor, the real poser confronts us, for the most resolute advocate of change may well pause before the truth in the familiar assertion that this ancient institution is the "palladium of liberty" and "the people will never give it up". No end of profit will accrue from a little serious refreshing of memory concerning the jury's historic character.

II

The jury system grew out of a procedure imported into England by the Norman kings. When the royal officers wanted to know what had been going on in any part of the kingdom, they resorted to a device, well known in Normandy, of assembling a number of the better-informed residents of the vicinity and locking them up until they supplied the desired information. Among other purposes, this device was used to prefer charges in criminal prosecutions. And the royal judges, when they came into a community, assembled a number of the residents and kept them in durance until they told what affronts to the royal dignity had been committed, and named the suspects. Thus began the jury of accusation, or grand jury, which gradually developed into the form known today. A similar procedure was used, especially after the Lateran Council in 1216 forbade clerics to participate in trial by ordeal, to determine after accusation whether the persons charged were guilty. Out of this, through a long and painful evolution, the trial jury emerged. In the course of generations, this institution, transformed from a group of men deciding

controversies on the basis of facts within their own personal knowledge into a body of twelve deciding from evidence laid before it by other persons, became embedded in the law of the realm.

Later kings, particularly the Stuarts, desiring to enlarge their power, sought to exact penalties for various affronts to the royal will without resorting to trial by jury. The reason for this innovation was the fact that royal officers found it extremely difficult, or even impossible, to enforce unpopular laws enacted by tyrannical kings if they were compelled to bring the alleged offenders to trial before juries composed of neighbors who sympathized with the popular point of view, and hence often refused to convict. But the Commons had increased in power and importance; they took to their hearts the device which had once been used to wring from unwilling subjects information needed by foreign conquerors to oppress them; they demanded that later kings abide by the immemorial custom of jury trial which their predecessors had introduced. In the struggle the Commons won, and the jury took its place as the shield of liberty, the hallowed institution which compelled kings and their minions to recognize that law must be made and administered in accordance with the people's idea of justice.

The American colonists passed through similar tribulations when royal officers sought to break down opposition by punishing in secret proceedings the objectors to kingly pretensions. The colonists well knew that if they were brought to trial before their fellow citizens, their ideas of justice would be given a sympathetic hearing, while royal judges saw only with royal eyes. In America, as in England at an earlier time, the jury vindicated itself as the protector of the individual citizen when he stood alone before the agents of

tyranny, as the sword served him and his compatriots in 1776.

This long history as the agency of liberty, with all its connotations, is the chief source of the jury's strength today. Kings and parliaments, presidents and congresses, governors and legislatures, may resort to oppressive measures, and the individual citizen cannot stop them. But it makes slight difference because, before the high and mighty can enforce their laws, they must bring the plain citizen before twelve of his neighbors for a trial by jury. There the everyday opinions of the common man get a chance in the one political institution actually of the people, which affords the only real opportunity an ordinary citizen ever has to participate in the functions of government. Nor may it be supposed that services of the kind are a thing of the past. Long since the days of the Revolution, the jury has done sterling work in forcing conformity of law to the popular will: employers' liability laws and workmen's compensation acts came largely as a result of jury verdicts, and the railroads changed their public-be-damned attitude when an aroused citizenry proclaimed its will in the verdicts of its juries. Needless to say, there are still injustices against which the common man needs the protection the jury has continuously afforded.

Everyone can agree that the jury is an anachronism as a fact-finder. Those who propose changing to another system, however, must recognize the principal motive of the opposition for what it truly is—fear of a system of law administration responsive to the desires of some privileged caste rather than to popular ideas of justice. This apprehension is the cause of that distrust which always greets the proposal of trial exclusively by judges; the layman fears a monopoly of the instrumentalities of justice by the legal profes-

sion. A legitimate successor, therefore, must avoid the jury's weaknesses without sacrificing its strength. But what sort of tribunal can fulfill this large assignment?

III

I venture a suggestion which satisfies all the requirements heretofore listed. It is this: let each trial court be composed of three members—a regular judge and two lay members selected for their specialized training and experience, representativeness, and impartiality. The court can be so organized that seldom, if ever, will the same three sit together on more than one case, and its procedure can be adapted with much more flexibility to the expeditious dispatch of business. The key to procuring the specialized abilities in the lay triers lies in classification of cases according to subject matter. For example, one class can embrace real estate titles and valuation; another, corporate finance and management; another, employer and employee relations; still others, banking, retail merchandising, farming, personal injuries, gang crimes of violence, schemes to defraud, and so on. In a case turning on corporate management, corporation executives can be utilized; in a case involving the technical features of plumbing installation, plumbers; or in a case having bodily injury or disease as the essential point, medical men. These triers can really understand and judge the evidence. Not only are such classifications possible, but they are already made and constantly acted upon, in large measure, in retaining as counsel specialists in the various fields of law. If specialists are at the counsel table, why not on the bench?

In each judicial district, a commission of three or more could be chosen, either by appointment or election, to draw up

a list of qualified triers for each classification. For instance if, as it well might be, building construction were one classification, the commission would prepare a list of from twenty-five to one hundred names (depending on the population and economic character of the district). These would be men of good character and general ability and, in addition, of particular experience in this field. Before entering any name on any list, a careful investigation would be made and the completed file left open to public inspection for a certain period. At the end of this period, a public examination of each person could be had, at which any citizen, by filing notice in advance, might have the right to ask questions. If the prospective trier were found to be of good character and to have the needed technical qualifications, his name would be entered on the list. Names for investigation could be presented in two ways: the commission might select apparently suitable persons who, if they consented, should be investigated and examined; and, to prevent suspicion of loading the lists with favorites, it could be provided that any person presenting a petition detailing his particular qualifications, signed and sworn to by a specified number of electors, must be investigated and examined and, if found to be qualified, have his name placed on the list. Acceptance or rejection should be only for stated reasons, on written evidence open to public inspection. Any person rejected would be allowed an appeal to a court of more than one judge, and any elector would be allowed an appeal from the approval of a prospective trier.

Then, when a case was ready for trial, the presiding judge would designate the appropriate list, and the parties to the suit would each select one trier who could be objected to by the parties on the other

side through affidavit of prejudice in the manner now applicable to judges. Each case would be tried before all three, with the judge presiding and ruling on points of law as they arose, but with all observing the demeanor and actions of counsel and witnesses. At the end of the evidence, each member of the court could be provided with a transcript, since three copies would cost little more than one. The judge and the triers could then sit down together to study the evidence, discussing it out of their separate backgrounds of training and experience. Since the judge would have only to explain the application of the law to two intelligent and qualified laymen, he could discuss every point with them and answer questions until they fully understood. At the same time, counsel could be called into consultation if the need were felt; and additional evidence could be taken to fill gaps and clarify obscurities not previously noticed, without the bother of a new trial. When the case was thoroughly weighed, written findings of fact could be made by any two, the other member being allowed if he wished to dissent of record for review; then the judge would pronounce judgment.

Costs would not be increased under this system. For, if a juror is now paid \$3 per day, a trier could be paid \$18 without adding to the total; and more expeditious dispatch of business would reduce costs by shortening trials. The generous remuneration of the triers and the fact that selection for any such lists as herein proposed would be a real occupational and civic distinction, would help to solve the problem of inducing competent persons to serve. Jury service now is only a bother and a financial loss, and is generally evaded by the more intelligent citizen.

A tribunal thus constituted would preserve all the beneficial elements of the

present system. Continuity of policy and legal learning, contributed by the judge, would be retained. The method of selecting the lay triers insures impartiality and interposes the obstacle to corruption found in the jury's transitory character. The triers would provide a point of view other than that of the legally trained, which is not only helpful in analyzing evidence but also tends to keep interpretation of the law out of professional ruts, thus bending the course of justice closer to the popular will. In fact, the triers would be a more accurate cross-section of the public than the jury and, especially in highly controversial matters such as employer and employee relations, would bring to bear forceful views at the most effective time and place. Even in suits involving subject matter of a general nature requiring no specialized ability, in which triers could be selected from a general list, the result would be the application of a more enlightened intelligence than the jury can ever supply. But perhaps the greatest gain would be the discouragement of courtroom jockeying by making it unprofitable for lawyers to try to place everything in evidence in the hope of confusing or prejudicing the jury. Nothing is so disconcerting to sensationalism as the knowledge that the persons to be convinced see through it. The presence of competent triers, reinforced by the fact that they will, in the study of cases, discuss the conduct of witnesses and antics of lawyers with the judge, would pervade the courtroom with a most salutary realization that bluffing and histrionics are most hazardous to the man who tries them.

Of course, the suggested system is only sketched here; many details remain to be worked out. But it does not seem too much to believe that a legitimate successor for the jury must eventually be found along these lines.

THE CLINIC

The Lost Art of Homebrewing

BY KARL F. ZEISLER

WHILE rummaging through the basement the other day I came unexpectedly upon a curious and at first unrecognizable bit of mechanism; on examination it proved to be a device I once had purchased hopefully for filtering homebrew. The discovery took me right back to pre-New Deal times, the days before the respectable art of homebrewing faded into a poignant past along with candle-molding, lard-rendering, and curry-combing. Memories returned of agonizing experiments with patent filters, cappers, siphons, bottle washers, and yeast—all those devices which characterized my humble beginning as a homebrewer—and I recalled vividly the last batch I ever concocted, the one I spent an hour wiping off the kitchen ceiling. That catastrophe, on an evening when my wife was entertaining, cured me even without her final ultimatum. Foolishly, I had allowed several bottles to warm up: the second one let go as I pried off the cap and sprayed the whole kitchen, including the supper over which my wife had lovingly labored. I had made the usual mistake of putting my thumb over the bottle, and so the suds lathered my bosom. After the bottle had finished fizzing, the room looked like the scene of a hatchet murder, and there was a good half inch of beer on the floor.

This explosion terminated years of painful, groping experiments, as far as I was concerned, experiments that had often resulted in disaster, occasionally in a fluid

that was actually drinkable, and once or twice, as in any hazardous pursuit, in a marvellously delectable, amber-clear, ivory-collared treasure, to be fondled, held up to the light, and sipped delicately—a gift from the gods as rare as truth from a bar-rister's lips, and as palatable as manna. It had been made, for all I could ever determine, exactly like the other batches which turned sour, deliquesced into suds, or out-did the Missouri in muddiness; yet there she stood, so help me, like a fan dancer at a ladies' aid meeting, a masterpiece deserving, if any beer ever did, only one name—Pilsner! Ah, me, if I could but pass on to posterity the secret of those ineffable brews, I would face the prospect of another arid era with fortitude, even anticipation.

Unfortunately, however, all I can do is to record the technique of an art whose beginnings are already lost in antiquity, awaiting exhumation by some doctoral candidate. Professional *bierbrauers*, made jobless by the Volsteadian ukase, concocted the first wort for neighborhood consumption: it was several years before big business realized the profits inherent in purveying all the ingredients of beer but the water, the collar, and the kick. Even then the dehydrated materials were at first sold surreptitiously, and in ultra-dry territory malt and hop stores were subject to frequent rude visits from the police. Before the Sahara was crossed, however, malt was sold under glorified brands, and even had radio programs

dedicated to it. Batch-laying became a recognized profession like piano-tuning, with reputable practitioners making the rounds of the boulevard districts to serve bankers and chiropractors rich enough to escape the drudgery. And in more modest homes, men whose domesticity, under uxorial duress, encompassed nothing more complicated than drying teaspoons, became authorities on sterilizing bottles and dissolving yeast and sugar.

Homebrewing was practiced in upstairs halls, bedrooms, broom closets, telephone booths, and dumb-waiters, but my own technique required an entire basement. Mere dilettantes brewed only five gallons at a time — the quantity made from one can of malt — producing about 45 twelve-ounce bottles. But more sophisticated fermenters like myself made a double batch, netting approximately 85 bottles at a single ordeal. Purloining the bottles was one of the sobering elements in the whole business, for only plutocrats laid out good money for them, and many a nocturnal scavenging expedition up alleys was undertaken to meet the needs of a confirmed brewer.

Next, you acquired several gross of caps and a capper — and if anyone thinks invention ceased with Edison he should have seen some of the contraptions inventors fondly imagined would affix stoppers to homebrew bottles. There were varieties that stood upright, that nailed on the door jam, that worked with levers and foot-pedals and thumbscrews, that had universal joints, free wheeling, and knee action; but they all broke bottles, pinched fingers, and jammed, making the capping job one of the most profane in the entire business. Patent siphons exercised all the ingenuity of a hydrostatic engineer, evolving from a simple rubber tube into elaborate affairs replete with valves,

hooks, strainers, bulbs, and four-wheel brakes. Strainers and filters exhausted the gamut of resourcefulness, utilizing everything from pumice to the family Bible as media for separating the malt from its ineradicable sediment; but none of them ever functioned. Sooner or later most of these accessories were thrown violently behind the furnace and you got down to fundamentals.

Aside from collecting an assortment of measuring cups, spoons, kettles, pans, dish towels, and the like, you were ready now to lay a batch. A quart tin of malt was emptied into the big crock, and five gallons, or thereabouts, of water added, along with enough sugar to impart the desired kick. Last, a half cake of yeast was dissolved with water and stirred in vigorously by means of a broom handle or furnace poker. Then you adjourned to the laundry tubs to wash up, and called it a night.

The occult phase came next — fermentation. Ordinarily the process took 72 hours more or less, depending on the temperature, the phase of the moon, and the number of times the furnace was shaken. The first morning produced a fine welter of coarse white suds pushing over the rim of the crock; a little later the foam became flecked with brown, like a scorched meringue; carefully these extrusions were skimmed off and the surface of the repulsive fluid scrutinized. Men have been known to crack during these anxious hours, beating their wives, frightening their children, and sending stenographers into convulsions, for it was all-important that the brew be incarcerated in the bottles just as it reached the right turn. Specific gravity meters, litmus paper, and any number of scientific devices were sold to help detect this critical point, but they proved of little value. There were a few

gifted individuals who, by looking at the rioting malt, could tell infallibly when it was ready for bottling. But most brewers agreed that when the malt ceased exuding suds and attained a mottled appearance with tiny white bubbles and clear brown patches, the fateful moment had arrived, usually about the third night and the one on which the local dominie invariably called.

Decorum tempts me to pass over the final process of bottling; after all it was purely mechanical. But posterity must know the difficulties as well as the pleasures of homebrewing, and I may as well be frank. To bottle, one donned a bathing suit, waders, fireman's helmet, and a grim but determined countenance. The bottles were lined up closely around the box whereon sat the crock of brew, high enough to let the siphon function. A half teaspoon, more or less, of sugar was dropped into each bottle; at least you hit as many as you could, with some getting double or triple doses and some getting none at all. (Those overcharged would later taste like maple syrup produced in a kerosene refinery, if they did not blow up; those without any sugar could easily be confused with a solution of green soap.) Then you started to toy with the siphon. Prone, with one cheek on the cold floor, you held one end of the tube deep enough in the solution to draw and not so far as to reach the sediment, put the other end in your mouth, and sucked. Alchemy never produced anything viler than the gush of tepid beer that immediately drenched your tonsils; but you managed, simultaneously, to retch and to divert the geyser from the tube into the nearest bottle. Only a few squirts could be put in at a time, as the foam ran over and made the bottles sticky; so you circulated the hose from bottle to bottle till they

were all full, or the siphon ran out with an obscene gurgle, and you had to ladle out the last few bottles, half full of yeasty dregs, which were carefully put aside for your wife's brother.

Capping, too, was a purely mechanical task. If you survived without six blood blisters and a dozen broken bottles, you considered yourself lucky. If you were fastidious, you wiped the outside of the bottles and put them neatly on a shelf; but most of us just sluiced out the basement with a hose and went wearily to bed. It was considered the mark of an exceptionally masterful spouse if he could boast of making his wife clean the crock.

Commercial brewers speak today with unseemly pride of the age of their beer; this grates on the ear of a homebrewer, for it was universally believed that the home-made stuff would spoil if kept over a month. It required about three days for the clouds of sediment to precipitate, and hardier brewers took their first taste then. It was better, however, to let the shot of sugar complete its work and put a little life in the brew before sampling. There was a delicious instant of expectancy when you finally held a bottle to the light, found it clear to within an inch or so of the bottom, and carefully pried off the cap. If the contents didn't detonate in your face, the first crisis was passed. Then you tipped the bottle and allowed the contents to glide ever so slowly into the glass, otherwise you would pour nothing but suds; and you always had to guard against complete decantation, too, lest the dregs leave the bottom of the bottle. Finally, you tasted it. Co-partners in a batch anxiously scanned the features of the first taster. If the grimace was not too demoniacal, sighs of relief were heaved—it was then evident that the stuff could be drunk.

Sermons were preached against home-

brewing, and editorials in the dry organs pilloried it as the first station on the road to the Drink Habit, as an evil influence undermining the American home, and as insidiously breaking down moral fiber. Well, I will grant that the manufacture of homebrew was potentially destructive of character, but there was nothing insidious or underhanded about its effects. True, I have heard high school principals, after two bottles, tell stories in mixed company that would bring blushes to the cheeks of a week-end tour stewardess, but I always attributed this potency more to desire than

actuality. Prohibition drinking generally was animated by expectancy, so that the effect of whatever quantity of alcohol was imbibed was heightened by a receptive conviction that intoxication must be immediate and inevitable. As for the claim that homebrewing led to chronic inebriation, I submit that exactly the opposite was true.

Unquestionably the cellar art was the greatest force for temperance in the whole insufferable Prohibition era. Practicing it, as I have revealed, was just too damn much trouble.



The Truth about Reducing

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

OBESITY, among some primitive tribes, is looked upon as a sign of beauty, especially in the female. Fortunately the style in this country is to be slender, and while it can be carried to excess, it is a healthy one. Overweight has been stripped of whatever virtues it once was thought to possess. Even the consoling thought that stoutness is associated with a jovial disposition has been discredited, for avoirdupois quite often has an adverse effect upon the human disposition. It is now established that adiposity lowers resistance to infectious diseases, and predisposes to other ailments, such as high blood pressure, gall bladder disorders, hardening of the arteries, and diabetes.

The actuarial studies of life insurance companies have demonstrated that life expectancy is decreased in direct proportion to the degree of overweight. Where the latter is excessive, the loss in expectancy may be as high as ten years. Dr. L. I. Dublin, in a study of nearly 200,000 selected

insurance risks, found the mortality rate of all ages to be 844 per 100,000 normal weight, 848 per 100,000 underweight, and 1111 per 100,000 overweight. It may be seen, then, that the chances of a long, healthy life are slim when the figure is not.

In considering one's weight, it is necessary first to determine what it should be. The familiar poundage tables give the average weight of a large group with respect to height and age. This may or may not be the ideal weight — the figure at which one feels best and works most efficiently — but with allowances for variations in bony framework it is approximately correct. A convenient formula stipulates that the weight should be 110 pounds plus 5.5 times the individual's height in inches above five feet. Thus a man five feet, eight inches tall should multiply the figure 8 by 5.5 and add 110; the result, 154 pounds, is the proper weight, although five- to ten-pound variations are permitted.

Obesity is a condition characterized by

abnormal accumulations of fat. It is of two types: the *endogenous* or pathological form, and the *exogenous* or non-pathological form — in other words, overeating and underactivity. We are not concerned here with the endogenous form, for this requires medical attention. It is believed to be due to improper functioning of the thyroid or pituitary glands, which causes a maladjustment in the rate of metabolism, that chemico-physical process by which food is converted into living cells and tissues, replacing old ones which are being worn out continually. When the metabolic rate is high, this process goes on swiftly; large quantities of food are consumed to maintain weight, and the person remains thin. When the rate is low, the food is not utilized as rapidly as it is received. It accumulates in the body and is stored as fat, with resultant overweight. Another abnormal condition which adds poundage is faulty water or salt metabolism.

The exogenous form of obesity occurs when the total caloric intake is greatly in excess of body requirements. Almost all cases of excessive fat deposits are of this type — too much food and too little exercise.

Overeating is a disregard of the sensations of satisfied hunger. It may be the result of habit, or an outlet of nervous energy. Perhaps one overeats because he no longer obeys the sensations of satiety — nature's signal to stop; or because he has disregarded the signals so often that they have virtually ceased to function. Metabolism in this form of obesity does not vary from the normal, and there is no scientific support for the phrases "incomplete combustion" or "excessive absorption".

Despite protestations to the contrary, obese persons have excellent appetites, marked by intensity of hunger and de-

layed feelings of satiety. They say they do not overeat, which is the truth as they see it; the error lies in measuring intake in terms of *amount* and not *kind*. Generally they prefer concentrated foods (candy and pastries, for instance), and the quantity required to distend the stomach and provide satisfaction contains far too many calories, while large amounts of bulky vegetables and fruits fill the stomach with foods of low caloric value. Thus is indicated the prescription for exogenous obesity: reduce the intake (especially of certain foods), and increase body activity. It is simple and certain to produce results.

But it requires will power to cut down, particularly on the foods one likes best — those richest in carbohydrates, starches, and fats. Apple pie *à la mode* will have to be abandoned. Pulling the vest together (or tightening the stays), cannot repair the havoc wrought by lobster *Thermidor-meringue glacée* luncheons. Of course, it would require less Spartan courage to "take something" to reduce weight. This accounts for the tremendous number of obesity "cures" now on the market, and on which millions of dollars' worth of advertising is spent each year. These preparations are worthless, or dangerous, or both.

The harmless ones are generally saline cathartics which "take off three pounds the first three days". Curiously enough, they often do, but only because of a physiological trick. In the body, salt is absorbed in a fixed proportion to water, forming an isotonic salt solution. When too much salt is used, one becomes thirsty and is obliged to drink water, which is nature's way of adjusting the ratio. In this type of reducing preparation, a concentrated salt solution, combined with purgative action, enters the alimentary canal, draws water from the body (which immediately attempts to form an isotonic solution), and rushes it

out before additional water is imbibed. The loss obviously is a water loss, and just as obviously it is only temporary, as the body will not tolerate a displacement of balance for any length of time. Purgative pills, laxative herbs, and similar preparations act merely as cathartics.

In the catalogue of harmless but useless fat eliminators are the reducing creams, with which the customer can "rub" away the fat, or bath salts that will "melt" it. Reducing belts or girdles are simply modern versions of medieval instruments of torture, which doubtless served a useful purpose during the Inquisition yet are of no value in eliminating weight. But unfortunately, these are not the only so-called cures foisted upon a gullible public. There is a group of products which will actually reduce weight, but they are dangerous to use. These are the thyroid extracts and dinitrophenol preparations. Neither has a place in the layman's home armamentarium, for they act by speeding the metabolic rate. Their pharmacological actions are potent and their indiscriminate use can not only wreak harm, but can result in death. Because the formulas are secret, the housewife may come into possession of proprietary preparations containing drugs which even a skilled physician uses with caution.

Fat also can be removed surgically. If money is as plentiful as flesh, and the individual wishes it, he can be "trimmed" in more ways than one by a plastic surgeon. However, this is unnecessary, as it is possible to reduce safely and surely by using the prescription cited before. Translated to essentials, it is to lower the caloric intake and increase body activity. Under such conditions the fat that has been stored in the body is called upon to meet the deficiency, and reduction occurs. For the young, exercise may be indulged in; a per-

son accustomed to sedentary life should not begin by exercising strenuously. For obese elders, exercise must be taken with caution; in fact with all ages a medical examination is desirable before undertaking any program of reduction. This is also necessary because other conditions may be present which a dietary change might affect.

To diet successfully, one must be conversant with calories. A normal adult requires approximately eighteen calories daily for each pound of weight, and it is by consuming more calories than are received that weight reduction occurs. Limitations of space do not permit an extended list of foods with their caloric values, but this information can be found in reference books. In general, fruits, vegetables, lean meats, and clear soups are low in calories; dairy products, potatoes, breadstuffs, confections, and desserts are high.

Dieting may be difficult for the first ten days or two weeks, but as overeating is a habit, the body becomes accustomed to the new regimen and adjusts itself. Slight overweight—say ten or fifteen pounds—can be lost in a few months merely by conscientious effort to eliminate desserts, candy, and perhaps bread and potatoes from the daily diet. For those persons more substantially overweight, a balanced diet of from 600 to 1000 calories should be followed.

In order to estimate weight loss properly, one should employ a good scale and weigh stripped in the morning, upon arising. Sudden shifts in poundage are largely due to water loss, and should not be considered seriously. The proper amount to lose each week is $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; in other words, a person 30 pounds overweight can safely reduce to the proper figure in from three to six months. It is not advisable to reduce more rapidly.

There is no reason to restrict water intake below normal requirements, although it is wise to reduce the amount of salt, as it increases the need for water. There are a number of popular reducing remedies, such as the banana and skimmed milk diet, but it is important not to confine the intake to too few foods as the body must receive all the essentials of life. The loss in weight should be in fat only, and not in muscular or glandular tissue. A well-balanced diet, providing approximately 940 calories, is recommended by the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital:

BREAKFAST

Orange, grapefruit, apple, fresh pineapple, strawberries, raspberries, or blackberries. Saccharin may be added, but no sugar or cream.

One egg in any form, but prepared without milk, flour, or sweetening.

One large cup of coffee or tea, one-half milk, but no cream or sugar.

Bran wafers without food value.

LUNCH

Clear meat soup, hot or cold, liquid or jellied. (An excellent dish may be prepared by adding some of the vegetables mentioned below to the soup.)

One generous helping of any meat or fish, with as little fat as possible.

Any of the following vegetables: asparagus, string beans, wax beans, beet greens, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, cucumbers, eggplant, endive, kohlrabi, leeks, lettuce, marrow, mushrooms, ripe olives, pickles, radishes, sauerkraut, spinach, Swiss chard, tomatoes, water cress, rhubarb.

For salad dressing use mineral oil only. Vinegar and condiments as desired.

Dessert: fruit as at breakfast.

Coffee or tea, with one to two tablespoons of cream, and saccharin. No sugar.
Bran wafers without food value.

DINNER

The same as lunch.

Some individuals find that one small piece of candy taken after a meal gives a greater feeling of satiety. This will retard the reducing process, but may make it easier to follow. Cigarettes, immediately before meals, have been found by some persons to dull the appetite. But whatever else, the obese individual should keep active, his mind unconcerned with food; when there is a let-up of enthusiasm for continuing the diet and it seems to be unbearable, let him glance at the tables of life expectancy. After all, it is better to be feasting on spinach and black coffee than on the doubtful staples of ambrosia and nectar.

Literature.—General material on obesity will be found in *Internal Medicine* by J. H. Musser, (Lea & Febiger, 1932), *Medicine* by R. L. Cecil, (Saunders, 1931), *Treatment in General Practice* by H. Beckman, (Saunders, 1934), and *Nelson's Loose-Leaf Living Medicine*, Vol. III, article by W. W. Palmer. A number of articles have appeared in medical journals, including that by F. A. Evans and J. M. Strang in *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 97:1063, (October 10, 1931), and by G. A. Harrop in the same publication (102:2003, 1934). For insurance statistics on mortality rates and their relation to obesity, see L. I. Dublin, *Human Biology* 2:2 (May, 1930). For exposures of a number of remedies see *Obesity Cures*, issued by the American Medical Association, Chicago, Illinois.



THE LIBRARY

Jean Jacques Rousseau Today

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

CORRESPONDANCE GÉNÉRALE DE JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Collationnée sur les originaux, annotée et commentée par Théophile Dufour. 20 vols. Paris: Armand Colin.

A FEW months before his death, in almost his last extant letter, Rousseau wrote of a proposal put before him: "It is a castle in Spain, and of all such as I have built in my life, I have never seen one realized." If we left it at that, if Rousseau was merely the builder of insubstantial castles in the air, he would still remain a memorable figure. We should have to recognize that he was a great architect of such castles. He would have been not only a master in literature but a wonderful adventurer, a spiritual Casanova, exploiting a rich and extraordinary personality on the highest plane, in search of that El Dorado of the soul which somewhere beneath the horizon men have always vaguely divined.

But we cannot leave it at that. Even in his life, and still more after his death, Rousseau figured as something very different from a dreamer. He became a center of controversy, of fierce struggle, of actual bloodshed. It is generally agreed that, whatever the deeper factors involved, on the surface and for the crowd, Rousseau was the inspiration of the French Revolution which he would certainly have loathed. Even the most opposed revolutionary groups all equally displayed his

banner and venerated his name. Marat was the disciple of Rousseau, and so equally was Charlotte Corday who slew him.

As the years went by, the magic of Rousseau's name and work became more complex and at the same time more extended among the nations. The leaders in philosophy and mysticism joined the violent revolutionaries in adoring Rousseau. He was an almost sacred figure for Kant. Emerson, as well as the Marquis de Sade, venerated him. His influence on Tolstoy was immense. And yet the persecution of Rousseau at the same time became even more ferocious.

When he was alive he had really been subjected to much persecution, and to his morbidly sensitive mind it became a systematic conspiracy. During the nineteenth century that imagined conspiracy developed into an actual fact. In many circles the vituperation of Rousseau was carried out in the most thorough manner. Thomas Davidson may have been in some respects an eccentric thinker, but he was a man of vigorous intellectual force, and in his book on Rousseau he was representing a solid body of academic and other opinion. He traced back nearly every stream of modern popular opinion to a source in Rousseau, even the most opposed tendencies of socialism and individualism. There seemed to be nothing pernicious—and Davidson was inclined to view all popular

movements as pernicious — in the world of that day which was not a form of Rousseauism.

Books on Rousseau are still constantly appearing, and it might be supposed that now, more than two centuries after he appeared in the world, some approach had been made to agreement regarding his position, and that his name had ceased to arouse even any spiritual bloodshed. Far from it! Today the battles around Rousseau seem even fiercer than ever. Thus I read: "Abuse of Rousseau is more frequent than understanding, especially today when he is represented as the cause of all our woes. He is indeed become almost the personal Devil of the new religion of Humanism, and the number of people in the United States who have been taught to shudder at the word 'Rousseauism', without having read, say, a single chapter of *Emile*, must by now be immense." And if we turn to England I find so outstanding a representative of cultured modern opinion as Dr. Inge declaring that "the influence of this sentimental rhetorician has perhaps been more pernicious than that of any man who has ever lived. Without Rousseau there might have been no Karl Marx and no Bolshevism."

The eloquent moralist's reference to Marx is interesting proof of the way in which the vituperation of Rousseau is in every age kept up to date. It has been pointed out that Marx's theories were not really based on any foundation supplied by Rousseau, but were the product of the Industrial Revolution as it seemed to be working out in England, though another line of socialist activity, that which Henry George represented, can properly be traced back to Rousseau's insistence that economic inequality began with the unjust appropriation of land which ought naturally to be common property.

Yet when we consider the almost boundless significance which, for good or for evil, is on all sides accorded to Rousseau, it is astonishing to realize that the chief source of reliable knowledge about him has always been neglected. I refer to his letters.

Of all the leading figures in our modern world, Rousseau — whatever else may be doubtful about him — may fairly be said to stand first in the art of letter writing. In the ancient world, not to mention Cicero, we have St. Jerome, who was really a letter writer of the same class as Rousseau. But in the modern world men of this type had not even begun to pour themselves forth in letters before the eighteenth century.

Rousseau was both a dominating personality and a supreme letter writer, whose art therein enabled him to put himself into his letters as no great artist ever had before. Voltaire wrote letters well and copiously, but they occupy no such place in his work as Rousseau's do in his. Rousseau was not only a master in the art, but he took it more seriously than it had ever been taken before. It became his chosen medium for conveying his message, and since his temperament was peculiarly personal and other persons also peculiarly real to him, he naturally became the pioneer in writing intimate letters. He could put the whole of his real self into a letter even to a comparatively unknown correspondent, keeping copies of those he wrote, as well as preserving the letters sent to him. That explains alike why so many survive and why they constitute the chief source of our knowledge concerning his temperament and his opinions. They are a higher authority than even the *Confessions*, written in old age, with an imperfect memory, and largely in the absence of verifying documents.

Yet until today there has been no scholarly or complete edition of Rousseau's letters. The completion of the edition in twenty volumes of the *Correspondance Générale*, a handsome series illustrated by admirable portraits of Rousseau and his correspondents, is thus a notable event. We owe this great work to two excellent and devoted scholars, Théophile Dufour and Pierre-Paul Plan. Dufour spent fifty years in bringing together, collating, and commenting the letters, but he died before actual publication, which has been carefully and skillfully carried out in the same spirit by M. Plan.

Here at last we have the complete Rousseau in all his varied phases and moods, each at the moment of experience. I have elsewhere described Rousseau as "the most spiritually naked man who has appeared in our civilization." The final proof is in these letters. Here we find him, not, as we often suspect in the *Confessions* — though that book remains immortal — refashioning the past, more or less unconsciously, to the pattern of the present, but in immediate reaction to that past, swift, direct, passionately intimate. Even when we neglect the revelation here of a supremely significant personality we still have in these four thousand letters a valuable document for literary history, for the history of science, of morals, indeed of history in general.

On innumerable puzzling questions in the life of Rousseau we find light thrown. There is, for instance, the long-debated and still unsolved question of the children by Thérèse, whom he said he had sent to the Foundlings Hospital. Were there really any children? Was Rousseau, indeed, capable of having children? And if there were children, was Rousseau the father? There are opposed opinions on all these points. I am not sure that the last

supposition might not be the right one. We have reasons to suspect that Thérèse was far from being trustworthy or reliable or faithful. Not by anything that Rousseau says; he never breathes a word against his wife, as she became recognized after 1768, though he was naturally suspicious; he is always full of tender consideration where she is concerned. He seldom writes a letter without bringing in the name of his wife and associating her with himself. It is quite possible to believe that he carried his loyalty so far as to accept, as his own, children for whose existence he had no responsibility.

However that may be, he certainly did admit this paternity, and when in 1751 an aristocratic admirer, Madame de Francueil, reproached him for his disposition of the children, he justified himself at length: "Yes, Madame, I put my children at the Foundlings. If my poverty deprives me of the power to carry out a care so precious, that is a misfortune for pity, not a crime for reproach." To support his children he would, he says, have had to resort to intrigue, to trickery, to vile employments, to all the infamies he holds in horror. "No, Madame! Better my children become orphans than have a rascal for father." The mother, almost as much an invalid as himself, he says, could not possibly support the burden of illegitimate children. "One should not have children if one cannot support them? Pardon me, Madame, Nature wills it since the earth produces enough to feed all; it is the rich class, it is your class, which robs mine of the bread of my children." As it is, he adds, the simple education they will receive cannot but render their lives happier than their father's has been. And he ends up by invoking that doctrine of Plato's — that children should be educated for the state and in ignorance of their parents — which is

held by some to be the ideal of communists today.

It is of interest to turn to the last period of Rousseau's life and to observe how he viewed in old age the agitated and distracted years he had passed through, partly by reason of his own morbid sensibility, partly because of that crucifixion every man of revolutionary genius is called upon to endure. Those who see in Rousseau only a lunatic will note that he is still far too ready to find persecutors even in his friends and to mistake extravagant admiration for hypocritical trickery, while it remains very difficult for wealthy and distinguished friends to induce him to accept gifts and favors. But, apart from that, we receive at last the impression of peaceful contentment with a humble lot.

He continues to earn a small income by music copying. Music, indeed, and natural history carried on in long walks, have become his chief occupations. He even says that he reads few books now, save on botany. He writes to Linnaeus in 1771 as "the most zealous of your disciples who owes in great part to meditation on your writings the tranquillity he enjoys in the midst of persecution all the more cruel since it is concealed, and covers with the mask of benevolence and friendship the most terrible hatred which Hell ever aroused. Alone with Nature and you, I pass delicious hours in my country walks." And he continues the letter in this cheerful tone. The wickedness of the world seems less and less to interrupt his own happy mood. We hear that he has long ceased to write. But none the less he writes a series of lengthy letters to his cousin Madame Delessert and her young daughter on the elementary principles of botany.

He is as interested as ever in youth, and eager to guide education along new lines. A lady whom he has met only once writes

to him of her grief over the obstinate and rebellious moods of her dearly loved young son, and he replies with a long and careful letter as to the line of conduct he would advise. It is to explain to the boy in all affection that his behavior grieves her so much that she must send him away for a time, and to carry this out in spite of all protests. Unfortunately we do not hear the result of this advice. On another occasion he writes: "I can never sufficiently repeat that good education should be purely negative; it is less concerned with doing than with preventing; the real teacher is Nature; any other teacher has only to remove the obstacles that oppose her."

To the end Rousseau continued to live the simple life he had always preferred. A visitor had called his dwelling, upon a fifth floor, "miserable". He will not hear of this. "I can assure you," he writes to his cousin, "that this lodging, though very small and very high up, is very cheerful and pleasant, and seems charming to all who come to see me; I have never occupied any that was more to my taste. Far from having to complain of the way I live, I bless heaven for it every day, and if I had an income of a hundred thousand francs I would not wish it to be different."

Schopenhauer has somewhere said that on Rousseau alone, Nature had bestowed the gift of being a moralist without being a bore. Whether that remark may be applied to his books, it certainly applies to his letters. They may be a revelation for many who regard Rousseau as a somber, suspicious, and melancholy lunatic, fleeing from mankind and hating society. Very notable here is the extent and variety of his personal friendships with people of high rank or of low. He often seemed a "bear" to visitors he disliked or with whom

he could not get into touch, and intimate friends, like Madame d'Epinaï, would playfully address him as "my bear", and he would in the same spirit accept and adopt that nickname. He was always ready to fall into a playful and bantering mood with familiar friends. Opening a volume almost at random, I find him writing from the Montmorency Hermitage to Lenièpès to say how pleased he will be to receive him at his "*délicieux séjour*", and that he hopes he will come to dinner. "I have wine and rustic foods, and if my rural fare does not suit you, you can bring your own." Then at the end he adds: "My respects to your daughter. But I warn her that I do not like to be kissed by letter; it is far better to make a merit of that pious deed, and to come on pilgrimage to visit the devout hermit as if he were a sacred relic."

Kretschmer, in what is perhaps the most penetrating psychological analysis of Rousseau, has remarked on the almost incredible combination in his nature of a sanguine and sunny soul side by side with an earnestness so ardent and a temperament sensitive to every pin prick. It was part, indeed, of his greatness that he was no model of abstract virtues, and his double nature has rendered him lovable. He fought against what he had himself lived. In the face of wretchedness he never quite lost his smile; he enjoyed life while he disdained it; he tenderly delighted in a world he demonstrated to be impossible.

It is hard to tear oneself away from these letters. I will only say in leaving them that, if in these difficult times any among my readers is ever sentenced to exile on a desert island (though few are now left), and permitted to carry with him a limited number of literary works, I would recommend the inclusion, to count as one work, of the twenty volumes of this *Correspondance*.

Folklore of the Air

By WILLIAM FAULKNER

TEST PILOT, by Jimmy Collins. \$1.25. 5½ x 7¾; 178 pp. New York: Doubleday, Doran.

I WAS disappointed in this book. But it was better than I expected. I mean, better as current literature. I had expected, hoped, that it would be a kind of new trend, a literature or blundering at self-expression, not of a man, but of this whole new business of speed just to be moving fast; a kind of embryo, instead of the revelation by himself of a man who was a pretty good guy probably and did it pretty well and had more to say than some I know and in a sense was just incidentally writing about flying.

For the book turned out to be a perfectly normal and pretty good collection of anecdotes out of the life and experience of a professional flyer. They are wide in range and of varying degrees of worth and interest, and one, an actual experience which reads like fiction, is excellent, concise, and ordered, and not only sustained but restrained. None of them is long and none overtold (his sense of restraint along with his gift for narrative were the author's best qualities), though I feel that some of them never warranted the telling to begin with, and most of them are tinged with a kind of sentimental journalese — that reportorial rapport which seems to know at once and by sheer instinct when any public figure enters town and where to find him — which shows especially in his nature descriptions. You are never arrested by a single description of night sky or night earth or sunset or moonlight or fog; you have seen it before a hundred times and it has been phrased just that way in ten thousand newspaper columns and magazines. But then, Collins

was a newspaper writer. But even if he had not been, this could justly be excused him because of the sort of life a test pilot would have to lead: a life which would never dare solitude, whose even idleness must take place where people congregate, which would not dare retire into introspection where it might contemplate sheer language calmly or it would have to cease to be that of a test pilot. But he had undeniable narrative skill; he would doubtless have written whether he flew or not. In fact, the book itself indicates that he apparently wanted to write, or at least that he flew only to make money to support his family.

Collins is dead, killed in the crash of an aeroplane which he was testing for the Navy, it being the custom of the military not to permit its own pilots to test new aeroplanes. The last chapter in the book is entitled "I Am Dead", and consists of an obituary which Collins wrote himself. I don't mean to make any commentary on twentieth-century publishing methods, the crass come-on schemes of modern day publishing, for whose benefit by an almost incredible fortuity Collins wrote the document, dared to it, I believe jokingly, by a friend, and I believe jokingly complying, because the book states that the dive which killed him was the last of a series on the last aeroplane which he intended to test, having perhaps gradually built up an income through his writing: but this should have been a private document, shown you privately by the friend with whom he left it. You are sorry to read it in a book. It should not have been included. It should have been quoted from, at most, quoted not as the document which it is, but for a figure which it contains, the only figure or phrase in the book which suddenly arrests the mind with the fine shock of poetry:

The cold but vibrant fuselage was the last thing to feel my warm and living flesh.

But there is still another reason why "I Am Dead" should not have been included. Because this time Collins overwrote himself, the only time in the book. Because, though he may have begun it jokingly, he did not continue, since no man is going to joke to himself about his own death. So this time he overwrote. But I suppose this may be forgiven him too, since though a man stops sentimentalizing about love probably the day he discovers that both he and his first sweetheart not only can desire and even take another but do, he probably never reaches that day when he no longer sentimentalizes over his own passing.

But this is not what I hold against the book. What I hold is that it is not what I had hoped for. I had hoped to find a kind of embryo, a still formless forerunner or symptom of a folklore of speed, the high speed of today which I believe stands a good deal nearer to the end of the limits which human beings and material were capable of when man first dug iron, than to the beginning of those limits as they stood ten or twelve years ago when man first began to go really fast. Not the limits for the machines, but for the men who fly them: the limit at which blood vessels will burst and entrails rupture in making any sort of turn that will keep you in the same county, not to speak of co-ordination and perception of distance and depth, even when they invent or discover some way to alter further the law of top speed ratio to landing speed than by wing flaps so that all the flights will not have to start and stop from one of the Great Lakes. The precision pilots of today even must have absolutely perfect co-ordination and depth perception, so perhaps, being perfect, these

will function at any speed up to infinity. But they will still have to do something about a pilot's blood vessels and guts. Perhaps they will contrive to create a kind of species or race, as they used to create and nurture races of singers and eunuchs, like Mussolini's Agello who flies more than four hundred miles an hour. They will be neither stalled ox nor game chicken, but capons: children culled by rules or even by machines from each generation and cloistered and in a sense emasculated and trained to conduct the vehicles in which the rest of us will hurtle from place to place. They will have to be taken in infancy because the precision pilot of today begins to train in his teens and is through in his thirties. These would be a species and in time a race and in time they would produce a folklore. But probably by then the rest of us could not decipher it, perhaps not even hear it since already we have objects which can outpace their own sound and so their very singers would travel in what to us would be a sound-proof vacuum.

But it was not of this folklore that I was thinking. That one would be years in the making. I had thought of one which might exist even now and of which I had hoped that this book might be the symptom, the first fumbling precursor. It would be a folklore not of the age of speed nor of the men who perform it, but of the speed itself, peopled not by anything human or even mortal but by the clever willful machines themselves carrying nothing that was born and will have to die or which can even suffer pain, moving without comprehensible purpose toward no discernible destination, producing a literature innocent of either love or hate and of course of pity or terror, and which would be the story of the final disappearance of life from the earth. I would

watch them, the little puny mortals, vanishing against a vast and timeless void filled with the sound of incredible engines, within which furious meteors moving in no medium hurtled nowhere, neither pausing nor flagging, forever destroying themselves and one another.



A Picture of Foolishness

BY WALTER WINCHELL

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE, by Stanley Walker.
\$3. 6 x 8½; 336 pp. New York: Stokes.

THIS is an entertaining book about people who got in Stanley Walker's hair, which is thinning anyway. It isn't hard to guess what gave him the idea. Many's the morning he came to his city editor's job on the New York *Herald Tribune* and found his assignment sheet cluttered up with the names of particularly annoying celebrities. The screwiest kind of news gets dignified treatment in that newspaper, so you picture Walker muttering: "When I'm on my own I'll do a book on these birds, in the belly laugh style they deserve." And here it is.

One gathers from the title that almost everybody nowadays is wearing the trappings of Mrs. Astor's well-dressed nag. The flash has come down to the common people. They are louder and funnier than the "abnormal number of bores, ignoramuses, and snobs" of the gilded era before the Social Register, or Bore Hundred, swelled from 400 names to the present 40,000. So Walker doesn't spare anybody who has contributed to the picture of foolishness. He cites the barnyard vocabulary of the "Mooley-Mooley" lover, the cockeyed pageantry of Queen Marie's visit, the passion for showplace bathrooms, the laughable frauds of interior decorating,

the gaudy spectacle of the Hauptmann trial, and the Page One caprices of Aimee Semple MacPherson, Rudolph Valentino, Daddy Browning, Lucy Cotton Thomas, Earl Carroll, and many others.

Sometimes Walker's temper is pretty short. You rather wish, for instance, he had spared the movies and the radio, which have already been kicked to pieces by lesser wreckers. They have become pushovers. Walker makes better reading when he is applying both boots to the *mélange* of modernist, Victorian, and Russian decorative elements in the Prince Matchabelli *salon*. Or in his cynical summation of the testimonial and debutante rackets. And when he softens up and writes of some of his victims with a sort of skulking affection, you like him. He doesn't, he makes it clear, care very much for General Hugh S. Johnson; yet he likes the way—he revels in the way—the General cusses out his hecklers. He's ready to back the General against any master of invective now performing, and almost gets a swelled head over the way his favorite name-caller put the blast on Father Coughlin and the late Huey Long. He is just about heartbroken that these artists are vanishing. He scorns the weak vituperation spouted by Mayor LaGuardia, Roosevelt, and Hoover. He prefers guys like his fellow Texan, ex-Governor Jim Ferguson, whose speeches "sounded like a roll-call of a vast army of pole-cats".

Spenders are people who also tickle Walker. He gets almost reverent when he relates how Coal Oil Johnny scattered his dough, and he has deep respect, too, for such rich livers as J. P. Morgan, the late John Markle, E. T. Stotesbury, and Jesse Livermore, when Livermore had it. Why, Walker even touches tenderly on the

shoot-the-works whims of the late Frank A. Munsey, who once bombed a paper out from under him.

But this tough historian is most gleeful when he is sending Mrs. Astor's horse to the boneyard, platinum harness and all. He refuses to recognize Society, calling it "what passes for formal society". He writes: "Students of such tony matters say that New York society may be divided roughly into four sets; the smart international set, probably the most desirable and amusing of the lot, led by Vincent Astor; the Newport group, last embattled remnants of the old 400, led more or less by the Vanderbilts; the fast but well-connected Long Island set who go in for horses, women, and an occasional cock-fight; and café society, an amazingly polyglot group which is willing to accept authors, motion picture stars and almost any one who wears good clothes and talks well." Just how Society tumbled to this bargain basement condition is disposed of in a chapter—the author graciously crediting your reviewer with some of the punches that set it back on its heels, if crediting is the word I'm looking for. The hell with it, says Walker, and promptly gets concerned with some of the ornate funerals that gangsters used to enjoy.

Finding all these weird goings-on bunched together in a book is a little startling to one who has practically wrung his living from them. There is hardly a person or incident in the whole fat volume that hasn't supplied your deputy's column with a laugh or a lament. The startling part of it is that they were all operating at the same time, or nearly so. We paragraphers didn't know when we were lucky.



The New Fiction

BY FRANCES C. LAMONT ROBBINS

AMONG readers of novels there will always be a few who are not satisfied by the quality required for any really good novel—that it shall enlarge the sympathies and stimulate the imagination. They demand pure intellectual excitement, and *The Root and the Flower* by L. H. Myers (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50) is the book for them. No American novelist could have written it; and no other novelist writing in English commands so trenchant a style. It is the product of a grave and subtle mind, working, I should think, without any thought of success or praise, written in clear, fine, serene prose. It will reward the trouble taken in reading it. For it involves some trouble: a long novel which has not a waste sentence in it, which is packed, page after page, with wise and sensitive observation, expressed in quotable, often epigrammatic, phrases is not easy reading; it allows for no inattentive moments. And yet the book is absorbing, growing in suspense as its characters take on life, as their self-examinations, their momentous moral decisions involve the reader in a shared, troubled agitation. *The Root and the Flower* is a philosophical romance, set in sixteenth-century India; but it has little to do with India or the sixteenth century. Some description of exotic scenes, and an easy acceptance of India as a natural setting for metaphysical speculation, will suffice to justify the choice of time and place.

Mr. Myers, in his illuminating foreword, explains sixteenth-century India as a microcosm sufficiently strange to free readers from the load of preconceptions and associations which they carry into a

novel of here and now, and yet sufficiently familiar—as grass and trees and the voices of men are familiar—so that one need not learn, on entering the book, the clumsy geography of an imaginary world. Through its metaphysical veil, one sees Mr. Myers' world as a place where men seek, by many roads, the good life. One finds there the man who escapes from reality into contemplation, the fallible, natural man of goodwill, the humanist, the humanitarian, the innocent experimenter, the opportunist. One finds, too, personifications of the forces of good and evil, and of the simpler temptations, antipathies, and sympathies met in all search for a way of life. Although the book develops, as I have said, at so considerable a pace that one looks with some impatience for its sequel (*The Root and the Flower* is three long sections of a novel which will need at least two more for completion), it is in no wise a novel of action.

All the significant action takes place in the minds of the characters, among the minutiae of self-analysis, the finest shadings of emotion. What we watch, as readers, is not man struggling against man, or against nature or against fate, but man struggling against the sluggishness of his own responses and perceptions, trying, through examination of his own thoughts and feelings, to refine his senses and quicken his intelligence. Mr. Myers' theme is fundamentally pessimistic. For him, the flower springs inevitably from the root; the way of life, the way of spiritual aspiration, are determined by the weakest rather than by the strongest element in the individual character. This is,

of course, quite in opposition to the free-will foundation upon which most moral tales are built.

The title of Robert Briffault's huge novel, *Europa* (Scribner's, \$2.75) has a double significance. The beautiful Princess Daria Davidoff is known among international gossips as Europa from the circumstance of having once posed for a famous sculpture of the mythological rider of the Bull. She had become the symbol of fashionable, decadent Europe in the "Years of Ignorance", from the late nineteenth century to August, 1914. Julian Bern, hero of the novel, is the son of an English politician with a "great future behind him", who has spent his years of disappointed retirement in an old villa on the Aventine, where Julian grows up exposed to all the influences of that strange and complex society which it was once the delight of Henry James to describe and interpret; and while Briffault can scarcely be compared as an imaginative writer with James, it is safe to say that not since the early James novels has Rome been so vividly realized in fiction. From Rome, Julian moves through brilliant scenes of European capitals: sensitive and unsatisfied, he tries to find himself in scientific, then in sociological work, and in the vicious gaieties of smart cosmopolitan society. Finally, he finds solace in his love for Europa's daughter, the wife of the degenerate Prince Hruzof, until their dream of love in the midst of moral bankruptcy is shattered by the murder at Sarajevo. One has almost to read *Europa* armed with the *Almanach de Gotha* in order to understand the intricate right- and left-handed relationships of mediatized Princes, hereditary reigning dukes, and Russians of the House of Rurik. But a

little annoyance with Briffault's snobbish preoccupation with the illustrious (such as one often feels in reading James or Proust), is soon forgotten in the interest of his book and in its importance as a social document. A store of cultural material gives a rich patina to a novel which is not primarily a creative work. Probably no author has been more frank in revealing the complete breakdown of inhibitions in the Europe of the day and the general practice of what the Old Testament calls Abominations. But the book is not primarily sensational. Its searching denunciations and its seriousness of purpose are the things which make it memorable.

There could be no sharper contrast to Briffault's unspeakable grandees than one finds in the great people of Princess Marthe Bibesco's *Worlds Apart* (D. Appleton-Century Co., \$2.50), in which proud Frenchmen live in the memory of a ditch in a Picpus garden where heads and bodies went pellmell one dark night long ago. The ditch became an abyss so deep that two earnest lovers could not cross it, for one was a Scottish noblewoman, come from the land where "any socialist can put on knee breeches and go to court" to join by marriage an ancient, forgotten aristocracy, and the other was a peasant, the people's leader. To the widowed Princess' father-in-law, her lover was an untouchable; to her son he was "the black man", Antichrist; to the peasant leader's constituents, the Princess was an "aristo", infinitely vicious and corrupt, a traitress who had betrayed her country and debauched and bought their hero. *Worlds Apart*, with its delicate, crisp style, its tenderness, its sharp wit, is a moving novel. By far the most ambitious in

theme of the Princess Bibesco's books, it is also the most fully developed, the most mature, and the least dependent for its effect on superficial charm.



We, *The Accused* by Ernest Raymond (Stokes, \$2.50) is another of those painful and provocative novels dealing with the death penalty for murder, of which Dreiser's *American Tragedy* is still the first. In this case there is no question of the murderer's guilt, not even any quibble about ultimate intention; nor could Arthur Presset's murder of his wife by any twist of conscience be regarded as justifiable. Mr. Raymond presents a fine study of Presset's character and the influences playing upon him up to the moment when he poisons his elderly, hypochondriac wife to marry the woman he loves, the touching, faded Woman of Thirty who gives him the eager, grateful love his wife denied. But it is the weakness of the novel that the author does not make us believe that Presset would have killed his wife. It is still less conceivable that such a man would have felt no remorse or regret for the crime. The wretched, neurotic adolescent of Dreiser's great document of crime and punishment, with undisciplined mind and emotional instability, excited from early youth by religious hysteria, is at all times credible. But Mr. Raymond's murderer becomes less real with the progress of the book, and even the manhunt on the Downs, and Presset's trial and execution, can not save the last of the book from a falling off of interest. Nevertheless the novel is powerful, and well written in a somberly glowing style.



In *The Inquisitor* (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.) Hugh Walpole returns to his cathed-

ral town of Polchester, and writes one of his best novels. Polchester, a perfectly modern city peopled with the usual knaves, fools, pettifoggers, idealists and decent, worthy bodies, is an object of envy to Seatown, its grubby suburb. The cathedral, which is in a sense the hero of all the Polchester novels, is the core around which envy surges into open hatred, and the Polchester-Seatown riots become the climax, as far as action goes, of the novel. I do not know just how great is Mr. Walpole's interest in the sociological problems which his story touches. There is certainly a hint of determination to use contemporaneous material in the development of antagonism between cathedral city and workman's town. The novelist's greater interest is always in the creation of atmosphere and in the problems and passions of his characters. His story of a villain and of how, when the villain was murdered, his ghost walked in different ways before each man who had suffered at his fleshly hands, is first of all an absorbing tale. Mr. Walpole is prolific, and he has his ups and downs. But his intelligence, flexible style, sympathy, and good taste keep him out of most of the traps that are set for writers of popular novels.



Another popular writer who is skillful in avoiding these traps is A. J. Cronin, whose new novel, *The Stars Look Down* (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50), is hearty old-fashioned melodrama, with good stout characters smartly manipulated to suit the ends of the plot. The theme is a timely enough one, in that it deals with class warfare, but, with an honesty impossible to propagandists, Mr. Cronin makes one of his heroes a miner and one a mine-owner's son, one of his villains a mine-owner, the other a miner's son. In the

end, however, the workers have it against the capitalists, for the mineowner dies in shivering senile failure and his son is broken beyond repair by his years in prison as a conscientious objector; while the laborer-villain is elected to Parliament as the book closes, triumphant in his corruption, and the miner-hero, betrayed by his own people, goes back to the mine to start afresh. The story is long, full of big scenes, and peopled with characters which rouse lively response. It is written in the straightaway narrative style, vigorous and without mannerisms, and is to be recommended to everyone who likes a good story.



Country Holiday (Putnam, \$2.) is, I believe, the first novel of Frances Woodhouse, a young writer with a more than promising talent. It is a simple tragedy, the story of a "funny, little man", a great-souled young doctor who had a comedian's face and only five feet, one inch of height. The story of his love, his failure, and his loss is touching. The book is written in unpretentious, easy style, is full of delicate, fresh humor, and touched with warm, unashamed sentiment.



The Grand Gennaro by Garibaldi M. Lapolla (Vanguard, \$2.50) is a tragic-comedy of New York's East Side. Born a peasant, Gennaro "made America" and became king of the Harlem rag-and-bottle men. Even after he was a rich landlord, he wore his ancestral earrings so that everyone might see how he had risen in the New World. He should have lived in the spacious days of the Renaissance, for he was both ruthless and magnanimous; had energy, initiative, and imagination, combining, as only an Italian can, a capac-

ity for cruelty with radiant amiability and childlike piety. Primarily a character study, this is a thoughtful novel of Little Italy. And in spite of Gennaro's braggadocio, there is more than a hint of frustration in this success story of a Calabrian peasant who came to America in the steerage because he was four hundred years too late for the caravels.



The New Poetry

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

THE two best books of poetry of the month are, fortunately, also the handsomest. Wallace Stevens' *Ideas of Order* (The Alcestis Press, \$7.50), and John Gould Fletcher's *XXIV Elegies* (Writers' Editions, Santa Fe, \$2.50), are distinguished in composition and a format unusual but not freakish, signed by the authors and strictly limited, the former to 165, the latter to 400 copies. In content as well as design Stevens' is the more arresting. Stevens published his first volume, *Harmonium*, in 1923, when he was about forty; twelve years elapsed before he offered this second collection. *Ideas of Order* displays the same combination of clear color and finical half-lights, of suggestion and abstract sound, of brusqueness and reticence which characterizes Stevens' other work. Many will find it a merely provoking combination. The reader looking for forthright declarations or lyric condensations will look in vain; Stevens is rarely stirred by "poetic" surfaces; he turns—not with passion, for passion is absent from his lines, but with determination—to the anti-poetic. In a recent introduction to William Carlos Williams' *Collected Poems* (The Objectivist Press, \$2) Stevens wrote,

"Something of the unreal is necessary to fecundate the real; something of the sentimental is necessary to fecundate the anti-poetic. One might run through these pages and point out how often the essential poetry is the result of the conjunction of the unreal and the real, the sentimental and the anti-poetic, the constant interaction of two opposites." These sentences explain Stevens while they are defining Williams. There is, moreover, in Stevens an added quality, the quality of elegance—an elegance which enjoys incongruities, making a study in aesthetics of the contents of a cab and building an "absolute" pattern around the word "pejorative". Stevens, as has been implied, is interested in things chiefly from their fictive aspect; he seldom evokes the *Ding an sich*, but rather the overtones which the thing creates in his mind. Here even the candid surface quickly gives off cryptic colors, and remembered scenes are recorded in a deft but elusive phrase. This poet's forte is his unpredictability. Often enough a poem refuses to yield a meaning, but "Academic Discourse at Havana" and "The Idea of Order at Key West" surrender themselves in an almost pure music. Stevens may be a puzzling poet, but he seldom lacks piquancy and his lines are never without a fastidious distinction.

XXIV *Elegies* is a work which took Fletcher twenty years to write; the poems, one for each hour of the twenty-four, having been composed between 1914 and 1934. The dignified tone matches the beautiful format—a format which every other poet will envy—and depth of feeling is communicated throughout. There are, as there would be in a work of this character, several tedious passages, and an American poet in the twentieth century might have spared himself an elegy on "Tristan in Brittany" and (Wordsworth Estate please

note!) an "Elegy on Tintern Abbey." But Fletcher atones for these lapses in the "Elegy on the Building of the Washington Bridge," "Elegy on the Jewish People," "Elegy in a Civil War Cemetery," and by the general accent, an inflection which uses the grand manner but restrains the rhetoric, holding the ecstatic material within the bounds of experience.

Theodore Morrison's *Notes of Death and Life* (Crowell, \$2) suffers from the introductory enthusiasms so well meant, so unhappily overstated. Mr. Morrison is not, as Hervey Allen states in his preface, "carrying forward the kind of thinking upon life that the late Edwin Arlington Robinson left off"—there is none of the Robinsonian knotted intellectuality and epigrammatic insight—nor is Morrison's poetry "subtle" or "everywhere unquestionably original", as Bernard de Voto declares. It is, however, sensitively composed, traditional in thought and technique, and highly readable throughout. Nothing in the book will startle the reader—there is even something surprising in Mr. Morrison's failure to surprise—but there is much to commend in the reticence, the quiet emotion, and the nicely balanced contours of his verse.

I wish I could be more enthusiastic about Arthur Guiterman's *Death and General Putnam and 101 Other Poems* (Dutton, \$2). I have always relished the Guiterman of the light fantastic pen, the downright nonsensical Guiterman who created the prophylactic pup and the "Samuel" who rhymed with "camuel". But the lusty Guiterman who cries to God to give him hills to climb, who invokes the stereotyped blessings on hemlock, maple, pine, balsam, and birch, not forgetting "the soft green seas of velvet moss", who writes again and again of the blazed trails and open roads, of "fragrant boughs"

and "pine-built lodge", or deer that drink "where water-lilies slumber", of "little homes in the mountains"—that Guiterman strikes me as just another circulator of verse-worn platitudes and counterfeits of the poetic—er—realm. I know that the title-poem of Guiterman's new volume (chiefly a collection of his older verses) was read over the air by Alexander Woollcott, but, in spite of that august circumstance, "Death and General Putnam" seems, like most of the others that follow, nothing more than smooth and sentimental verse-making. The line between pathos and bathos is almost invisible in many of the stanzas; one waits for Guiterman to give the lines one small push and turn them into the burlesque they seem to be seeking—but one waits less and less hopefully. Oblivious to the seven thousand variations on the wanderlust theme cluttering the magazines ever since the *Vagabondia* collections, Guiterman writes, apparently without a grin or a groan:

Then come and travel my road with me
Through windy passes or waves of
flowers,
Though long and weary the march may be
The rover's blessing shall still be ours.

There are, if the subtitle is to be trusted, one hundred and one other similar poems. But there is not one saving prophylactic pup among all of them.

Gertrude C. L. Whitney's *Sled Against the Door* (Bruce Humphries, \$2) is easily the worst book-of-the-month; it might well have been included among the self-inflated volumes noticed last month with its fatuous blurb: "An expression of Life's portent, its pathos, joy, futility, incapability, warmth, and glory, god-like in its divinity . . . hotly and passionately subjective . . . the flowing lyrics of an inspired mind." Nothing should be added to such a dispassionate estimate except to say

that the book is composed of pretentious, hysterical, and generally unpleasant free verse.

The month's quota concludes with three volumes of English poets of the right, the middle, and the uncertain left. The avowed tradition, tradition self-assured and self-sufficient, is illustrated by W. H. Davies' *Love Poems* (Oxford University Press, \$1.25). Davies has written more than twenty volumes in verse; he is still in the very flush of fecundity, and his simple spring-like outpourings show no sign of diminishing. *Love Poems*, his latest, is his usual uncritical mélange, a lavish mixture of Davies' plain-song sagacities and painful banalities. It needs all one's faith in a poet to forgive him such a stanza as:

The sun has his spots, the moon has her shadows,
The sea has his wrinkles, the land has her warts;
Sweet faith has her doubts and lovers their quarrels,
And nothing is perfect in all its parts.

But Davies merits our faith; for his best, like the best of the Caroline poets, moves us not only because of innocence of vision but because of the adequacy of communicating it. If, in his later work, his thought is confused and tempts Davies out of his depth, his ear remains quick and sensitive as the thrush whose quick eye he celebrates. It is the thrush he most resembles, for no poetry is more spontaneous-thoughtless, more actually bird-like in its sharp pitch and sharper observation. Davies' gift—and a rare one it is in any day, in these days rarest of all—is the rediscovery of rapture in commonplaces, a wonder in the ordinary objects which everyone takes for granted. Davies regards his subjects with a continual, but genuine, air of surprise. What is more, he communicates his astonishment with the fresh-

ness, and the repetitiveness, of a wide-eyed uninhibited child.

Davies' opposite may be found in John Pudney. Pudney's *Open the Sky* (Doubleday Doran, \$1.50) is strictly contemporaneous. It prefers "suspended" rhyme and assonance to the full and orthodox pairing of vowels; it disdains the material with which this poet's immediate predecessors solidified their style, and goes in for "symmetric chords of steel and glass", the "steel alacrity" of grain elevators, aerials, oiled bearings, wires, turbines. Like Auden and Day Lewis, with whom Pudney has been compared, he is aggressively modern, and like them he frequently loses himself in a *double-entendre* of symbols. Often he blurs his effects with a too rapid transition from image to image and too great a dependence on the discord—a device which Eliot has popularized and which, in turn, has almost ruined Eliot. Pudney, for all the predetermined program, is a lyric poet,

as is proved not only by most of the short poems, but by the concluding "Joseph", a modern miracle play in three curious and compelling scenes.

About Lawrence Whistler's *Four Walls* (Macmillan, \$1.25) two things must be recorded: (1) it won the King's Medal this year in England; and (2) it is a book of bad poetry—not poor, not incompetent, but downright bad. Placarded as a reaction against "the fashionable obscurity of today" its author commits more poetic sins than all the "obscurantists" put together, and adds several absurdities of his own.

But more amazing than the poetry is the fact that this was the volume chosen to receive the honor of the royal medal, the judges being poets no less eminent than John Masefield, Lawrence Binyon, Walter de la Mare, Gilbert Murray, and the critic I. A. Richards, all of them, presumably, sober when the award was made.



Briefer Mention

BLACK TENTS OF ARABIA.

By Carl R. Raswan.

Little, Brown

\$4

6¾ x 9¾; 159 pp.

Boston

A very strange coincidence, attributed to the will of Allah, made Mr. Raswan blood-brother to Amir Fuaz, a member of the largest nomadic tribe in Arabia—the Ruala Bedouins. In the course of the last twenty years, he has been a guest of the tribe eleven times, and has had opportunity to study their manners and customs from the inside. This book is a colorful account of his experiences in a land of famine, drought, pestilence, and brutality. "After one has lived a length of time with the Bedouins," he explains, "one learns to understand that the unwritten laws of the Bedouin social code are closely adapted to the conditions of life in the desert and have sufficed, from time immemorial, to

meet its manifold circumstances. Without these rules of the game, indeed, all human life in nomad Arabia would have become extinct long since." Woven into the finely-written narrative is a delicate love story, of which the tragic denouement alone seems in harmony with the heartless country in which it was unfolded. Seventy-two photographs by the author help to make this a beautiful and fascinating book.



THE SCANDAL OF SOPHIE DAWES.

By Marjorie Bowen.

Appleton-Century

\$2.50

5¾ x 8¾; 297 pp.

New York

Sophie Dawes was the illegitimate child of a drunken English smuggler. Fired by an uncontrollable ambition for riches and social attainment, she abandoned the London streets to be-

come the mistress of the Prince de Bourbon Condé, whom she later murdered, under the protection of Louis Philippe. From the scandal which ensued, Sophie emerged in triumph but disgrace. The King, who had divided the spoils with her, no longer received her at court, and the houses of fashion closed their doors. So Madame la Baronne de Feuchères — a title which she had won through marriage with a French gentleman — retired with a couple of million francs to London, where she died in 1840. Although not too ably written, the book, because of its fascinating characters, reads like a novel by Balzac. Sophie, the debauched Prince, and the conspiring King, driven as they are by consuming passions, might well have stepped from the pages of *La Comédie Humaine*.



I'D LIVE IT AGAIN.

By Lieut. Col. E. J. O'Meara. Lippincott
\$2.50 5¼ x 8; 320 pp. Philadelphia

With all the enthusiasm of a young subaltern just out from Home, a British army surgeon describes his adventurous years in India. Arriving at Bombay in 1898, Col. O'Meara bowed to the inevitable, discovering, like countless others, that "the first sight of India is amazing, intoxicating, bewildering, stupefying." But he had scant time to ponder the fascination of Oriental pagantry, for his commission soon brought him face to face with more somber realities — cholera and famine, earthquakes, frontier raids, deaths by poison, Thuggee, and dagger. One chapter of the book tells of the author's close association with the German Crown Prince when the latter visited Benares before the war; another recalls a famous Indian murder case, remarkable for its sordid, brutal denouement. Looking back on his career, Col. O'Meara declares he enjoyed it, and transmits his enthusiasm to the reader. Like the *Bengal Lancer* of Yeats-Brown, it is a first-rate book of adventure in far places. There are a number of photographic illustrations, and an index.



THE UNMAKING OF A RUSSIAN.

By Nicholas Wreden. W. W. Norton and Co.
\$3 6¼ x 9; 317 pp. New York

Another personal history of the Russian Revolution has been written by an exile, but in this instance the author disarms the class-conscious critics by admitting in advance that he was a

biased witness of the upheaval which ripped his homeland apart. No man can give an impartial account of first-hand adventures, Mr. Wreden asserts, and adds that "the final appraisal of the Revolution must be left to a future generation". Having started on this refreshing note, he proceeds to tell of his early life in Petrograd where his father was chief surgeon of the Army Medical Staff, and his family enjoyed the cultivated life of the upper classes. When the revolution arrived, the young man, finding himself suddenly without a country, started out on a series of adventures in the 'mob-infested cities, in the peasant country, at naval bases, and in prisons. Finally escaping to Finland, he joined the White armies, and fought the Bolsheviks from an armored train. His narrative is a notable contribution to modern Russian history, constituting a record of the men, the scenes, the incidents, of stirring days, written with a minimum of bias. It is recommended as an antidote to the current crop of escape stories, in which the authors, bitter with political hatred, pepper their diaries with gratuitous observations on brutality and political oppression.



NEGRO POLITICIANS.

By Harold F. Gosnell. University of Chicago Press
\$3.50 6 x 9¼; 404 pp. Chicago

Using the Chicago Black Belt as his subject, Mr. Gosnell describes how, in a very few years, the colored population of that city has set up a political organization of considerable power. In 1930, Chicago possessed the second largest Negro population of any city in the world, surpassed only by Greater New York. One of every twelve inhabitants of the Illinois metropolis is black. Mr. Gosnell believes that the Negro in America is overcoming his handicaps of color, inexperience, and inadequate financial resources. Negro politicians have proved to be tireless organizers, and have lost no opportunity to win sympathetic whites to their side. But what, Mr. Gosnell asks, has been the result of this political emancipation? The Negro still votes on racial lines, he is opposed to all governmental reforms, and believes that, if the political game is a corrupt one, he is wise to play it according to rules. So far Negro politicians have not learned how to utilize the power they have won. The author is Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago. There are illustrations, an index, and appendices.

THE UNITED STATES, 1830-1850.

By Frederick Jackson Turner. Holt and Company
\$4.50 5¼ x 8¼; 613 pp. New York

This posthumous volume, never completed, continues the interpretation of American history so familiarly associated with Professor Turner, namely that the changing frontier and the creation of new sections profoundly affected the economic, social, and political history of the country. Physical geography played a determinant role in shaping human geography as reflected in the thoughts, ambitions, hatreds, and personalities of the several sections, so that by the middle of the nineteenth century sectional (not state) interests overshadowed national matters. This tendency was checked, however, by the "national extension of political parties"; and the resultant demands for party loyalty. Six chapters are devoted to an analysis of the conflicting interests within the several sections. The author then surveys the confluence of these forces in the administrations from Jackson through Polk. The documentation is thorough yet by no means forbidding to the lay reader. There is an index, as well as adequate maps, taken from the author's notes.



SECRETS OF THE WHITE LADY.

By Capt. Henry Landau. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$3 6¼ x 9; 308 pp. New York

Captain Landau, head of the British military espionage unit in Holland during the World War, has set down in authoritative detail the activities of the White Lady behind the German lines. Named in honor of the legendary phantom whose appearance to a Hohenzollern would herald the downfall of the dynasty, the White Lady comprised an army of diligent spies operating in occupied territory. Like the author's previous volume, *All's Fair*, this book is another of the unique documents which help to complete the more obscure history of the war. In size, the White Lady was by far the largest Allied espionage organization to function within the German front, yet its casualty list was the smallest. During the last eighteen months of the war, it supplied seventy-five per cent of the total information sent to British headquarters. Captain Landau, who guided this spy network from neighboring, neutral Holland, has written a factual yet dramatic account of its little-known activities. There is an appendix, relating to official war documents, and an index.

QUACK, QUACK!

By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace
\$2 4¾ x 7¼; 201 pp. New York

"The instincts of the animal and the psychology of the savage lie still only just below the surface of our minds." Upon this reasonable thesis, Mr. Woolf founds his indictment of modern political trends and intellectual theories. Today, he believes, the gates are opened to barbarians rather than to the intelligent minority, and as a result civilization is betrayed. Faced with economic disaster because of our refusal to civilize our economic system, people still turn to the old quackery. Fascism, according to Mr. Woolf, is a reversion to savagery and belief in political magic; the speeches of Mussolini and Hitler are appeals to primitive passions. "Carlyle's hero and Nietzsche's superman are only the witch-doctor and chief of the savages dug up out of their primitive graves." Spengler's talents are being used in the service of quackery, and Keyserling's books are "gigantic verbal balloons". Bergson is a quack who asks us to abandon the intellect for intuition. The book, as can be seen from this summary, is stimulating and provocative. It is marred chiefly by the author's intolerance and superficiality. The appendix, in which Mr. Woolf makes an impassioned plea for the Jews, is a *réchauffé* of old material. There is no index.



THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA.

In One Volume.

Edited by Clarke F. Ansley. Columbia Press
\$17.50 9 x 12; 1949 pp. New York

As the result of eight years of editorial preparation by a staff of experts, Columbia University presents in one volume a finely executed compendium of human knowledge, providing easier and quicker access to information than encyclopedias of the multi-volume variety. In typography and other physical details, the book is compact. In the articles, much space has been gained by avoiding the duplication of material which properly belongs in the dictionary and the atlas. There are no technical treatises; those who compiled the work have succeeded in presenting reliable information in terms no more complex than the phraseology of the daily newspaper. The result is 5,000,000 words, classified under 50,000 entries, of plain, unadorned fact, the whole forming a co-ordinated and dependable reference book.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN BAKELESS, author and editor, teaches journalism at New York University. Formerly editor of *The Living Age*, Mr. Bakeless is the author of *The Origin of the Next War* and *Magazine Making*.

HOWARD McK. CORNING, a resident of Portland, Oregon, has written two volumes of verse: *These People* and *The Mountain in the Sky*.

H. L. DAVIS, author of the Harper prize novel and current best-seller, *Honey in the Horn*, began writing prose in 1928, his first short stories and articles appearing in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. In 1932, he received a Guggenheim Exchange Fellowship in creative writing and departed for Mexico, whence he has recently returned. At present he is traveling in the Southern states, gathering material for a forthcoming book concerning the life and times of General Sherman.

HAVELOCK ELLIS, the noted British author, critic, and authority on sex in its relation to human society, was born in Surrey in 1859. His next book, *From Rousseau to Proust*, will be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin.

WILLIAM FAULKNER, the Southern novelist who occupies a high place in contemporary American letters, has been a recent contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, his last story, *Uncle Willy*, having appeared in the October issue. Among his distinguished books are *Pylon*, published last spring, *The Sound and the Fury*, *Light in August*, and *Sanctuary*. Mr. Faulkner's home and workshop is in Oxford, Mississippi.

FORD MADDOX FORD, the English novelist and critic, has recently returned to his home in southern France after completing his annual visit to New York City. He has been a recent contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, his essay, *The Small Producer*, having appeared in the

August issue. Mr. Ford's latest book, *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes*, was published in this country during the past summer.

L. M. HUSSEY, a native of Philadelphia, but now living in Los Angeles, is a biological chemist by profession. His literary talents, however, have been manifested in articles for various periodicals, as well as in a novel, *Obelisque*. Mr. Hussey has recently returned from Europe, where he spent four years in gathering material for his scientific studies.

VICTORIA LINCOLN, a native of Boston, was graduated from Radcliffe College in 1926, and since then has spent considerable time in traveling abroad. She is the author of the recent best-seller, *February Hill*. Now a temporary resident of Hudson, Ohio, she is at work on a new novel, which will be published in the near future.

EUGENE LYONS won his spurs as an American newspaper correspondent abroad when he was invited to leave Italy in 1921 by the pre-Mussolini regime. Since then he has worked as a journalist on both sides of the Atlantic. He was stationed in Soviet Russia for six years by the United Press. He has also compiled and edited *Six Soviet Plays*, and published his Russian impressions under the title *Moscow Carrousel*.

HELENE MAGARET, a native of Omaha, Nebraska, was graduated from Barnard College, Columbia University, in 1932. Her first volume of verse, *The Trumpeting Crane*, was published last year.

MERRILL MOORE is a practicing psychiatrist in Boston and an instructor in the Harvard Medical School. While a student at Vanderbilt University, he was a member of *The Fugitives*. Dr. Moore has published a large number of sonnets, and is the author of *The Noise That Time Makes* and *Six Sides to a Man*.

J. H. OPPENHEIM was born in Chicago in 1904. After graduating from the University of Chicago in 1925, he was associated with the Viking Press, and Robert O. Ballou. Later he entered the law school of his alma mater, and was admitted to the bar in 1928.



KENNETH W. PORTER is a native of Kansas, and holder of degrees from the University of Minnesota and Harvard. Now living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he is engaged in editing documents relating to early New England shipping. Mr. Porter is the author of *John Jacob Astor: Business Man*, as well as several volumes of verse.



FLETCHER PRATT was born in Buffalo in 1897, and is now a resident of New York City. After studying at Hobart College and the Sorbonne, he became in turn a librarian, a reporter, and writer on historical and military topics. He is the author of *The Heroic Years*, *Ordeal By Fire*, and *The Cunning Mulatto*.



OLAND D. RUSSELL was the correspondent in Japan for the late-lamented *New York World*, and the news editor of *The Japan Advertiser*. At present he serves the *New York World-Telegram* as telegraph editor. Mr. Russell's article *Japan's War Machine* appeared in the April issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.



ORVILL C. SNYDER, who is 39 years old and a member of the Columbus, Ohio, bar, has been dean of Columbus College since 1931. Raised on a farm, he later took a fling at assorted business enterprises, being at various times a clerk, a stenographer, business correspondent, salesman, and collection manager. Mr. Snyder

has contributed numerous articles to law digests and reviews.



JAMES STEVENS has spent a good deal of his time in the Michigan woods, Detroit, and Gary. Now living in the rural deeps of Hoosier land, he is gathering material for a novel on art among laborers and laborers in art, which he predicts will run to several volumes. Mr. Stevens in the past has been a frequent contributor to these pages.



MARJORIE WORTHINGTON, a native of New York City, has lived most of the last ten years in France. She is the wife of William Seabrook, the writer. At present Miss Worthington is engaged on a novel concerning the American business woman. Among her previously published books are *Spider Web*, *Mrs. Taylor*, *Scarlet Josephine*, and *Come, My Coach*.



LIONEL WIGGAM is a Chicagoan whose verse has frequently appeared in American magazines. His forthcoming volume of poems will be entitled *Landscape with Figures*.



WALTER WINCHELL is America's best-known columnist, via both the printed page and the radio.



KARL F. ZEISLER was born in Lancaster, Ohio, in 1903, and was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1926. At present he is a resident of Monroe, Michigan, pursuing a newspaper career begun in Denver some years back. He reports that THE AMERICAN MERCURY is the first magazine to recognize his literary talent, his article, *Newspaper Authors Never Arrive*, having appeared in the May issue.



AMERICANA

Commencing with the December issue, THE AMERICAN MERCURY's celebrated AMERICANA department will be revived. It is hoped that readers

will send in clippings that strike them as being worthy of publication. Particular attention will be paid to the New Deal's current wizardries.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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Africa Dances

by Geoffrey Gorer

Mr. Van Vechten writes: "At this hour when everybody's eye is glued on the latest news from Ethiopia and when Joe Louis, with a few well-aimed blows, has become overnight a popular idol in American sporting life, this new kind of book about the 'Dark Continent' may be said to have arrived opportunely, more especially as it is one of the most readable books I have prowled around in recently. Gorer is so intelligent, and so witty, that were he even less documentative than he is, AFRICA DANCES would still stand unique in literature devoted to Africa.

"The author's point of view is, in fact, entirely original. He is the only African explorer, so far as I know, who has troubled to examine Africa through African eyes. Mr. Gorer visited the continent with a returning native, as the native's friend and travelling companion. It is for this reason that he is able to give a scrupulously exact account of the life, manners, and customs, sexual and governmental, of the West African Negroes. What he has seen, what he has been told, he has put down, and he has missed very little in the directions in which he happened to be looking. Most of his facts are not flattering to the white conqueror. His picture of exploitation and race prejudice is not a pretty one; indeed it would make a miserable Negro share-cropper in our Southern states smile at his own lot.

"There are, of course, brighter interludes and the descriptions of the dances and certain wonders and magic rituals are alive with nervous rhythm. I think almost anyone who reads the first page of AFRICA DANCES will feel impelled to read the whole book."

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page vii)

visited by whites. Famine and death in an atmosphere of heartless fatality and resignation — such is the setting of interior Abyssinia as seen by this shrewd French observer.

MISCELLANEOUS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EARTH.

By John Hogdon Bradley. Coward-McCann
\$3 6 x 9 1/4; 347 pp. New York

In this book Old Mother Earth tells her own story, ably assisted by the pen of Mr. Bradley. It is the familiar story of the cosmic plan — of rolling oceans, volcanoes, glaciers, and erosive forces. And late in the narrative, Earth tells of the appearance of Man, and his courageous struggle for endurance upon her rugged surface. At the end of the book, however, Mr. Bradley takes the exposition into his own hands, and closes it with a lament for the futility of modern science. Today, he says, men have a scarcely more fruitful conception of life than had their ancestors. They have no better explanation of its origin. Man, in short, is the tragic figure in the drama of Earth.



AMERICA FACES THE BARRICADES.

By John L. Spivak. Covici-Friede
\$2.50 5 1/4 x 8 1/4; 287 pp. New York

Not long ago Comrade Spivak, one of the current communist messiahs, made a tour of the country, presumably in an effort to ascertain the temper of the American people under the New Deal. He talked, he says, to all types — bankers, farmers, doctors, lawyers, miners, professors; everywhere, according to his report, it was the same story: Roosevelt has failed, and conditions are growing worse. "The economic scene is more muddled today than it was at the beginning of the depression. Workers and employers, driven apart by the sharp cleavage of opposing interests, are massing their forces to protect themselves. And as increasing wage cuts, unemployment, hunger and misery line up the workers in desperation, and as the employing class prepares to defend its property, profits, and power, it becomes clear that America faces the barricades." The book may feebly stimulate the messianic delusions of subscribers to *The New Masses*, but it will hardly interest the adult reader.



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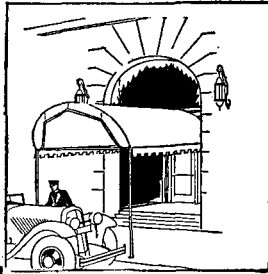
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SYMPHONY NO. 7 (In C).

By Franz Schubert.

R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 11810-11815)
\$12 12 parts; 6 12-inch records Camden

This re-recording of the greatest symphony after those of Beethoven, has long been an urgent necessity. Fortunately its interpretative qualities as well as the mechanical ones are an improvement on both the previous versions—those of Leo Blech and Sir Hamilton Harty. Though a new recording might most fittingly have come from Bruno Walter or Felix Weingartner, this job by Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Orchestra is altogether admirable, and in some portions—particularly the playing of the introduction and the finale—worthy of high respect. Boult is not steeped in the sentiment which is the blood in Schubert's veins, but he has schematized the movements capably and adheres to a definite plan in his performance. He shows an excellent understanding of the definitely personal characteristics in Schubert's use of the orchestra, especially the trombones and wood winds. The reproduction is excellent, the playing of the orchestra highly satisfactory.

QUARTET NO. 12 (E flat, opus 127).

By Ludwig van Beethoven.

R.C.A.-Victor (7629-33)
\$10 10 parts; 5 2-inch records Camden

Though the Flonzaley Quartet has been scattered to numerous winds since its disbandment a half dozen years ago, the career of the organization on records endures. The newest addition to its permanent achievements is the first of Beethoven's great final quartets. It exists on records, of course, in an earlier version, but the qualities of the work can well resist an additional examination, a personal reaction by the Flonzaleys. The kind of microscopic perfection that the quartet pursued as its goal is not usually congenial to effective re-creation of Beethoven, but those energies are not misplaced in this particular quartet. And whatever more substantial qualities present-day string quartets may possess, there is not one which exemplifies so complete a mastery of the medium, in its technical aspects, as did the Flonzaleys—as this and their other records persist to testify. Though the recording is at least six years old, it is surprisingly satisfactory.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

SYMPHONY IN E FLAT ("DRUMROLL").

By *Josef Haydn*. Columbia (Nos. 68323-26D)
\$6 8 parts; 4 12-inch records New York

No addition to the list of recorded Haydn symphonies can be regarded as inconsequential; and the fact that one of the best of them, bearing the subtitle *Mit dem Paukenwirbel*, has finally found its way onto records is cause for general rejoicing. It continues the presence on the American Columbia list of Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony, who have collaborated on an unusually attractive performance. It is, indeed, a more flattering exhibition of Golschmann's talents than he ever accomplished in New York in actual concert hall appearances. It would also seem to argue that the rehabilitation of the St. Louis Orchestra, in progress since the departure of Rudolph Ganz several years ago, is now complete.



SONATINA.

By *Bernard Wagenaar*.

Columbia (Nos. 68331-32D)
\$3 4 parts; 2 12-inch records New York

Columbia's interest in contemporary music, which has embellished the record list of recent months with some valuable material, currently assumes the form of a *sonatina* for piano and cello by Bernard Wagenaar, a composer of Dutch origin now living in New York. Though this work is considerably less controversial than some of Columbia's previous releases, it has its own interest in the refinement of the musical thought, the distinction of the technical means employed by the composer. It suffers from the eclectism to be found in most of Wagenaar's work. Naoum Benditzky, cellist of the Gordon String Quartet, and the composer are the performers. There could be greater clarity in the recording. The fourth side is occupied by a piano piece, *A Tale*, by Wagenaar, played by himself.



FIDELIO OVERTURE (No. 72).

By *Ludwig van Beethoven*.

R.C.A.-Victor (No. 11809)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record Camden

CRADLE SONG; THE NIGHTINGALE; EVENING SONG.

By *Frederick Delius*. Columbia (No. 9092)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record New York

Heading the month's distinguished single records is an excellent new version of the *Fidelio Overture*, a labor of Bruno Walter and the B.B.C. Orchestra. It is a full-bodied, vigorous reading of the noble work, very much worth having. It carries with it the impression of being actually played as a part of the opera, rather than merely a concert piece. The recording is splendid.

The fine Delius songs are well sung by Dora Labette, with the composer's most faithful exponent, Sir Thomas Beecham, at the piano.



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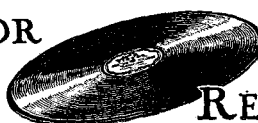
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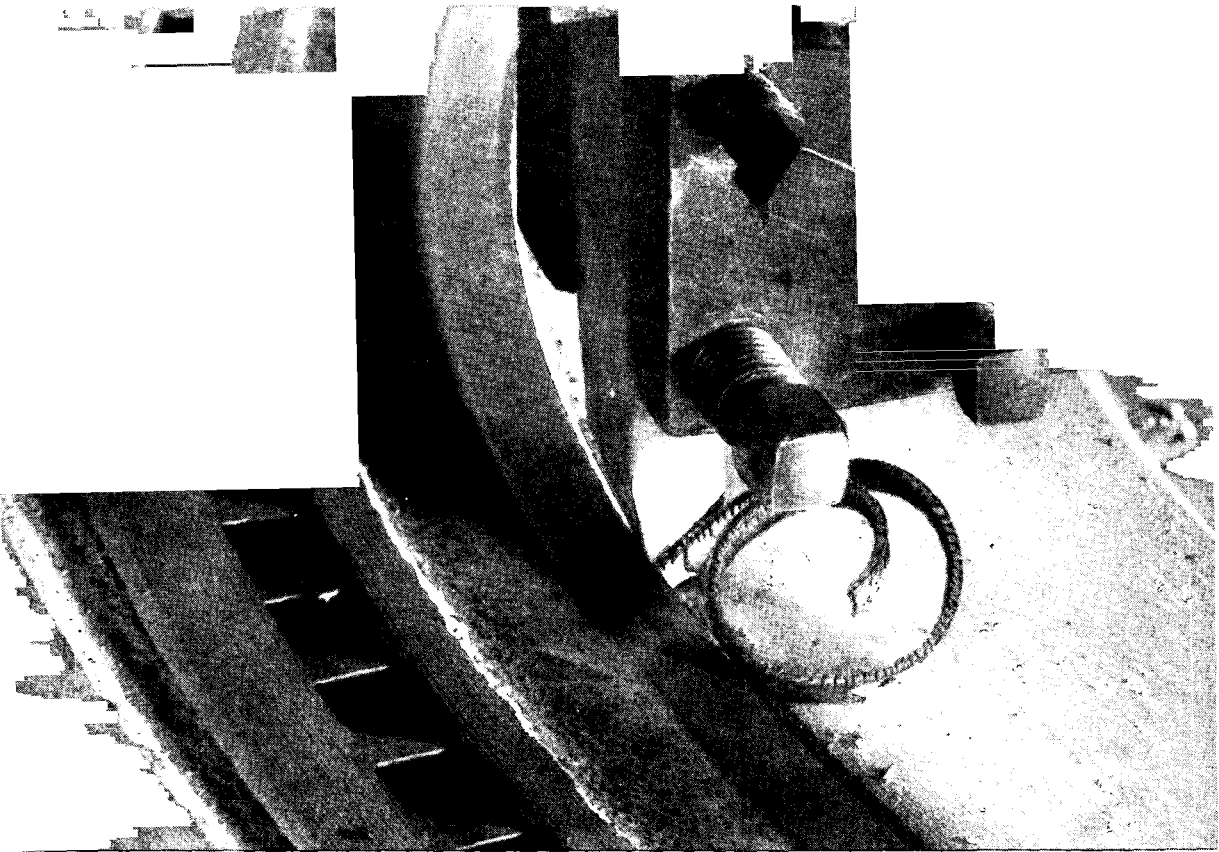
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